

SMASH!! **COMICS**

AUGUST
No. 66

by Gustafson

ket...

DOES
Midnight
fall under
CIRCE'S SPELL?





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" ... PEPSI-COLA COA

GURP!

HELP!

HELP!! BOZO'S ESCAPING!

HELP!

GOSH, PETE! HE DON'T EVEN FEEL THIS! WOT A THICK SKULL!

WHACK!

JUST LIKE TH' CHIEF'S SKULL, EH PEPSI!

HOLY MACKEREL! WOT A HIDE!! BULLETS ONLY TICKLE THIS GORILLA! AIN'T THERE NUTHIN' THAT'LL STOP HIM?

SAVE SOME FER ME, PEPSI!

WHEW! THIS JOB CALLS FOR A QUICK PEPSI-COLA!

DING

WHEN TH' GOING'S TOUGH AND YOU'VE LOTS TO DO PEPSI-COLA IS THE DRINK FOR YOU!

OH BOY! I FEEL AN IDEA COMING ON!

HEY, PETE! WIGGLE YOUR EARS SO I WON'T SOCK TH' WRONG MONKEY!

KLUNK!

WOW! YOU'RE PRACTICALLY A ONE-MAN ATOMIC BOMB, PEPSI!

THANKS A MILLION! NOW WHAT SORT OF REWARD CAN I GIVE YOU BOYS?

REWARD?

BROTHER, WE'LL SETTLE FOR A CASE OF PEPSI-COLA!

GRAHAM HUNTER

PEPSI SEZ:

WHEN YOU WANNA MAKE A MONKEY OUT'A THIRST JUST CALL FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!

Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

Midnight

by
Paul Gustawson

This little pig went to market...

(only there was nothing piglike about *Midnight*! Circe couldn't work her tricks on him!)

This little pig stayed home...

(a pretty sensible thing for *Hotfoot* to do, considering what was happening to everybody else!)

This little pig had roast beef...

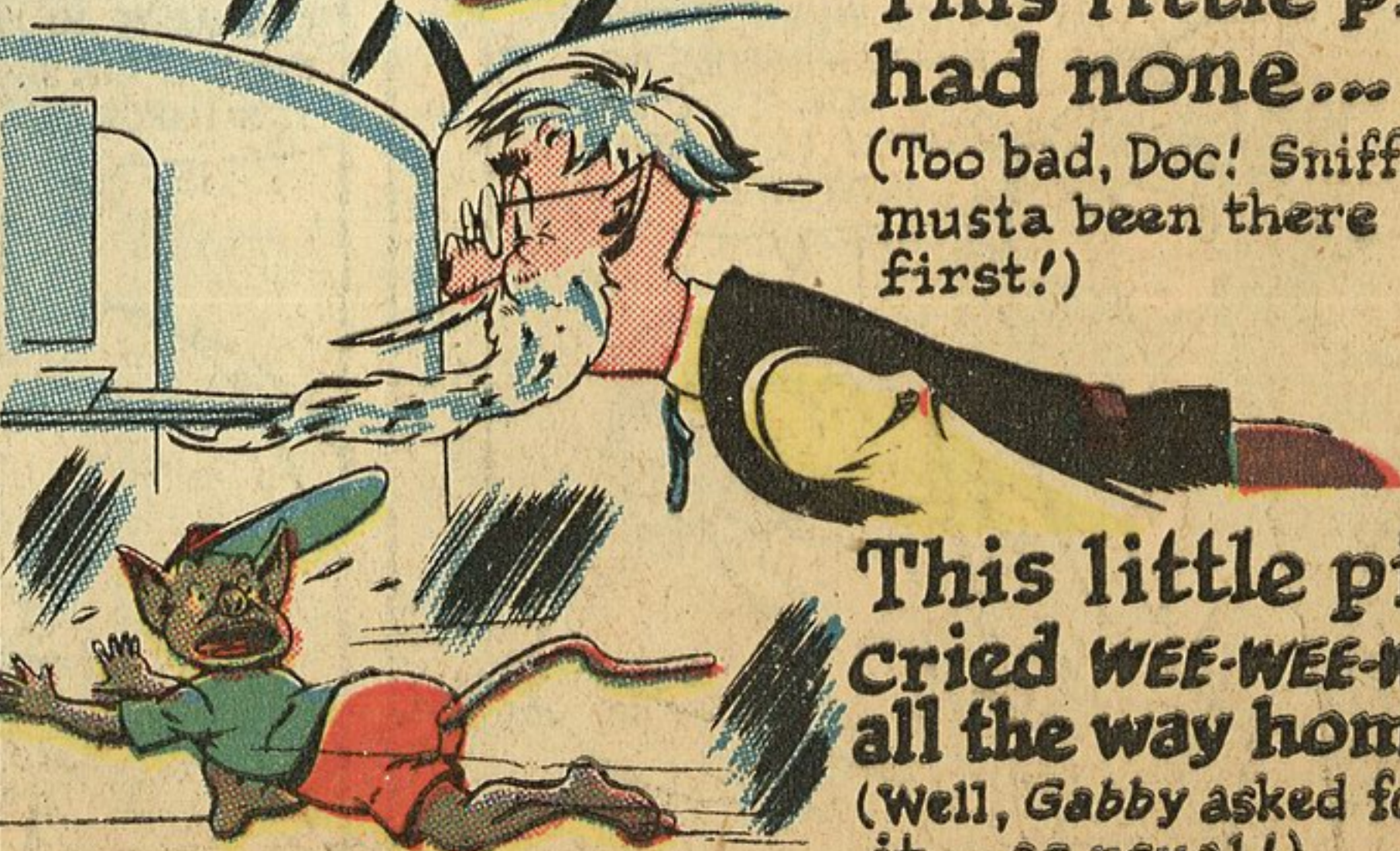
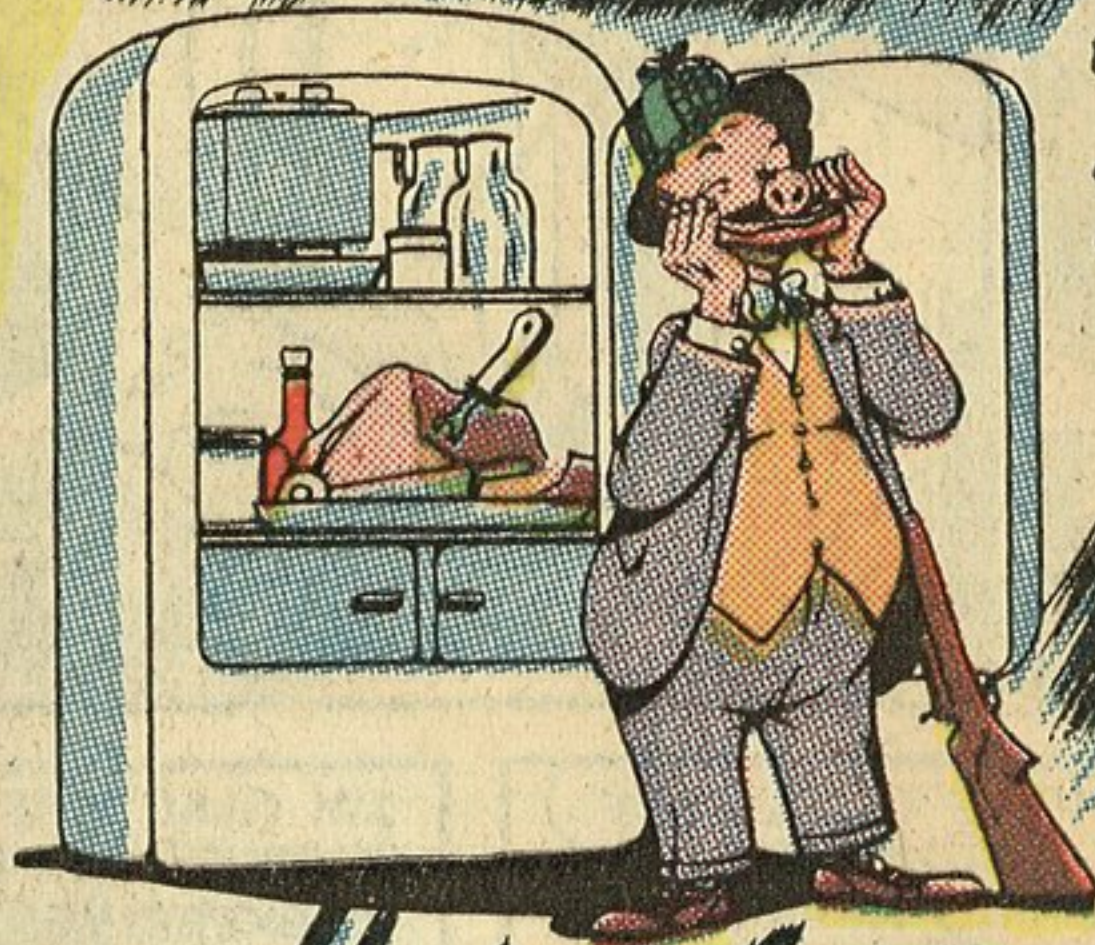
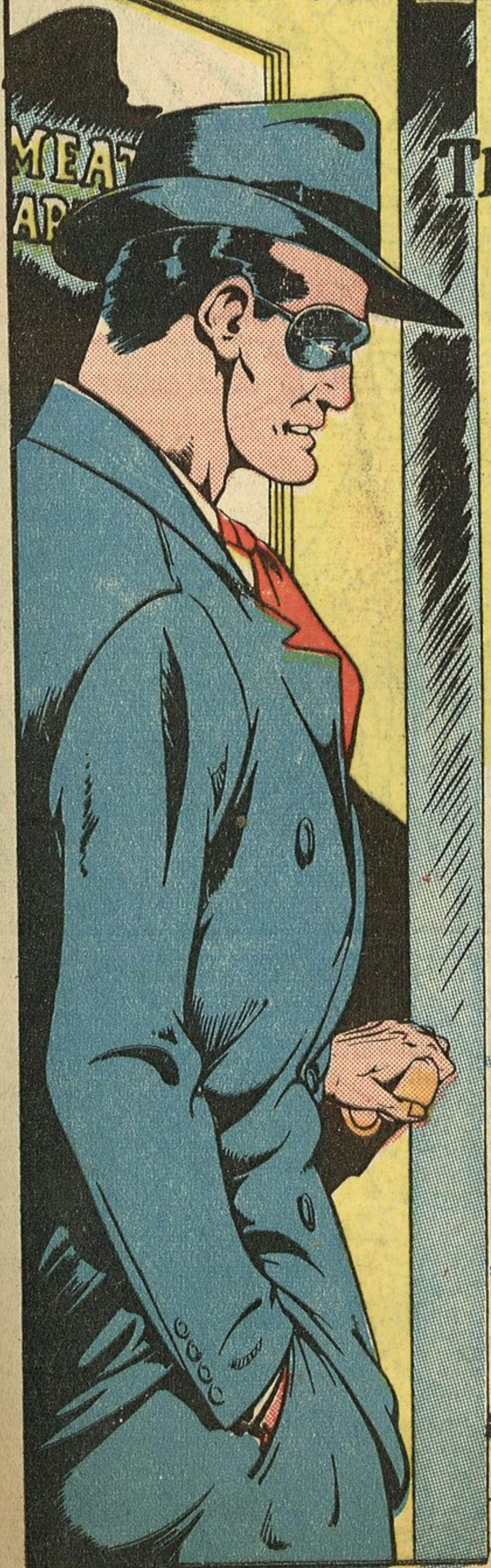
(*Sniffer Snoop* never earned his reputation (???) by missing meals!)

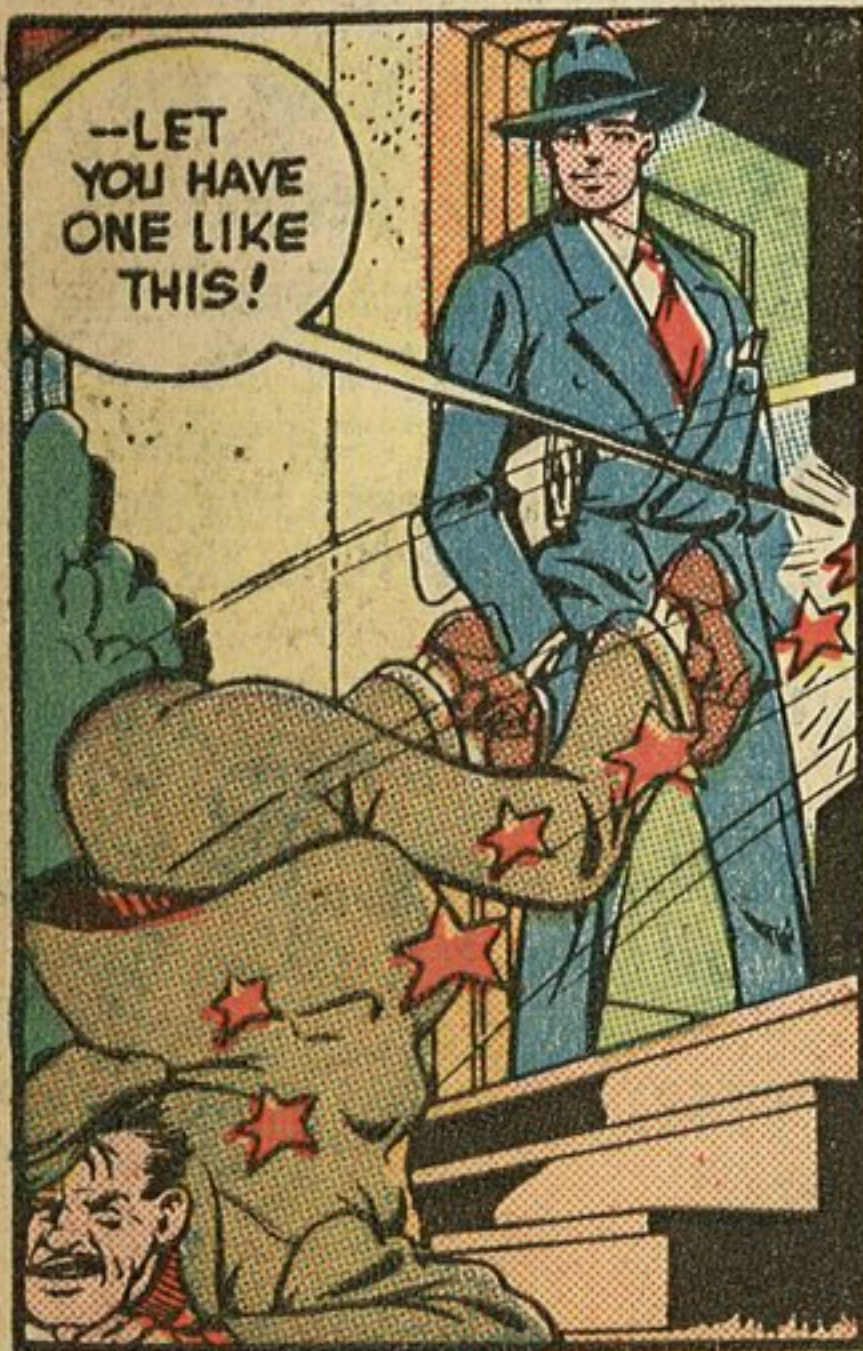
This little pig had none...

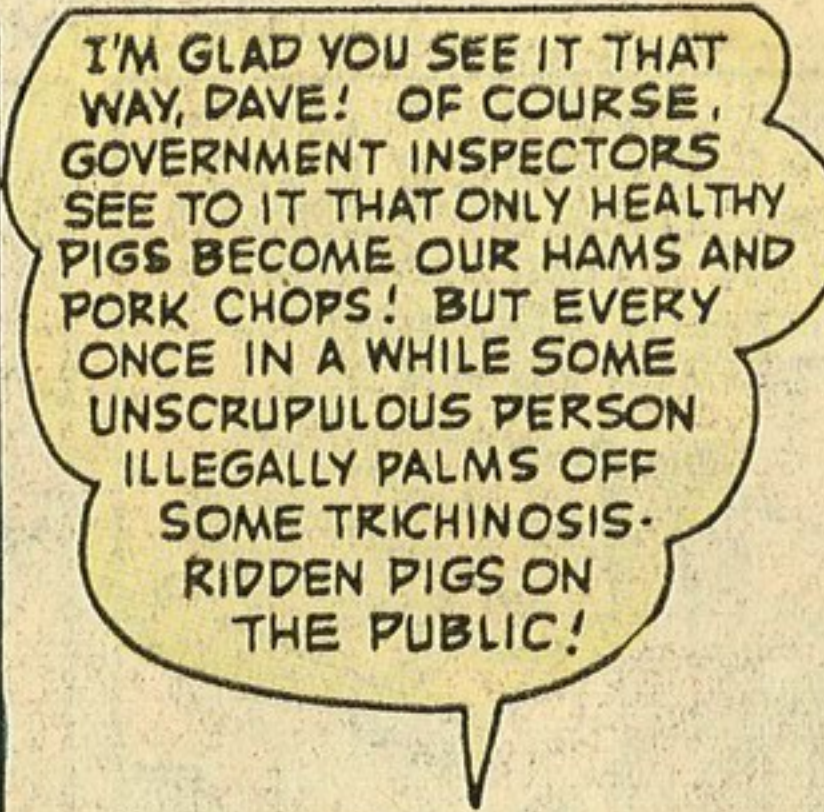
(Too bad, Doc! *Sniffer* musta been there first!)

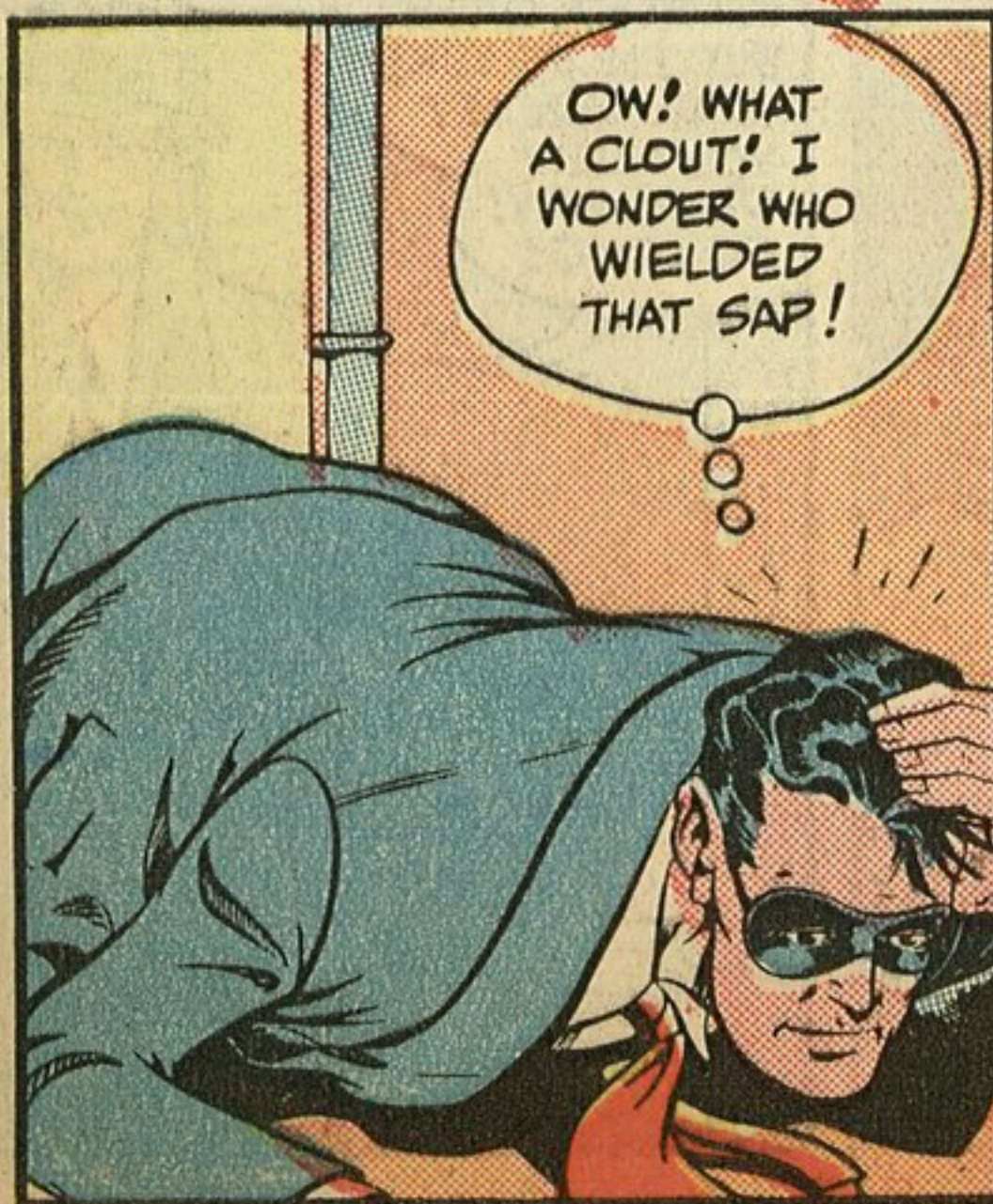
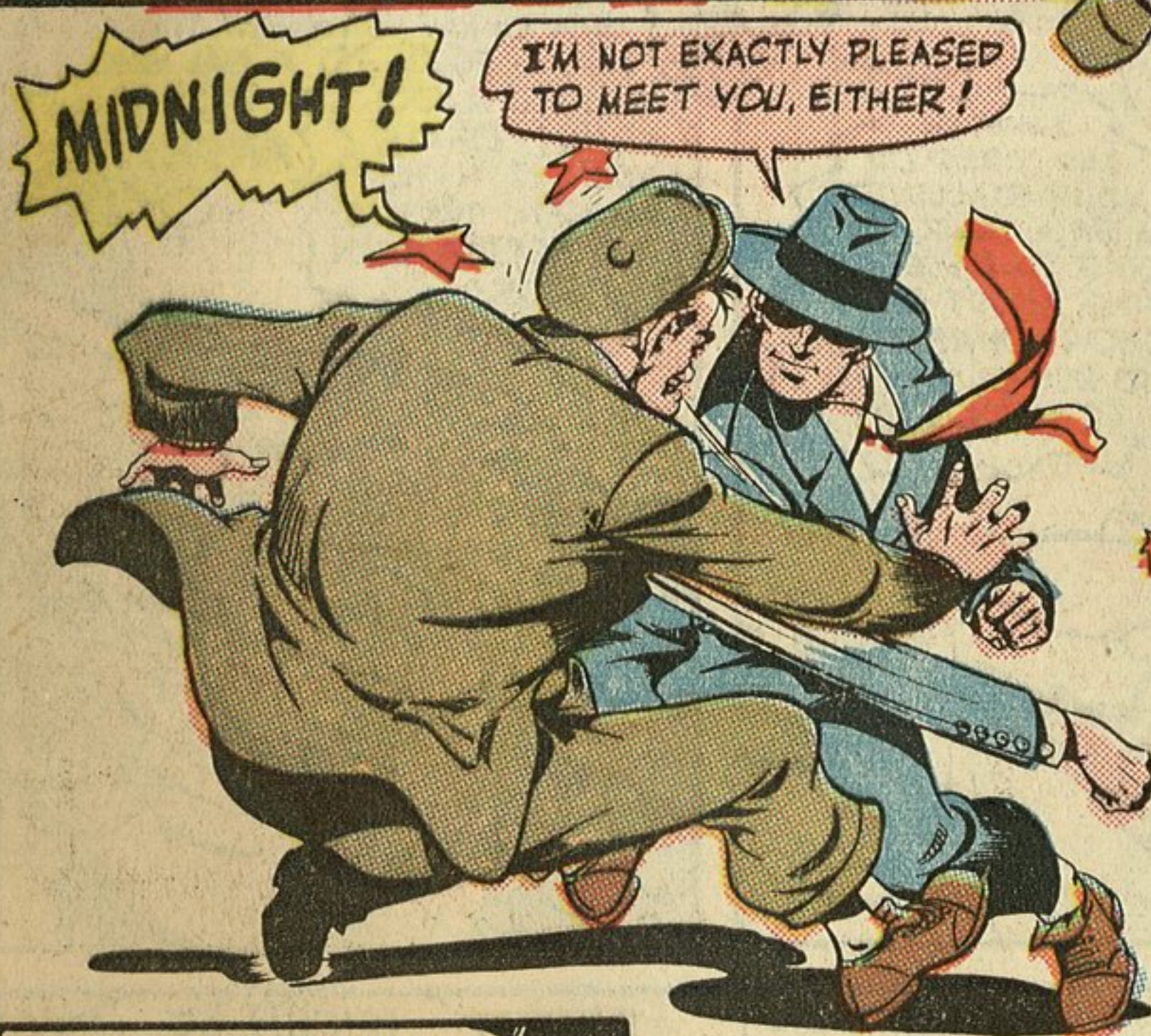
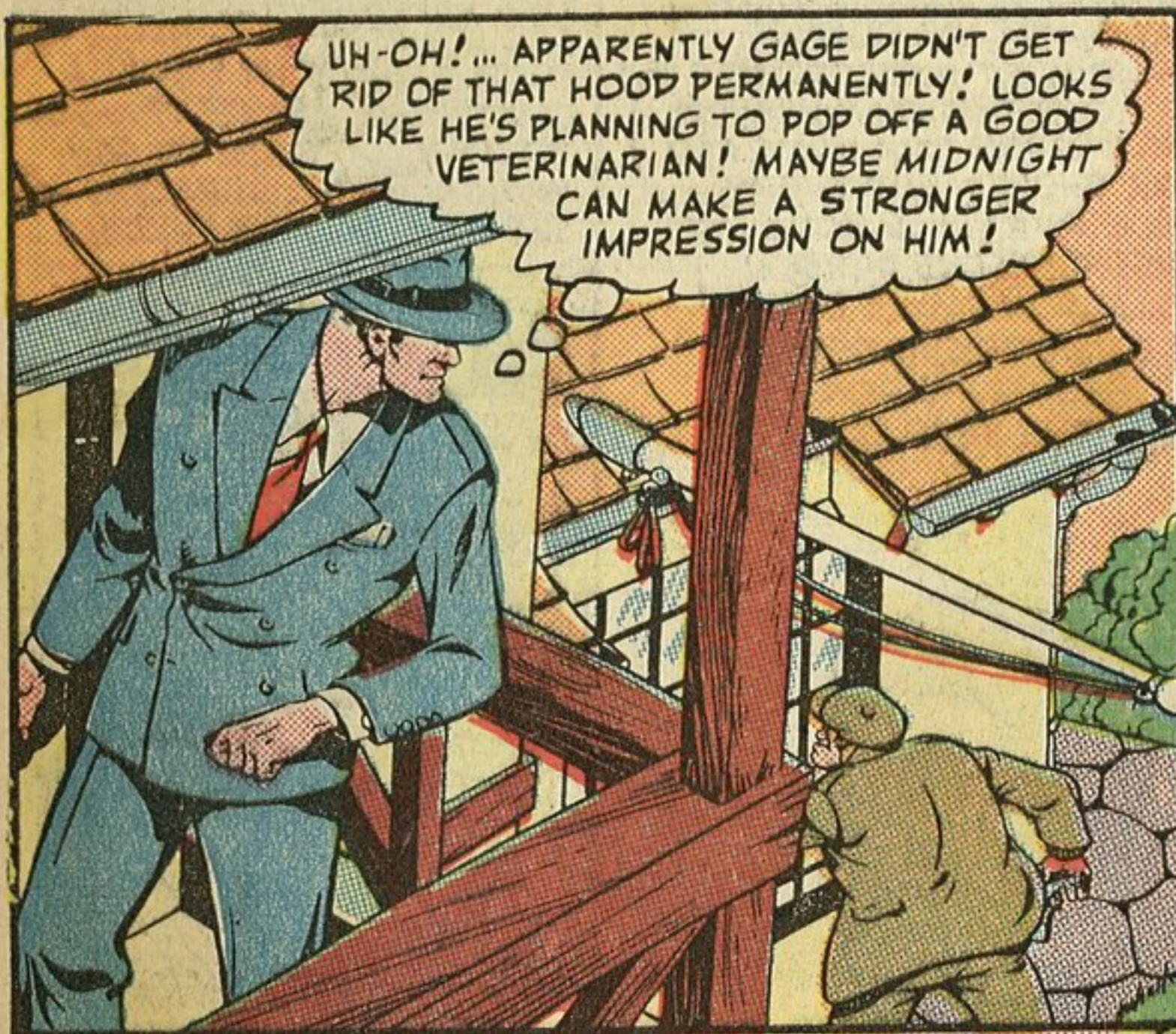
This little pig cried WEE-WEE-WEE all the way home!

(Well, *Gabby* asked for it ... as usual!)



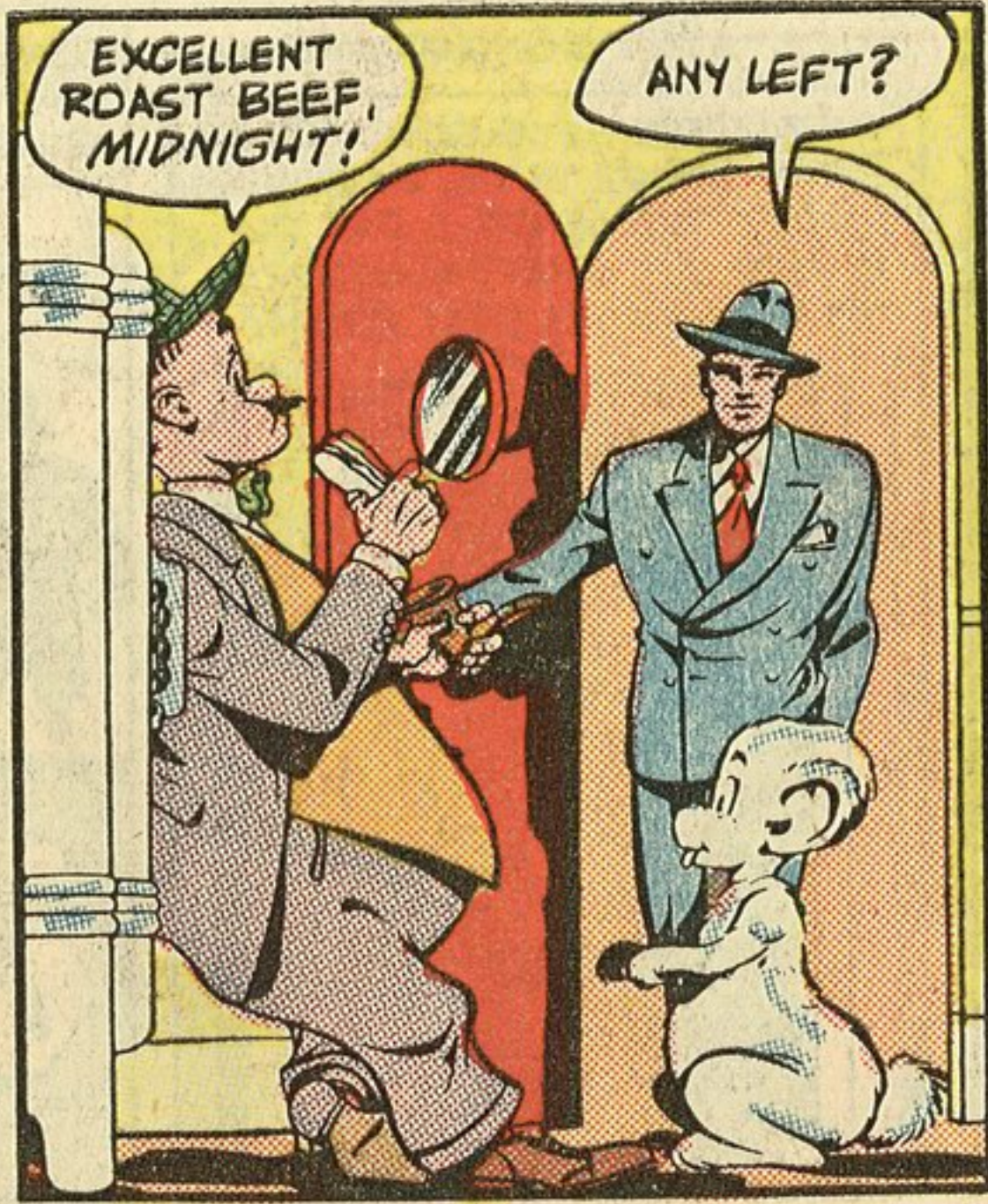








A LITTLE FOOD OUGHT TO MAKE MY HEAD FEEL BETTER! I HOPE THE BOYS LEFT SOMETHING AROUND!



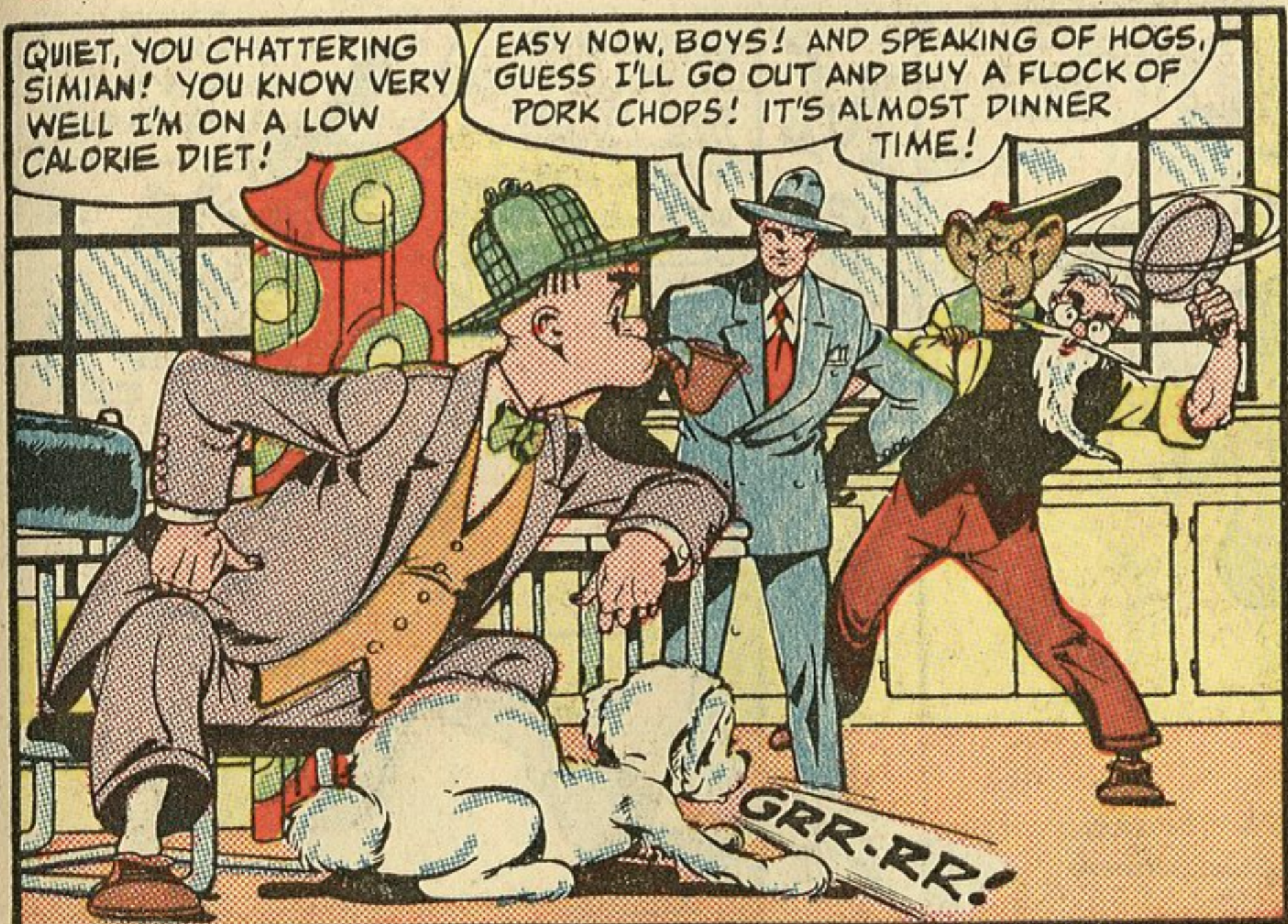
EXCELLENT ROAST BEEF, MIDNIGHT!

ANY LEFT?



IS THERE EVER ANYTHING LEFT AFTER THAT FOOD FURNACE GETS AT THE REFRIGERATOR?

I ALWAYS SAID WE'D STARVE UNTIL WE THREW OUT THAT HOG!



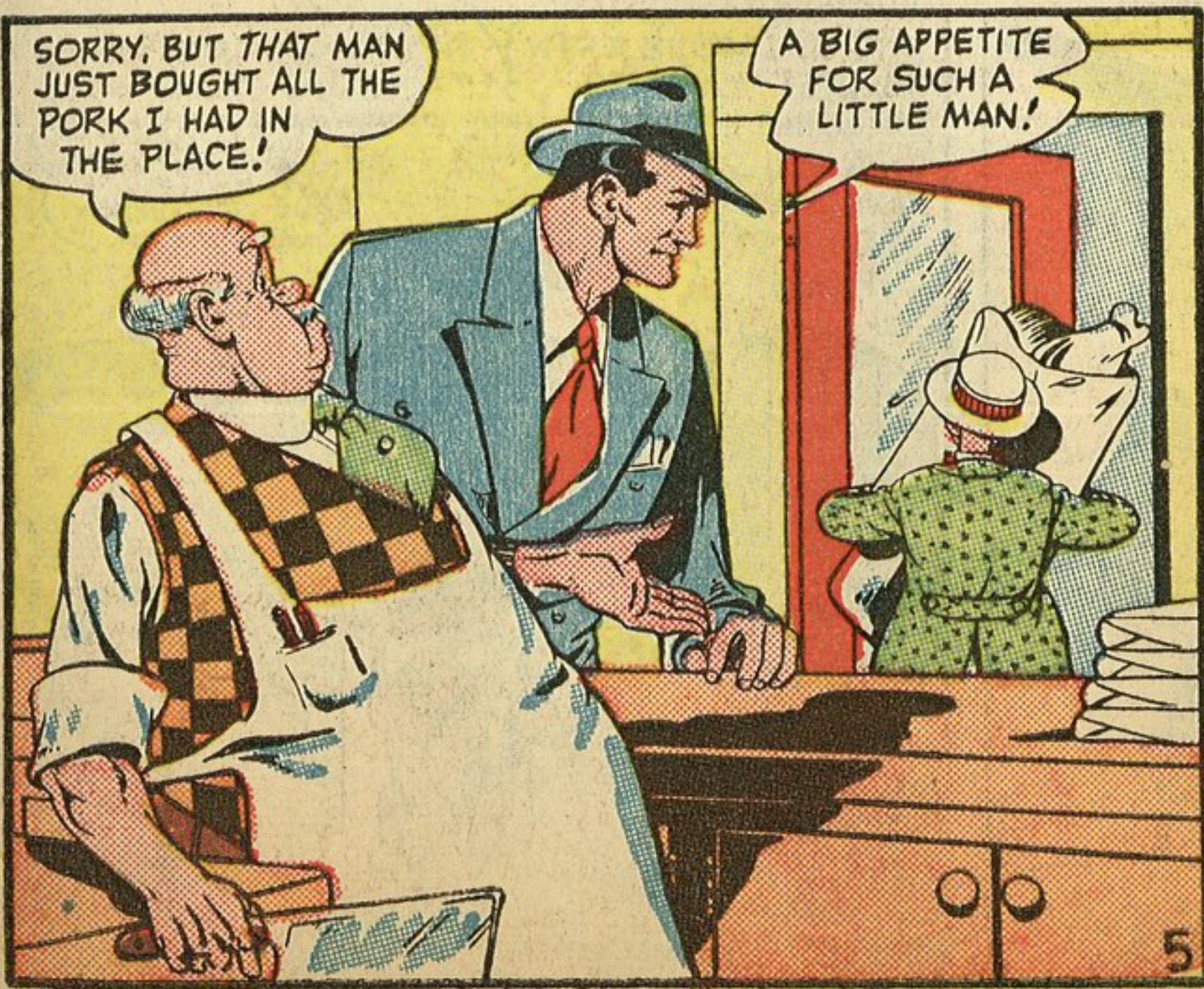
QUIET, YOU CHATTERING SIMIAN! YOU KNOW VERY WELL I'M ON A LOW CALORIE DIET!

EASY NOW, BOYS! AND SPEAKING OF HOGS, GUESS I'LL GO OUT AND BUY A FLOCK OF PORK CHOPS! IT'S ALMOST DINNER TIME!

GRR-RR!



I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET 'EM THERE!



SORRY, BUT THAT MAN JUST BOUGHT ALL THE PORK I HAD IN THE PLACE!

A BIG APPETITE FOR SUCH A LITTLE MAN!



IT'S THE SAME GUY!

Five stores later....

YEP, HE BOUGHT EVERY PIECE OF HOG MEAT I HAD IN THE SHOP!

THAT LITTLE GUY'S COVERED EVERY STORE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! THE LEAST I CAN DO IS FIND OUT WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO WITH ALL THAT PORK!

HEY, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION!

NO! NO! NOTHING MUST STOP ME!

THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT ALL THIS! AND I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT GOES ON!

Meanwhile...

GUESS WE MAY AS WELL GRAB A BITE AT THE COFFEE POT! IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF MIDNIGHT'S GOING TO BRING BACK THOSE PORK CHOPS!

MAYBE HE RAN INTO A CASE!

A MAN! YOU SHALL FEEL CIRCE'S WRATH! AND A MONKEY! MEN AREN'T FAR APART FROM MONKEYS! HE'LL PAY THE PENALTY TOO!

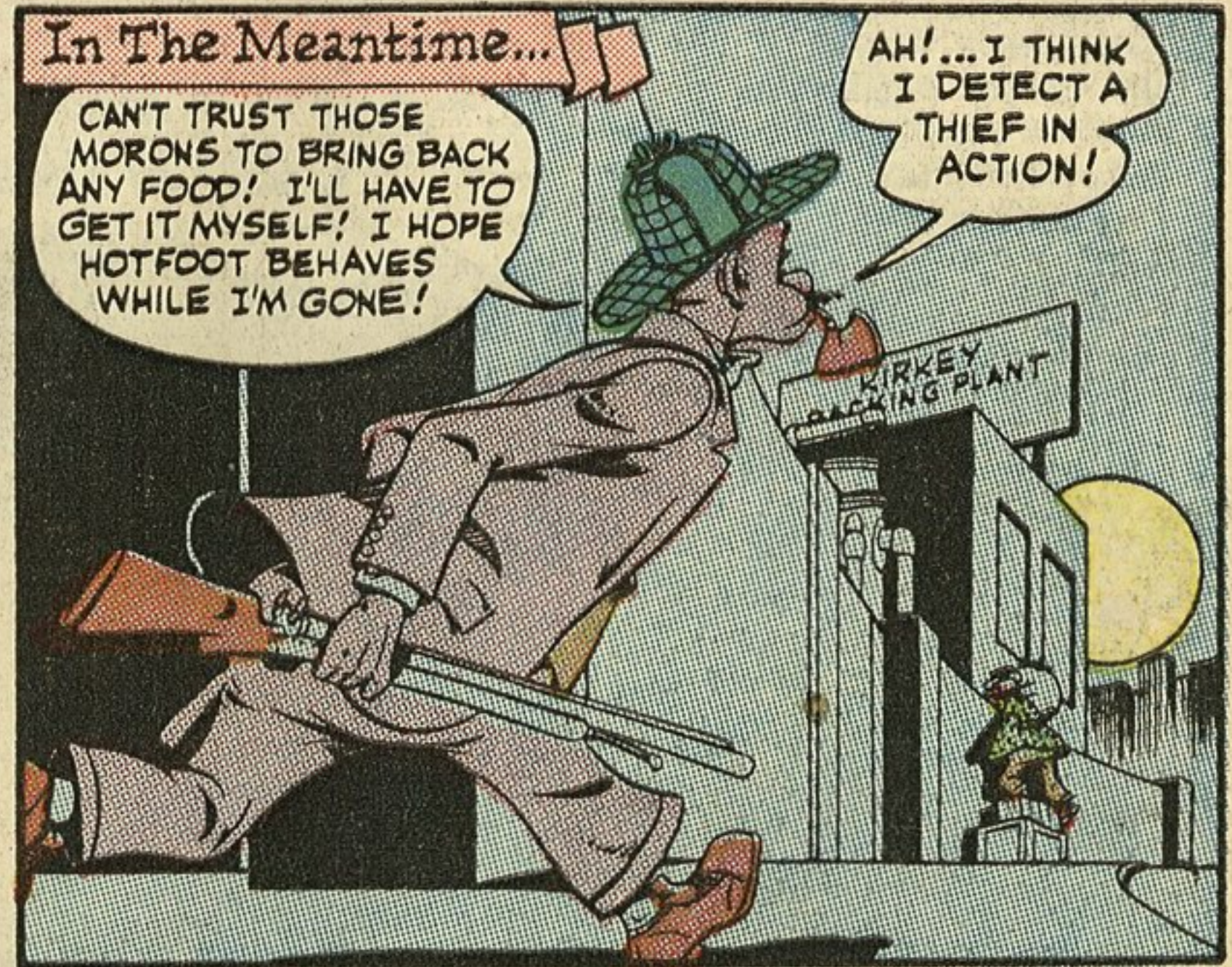
HUH??

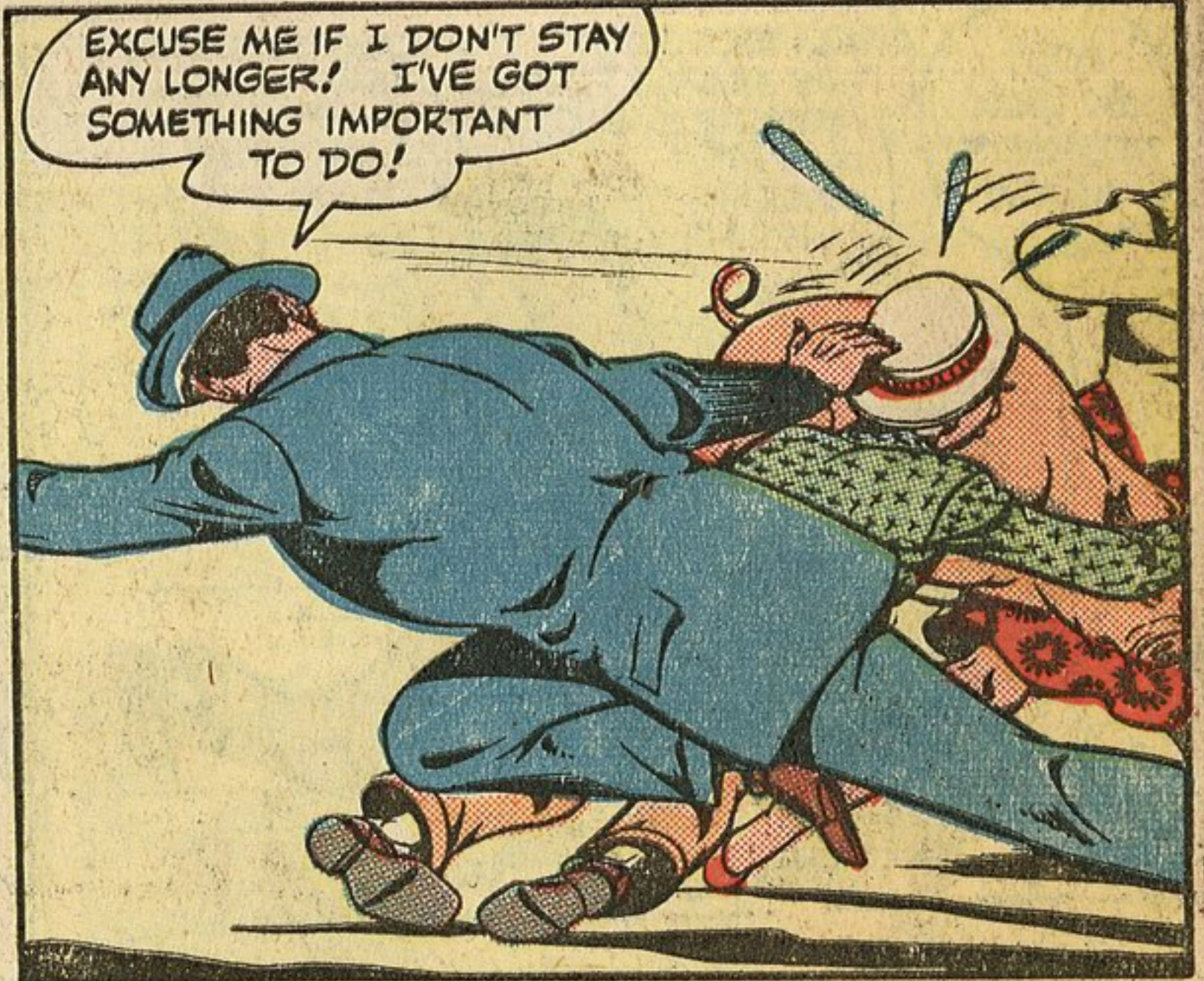
INTO MY LAB! IN A FEW MINUTES YOU'LL BE CHANGING INTO THE PIGS YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE FIRST PLACE!

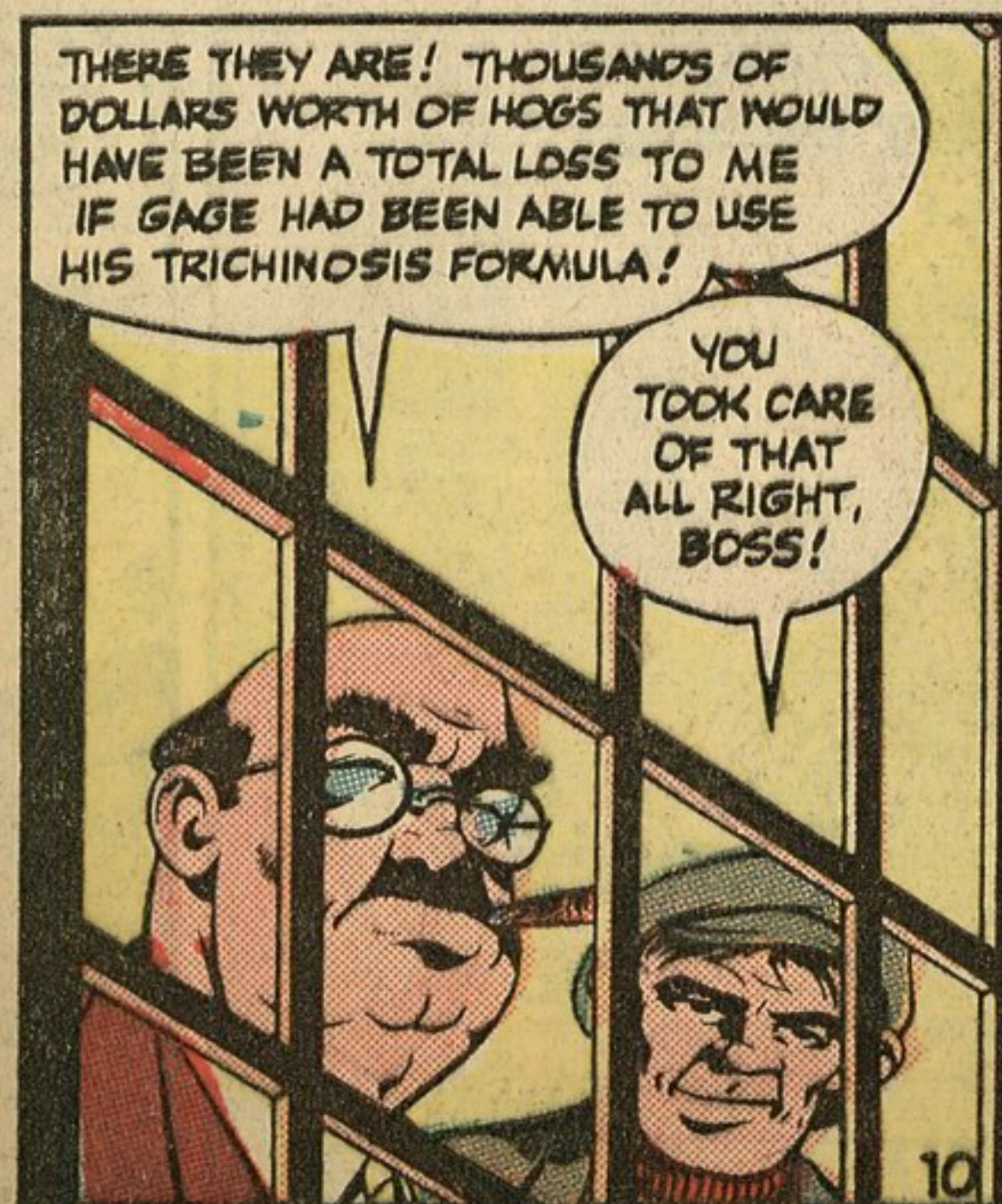
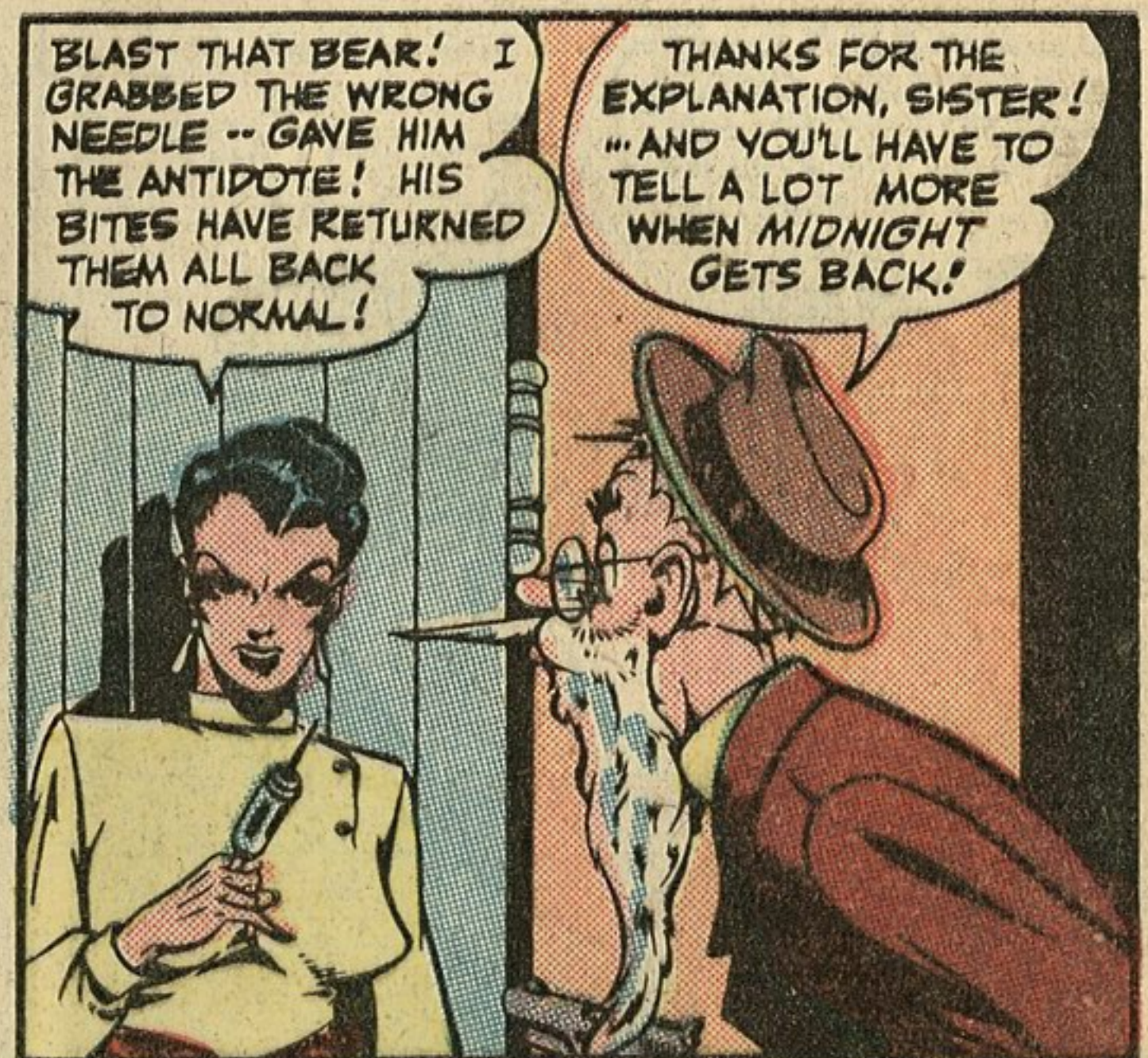
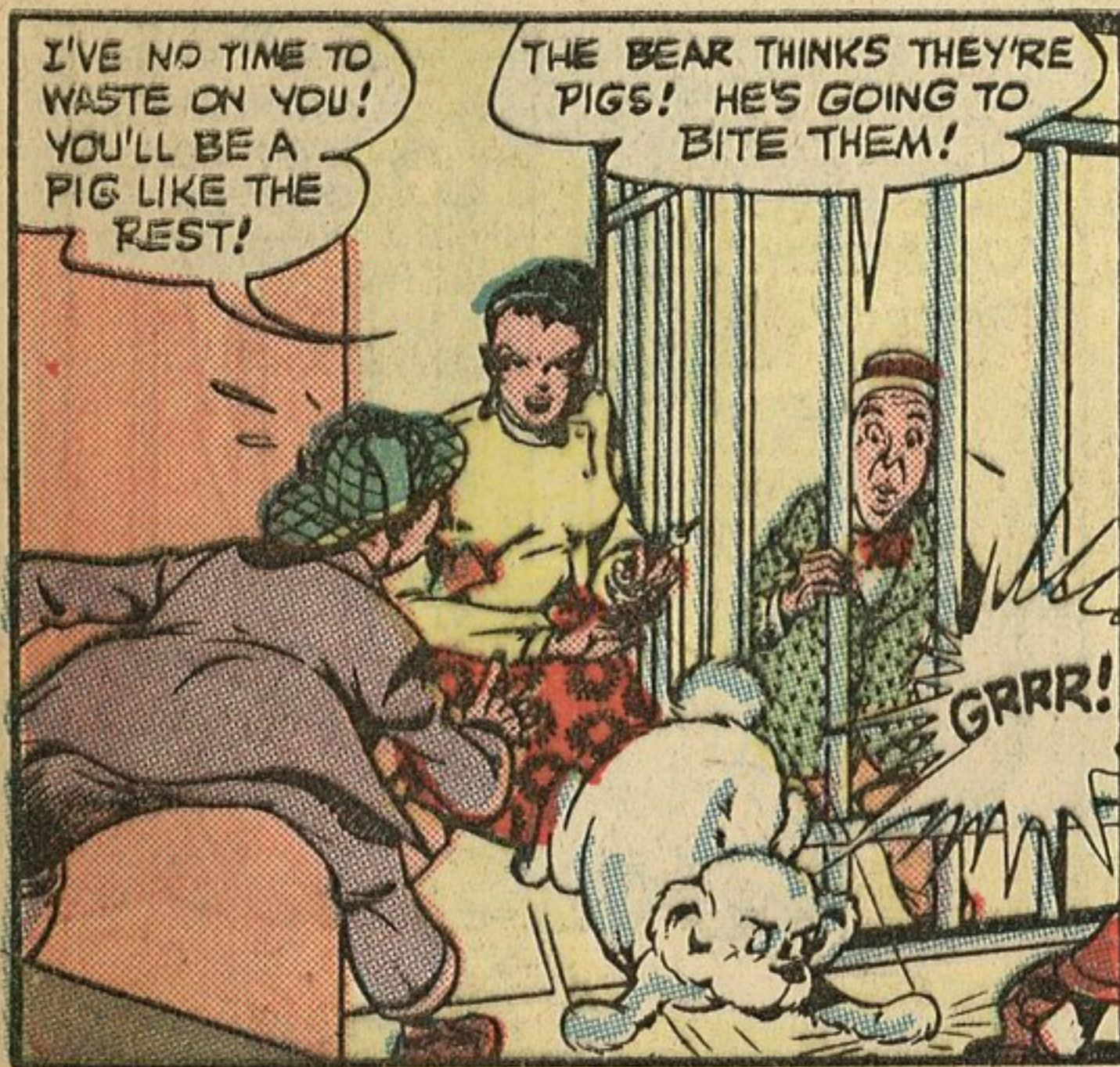
THIS DAME IS JUST SOME LUNATIC WHO THINKS SHE'S THE CIRCE OF MYTHOLOGY! THAT GAL WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO TURN MEN INTO PIGS!

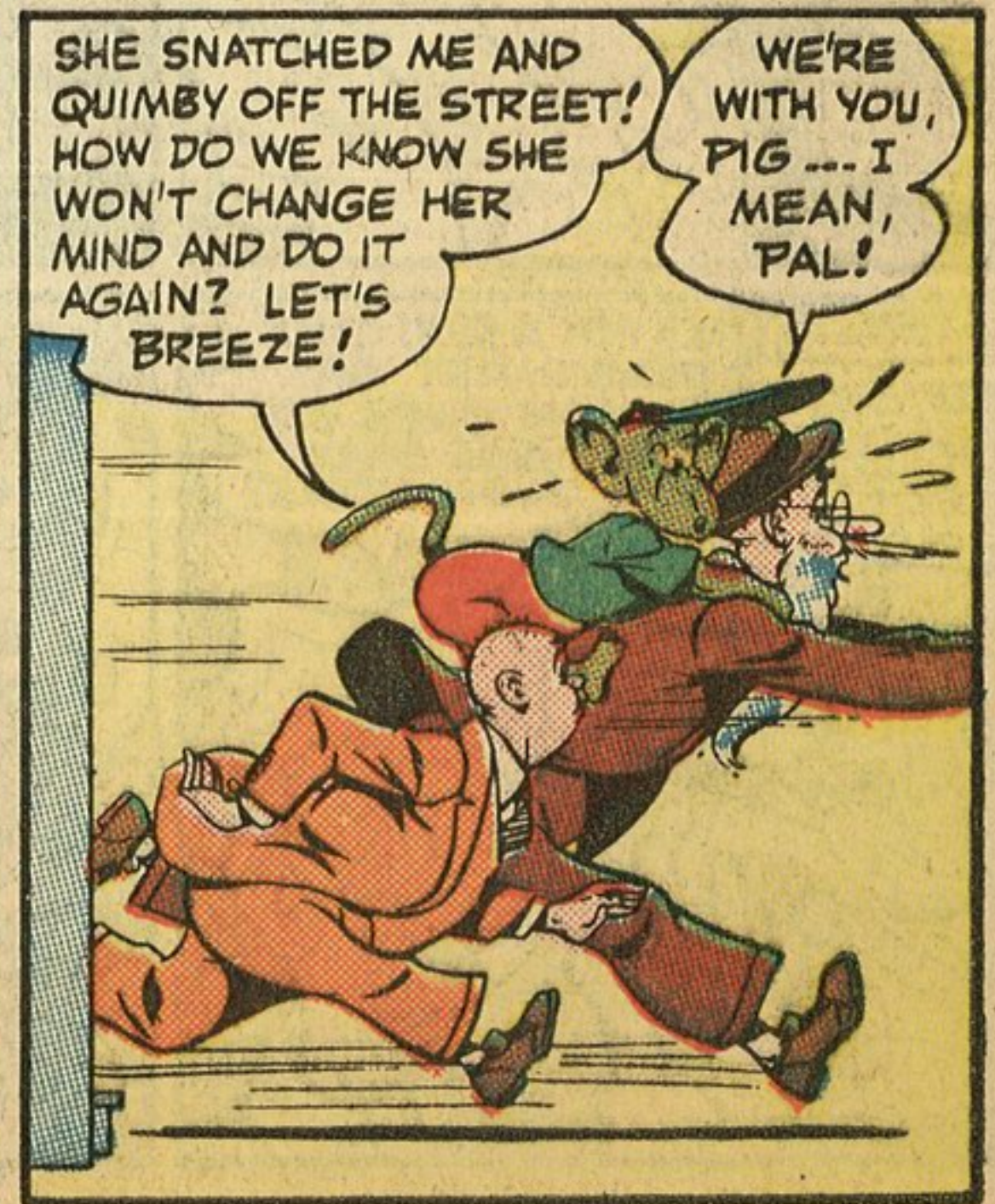
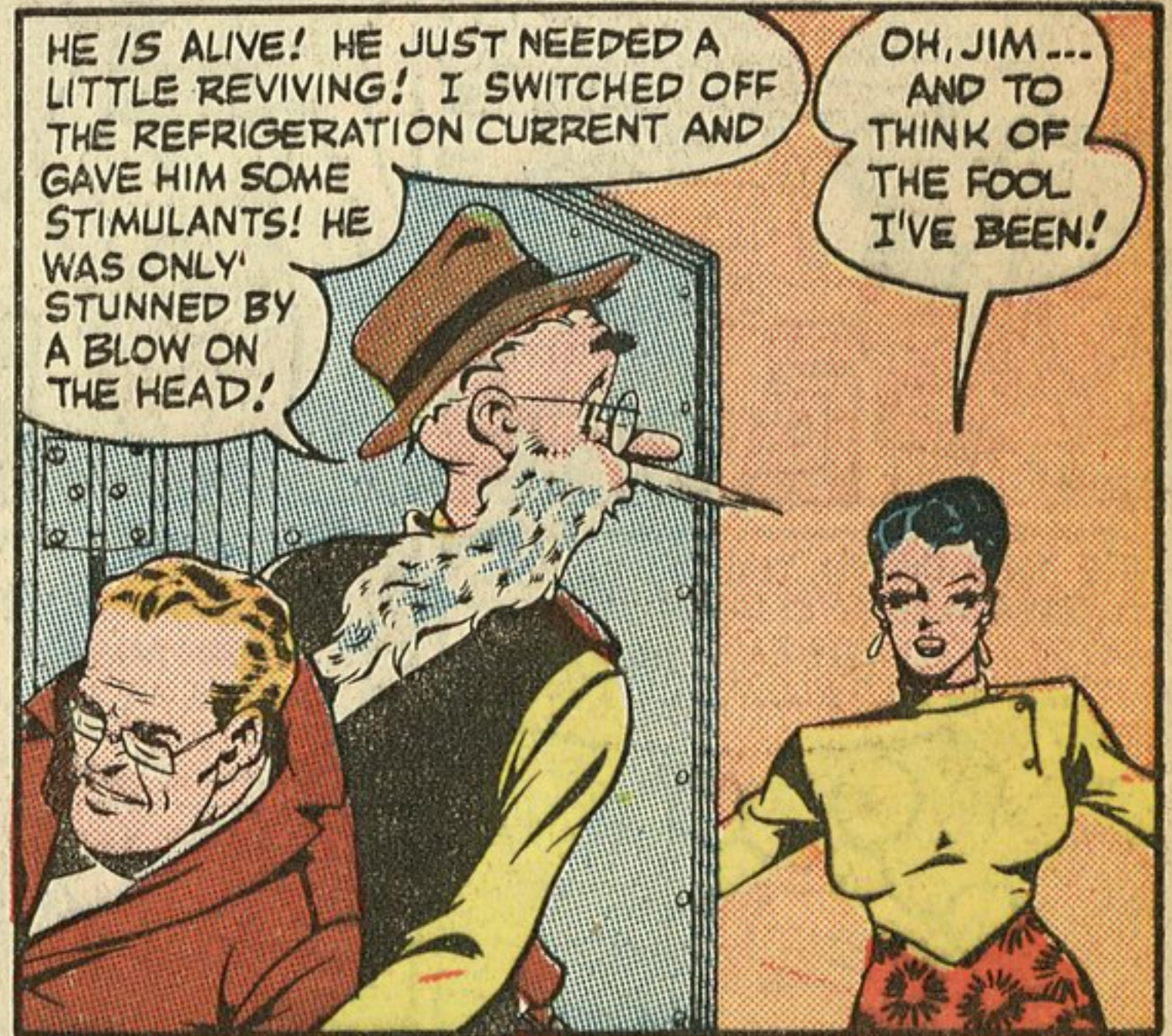
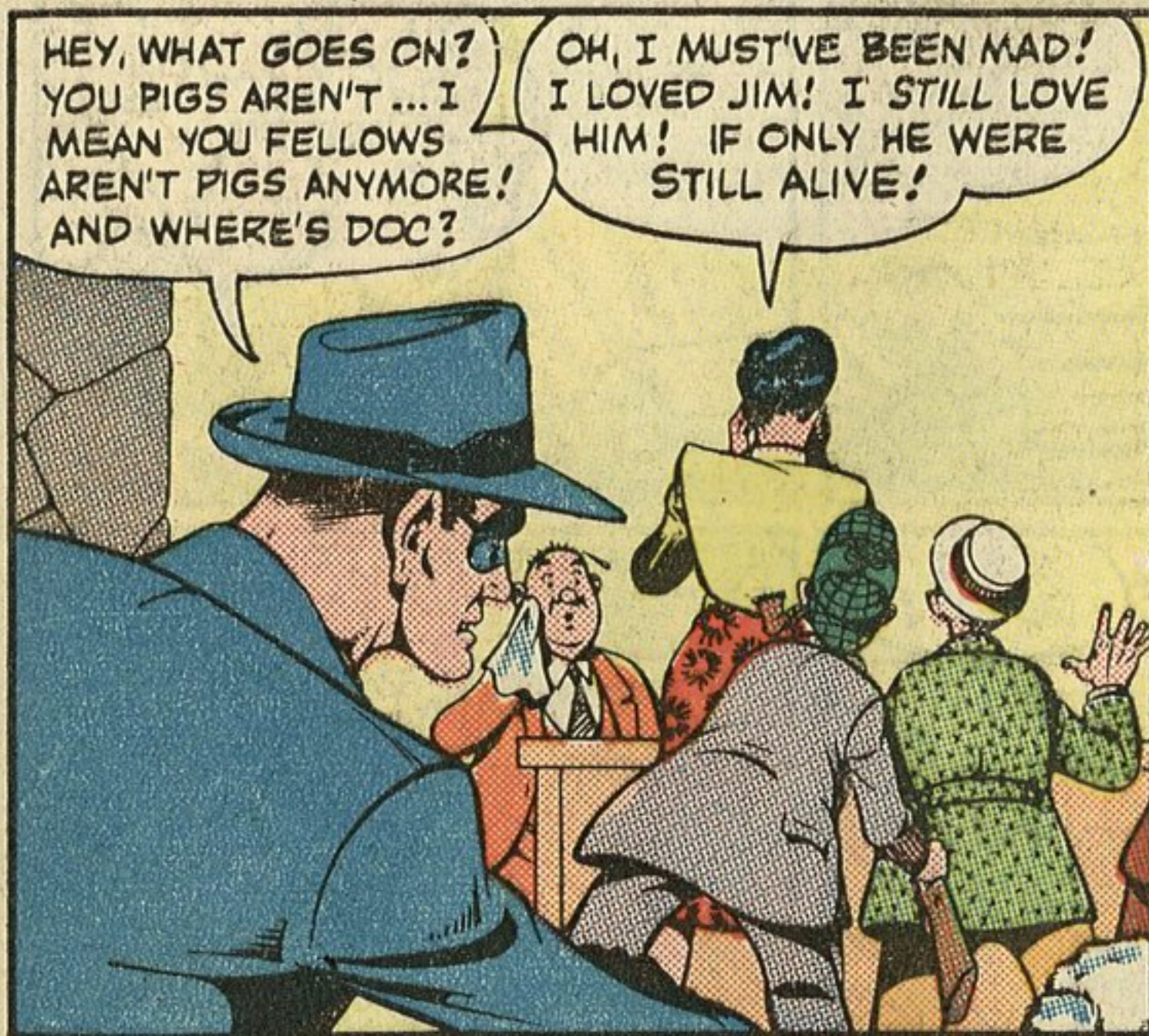
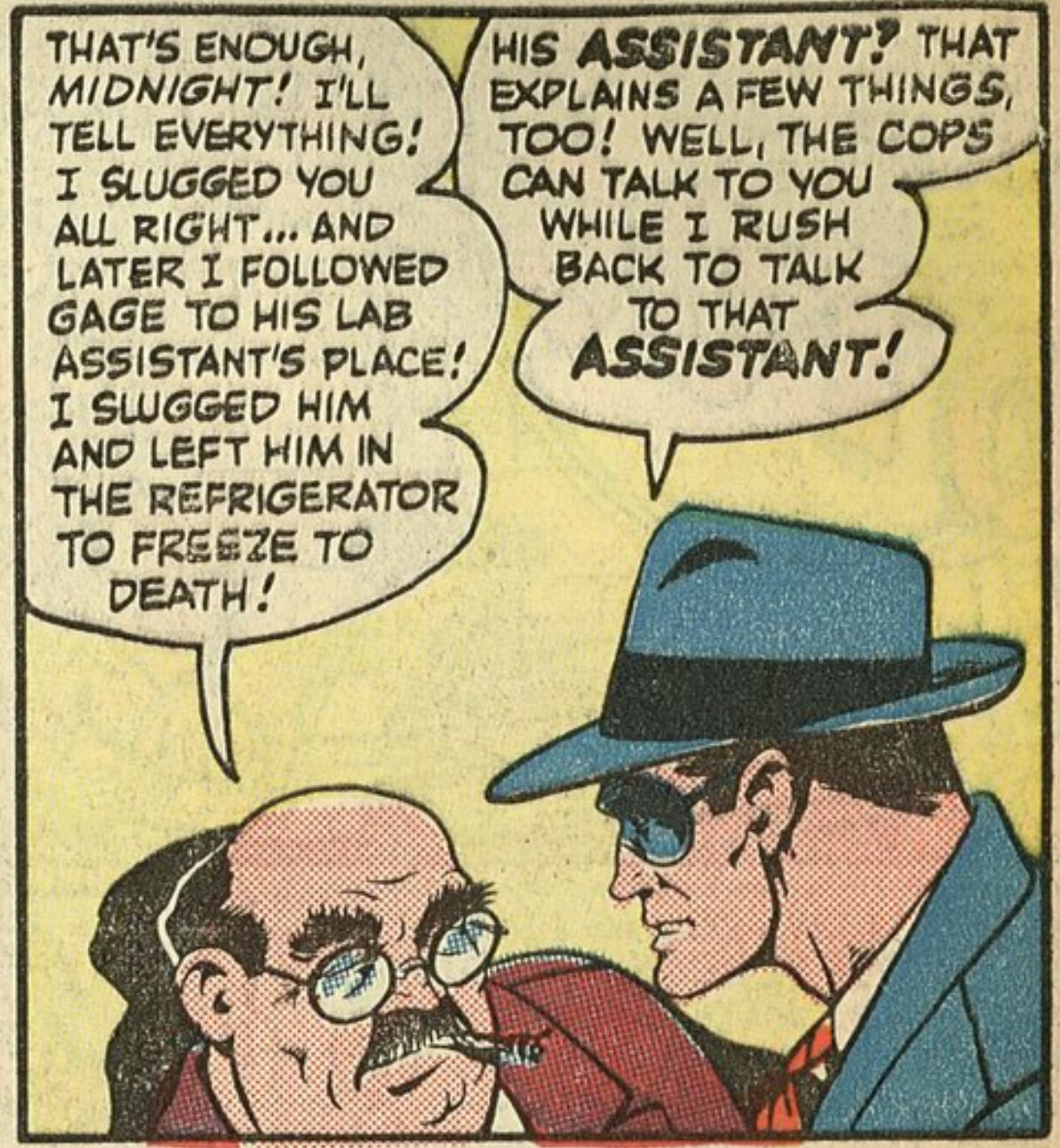
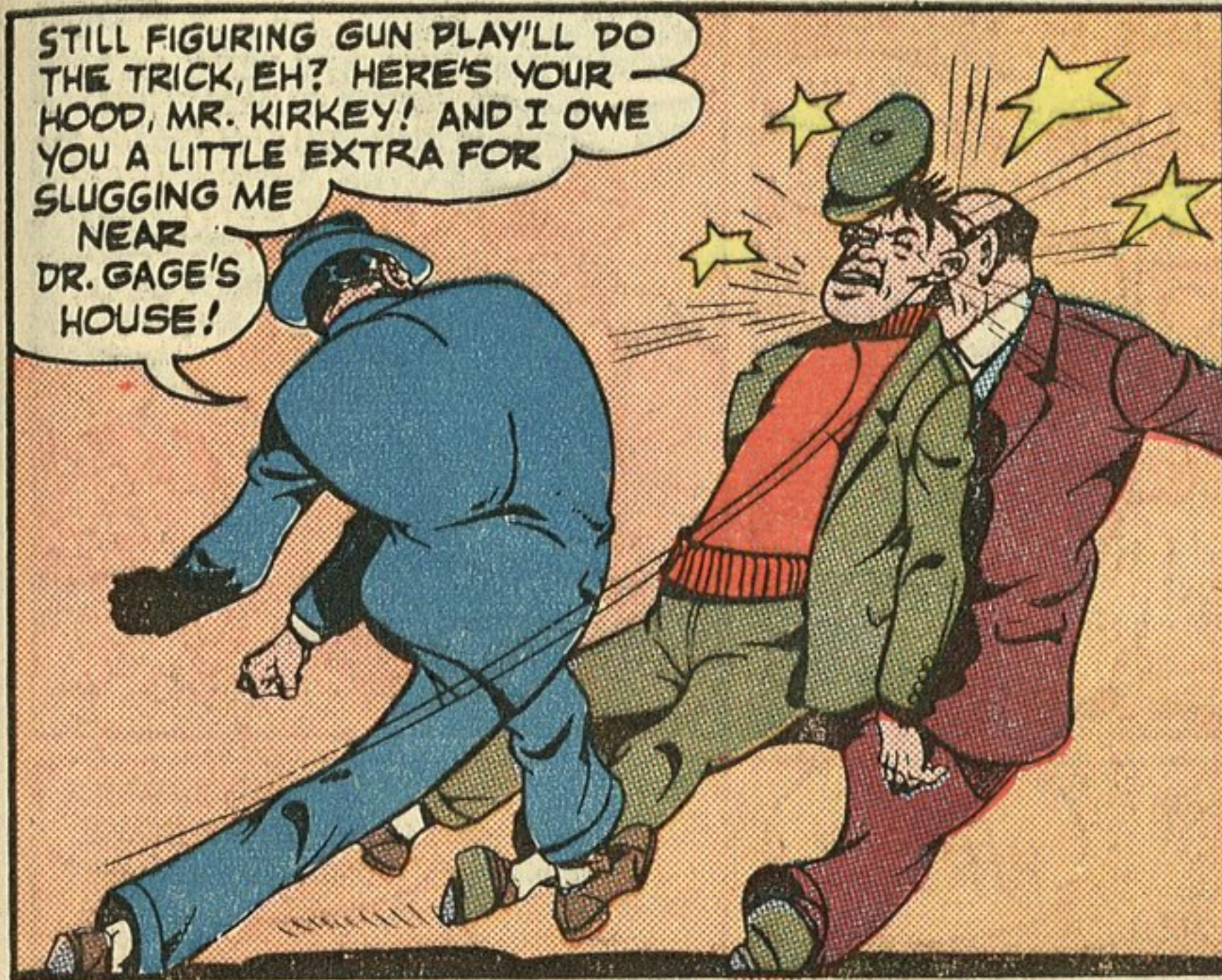


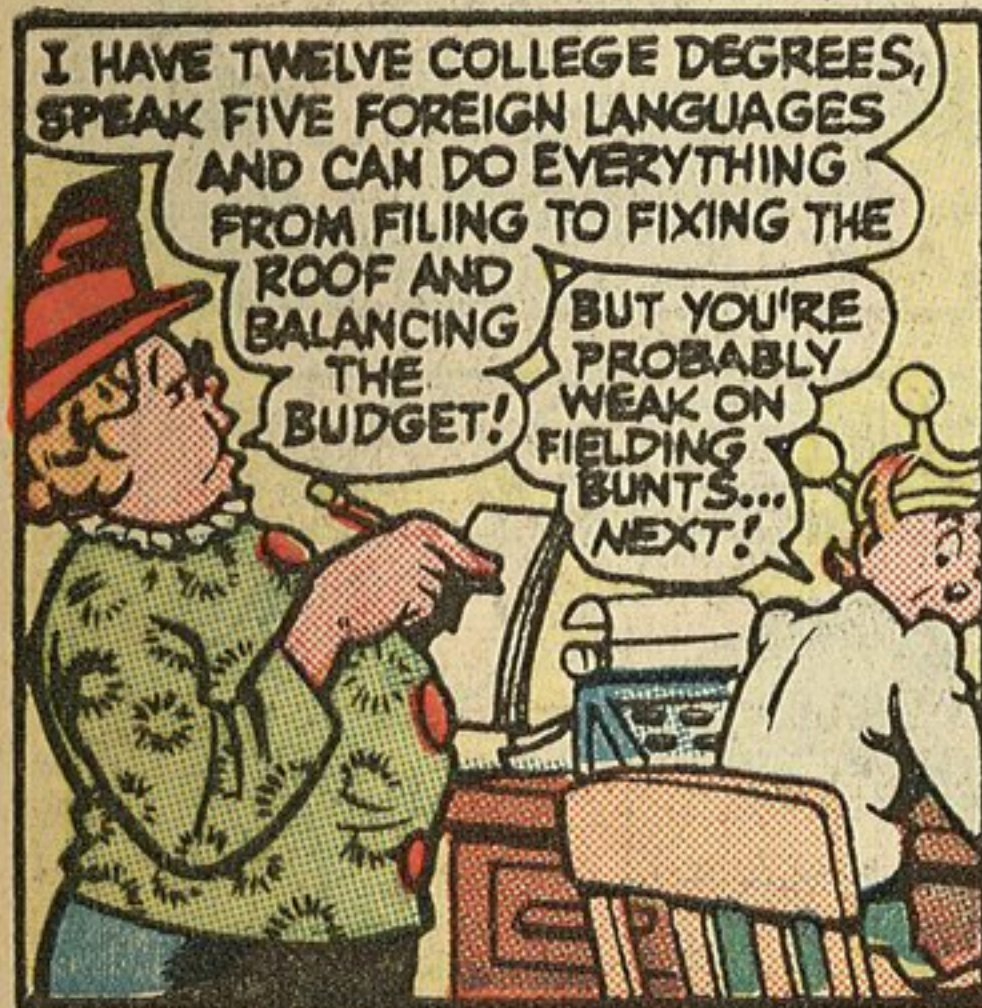
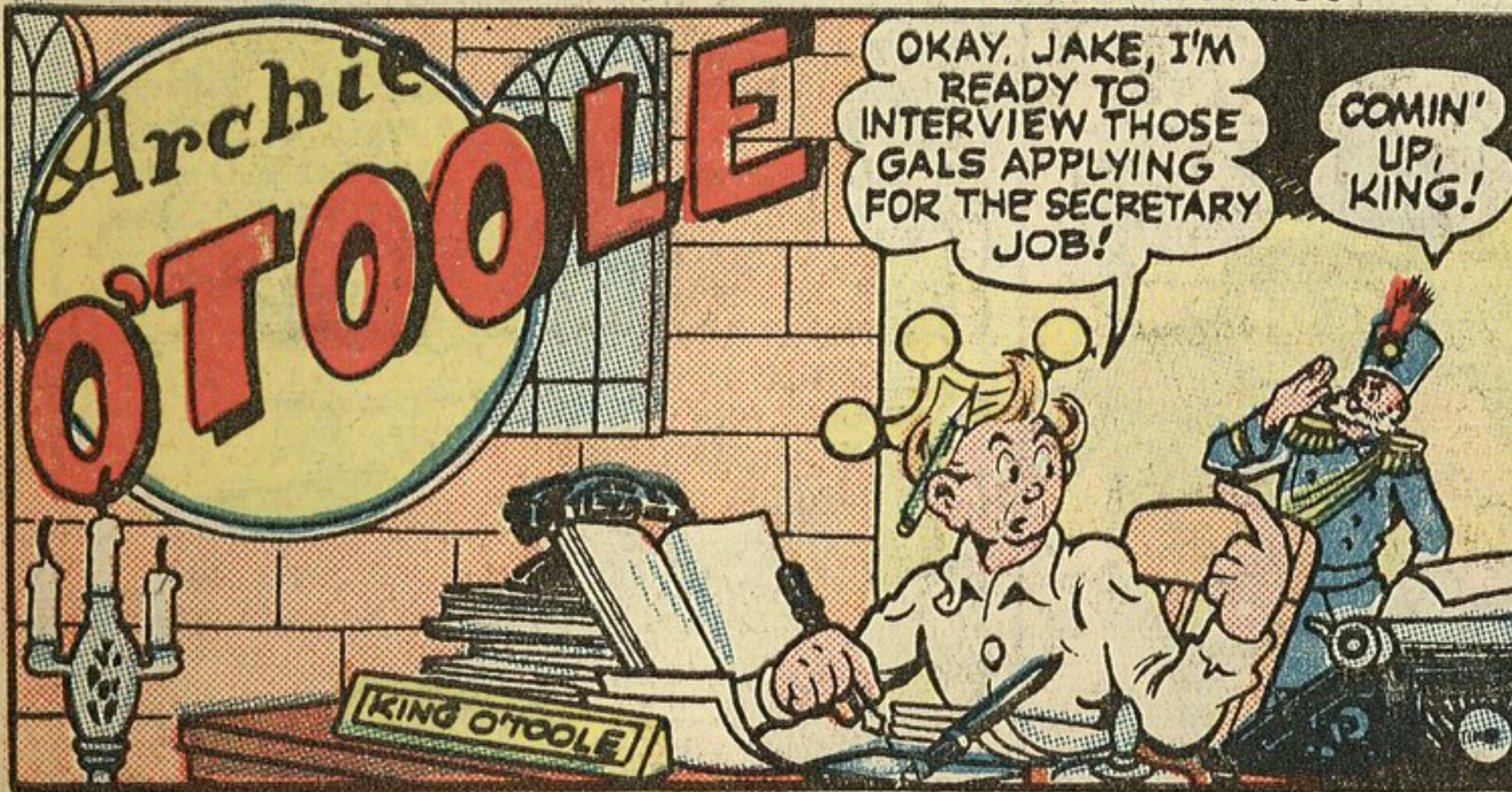
SMASH COMICS











The JESTER



Officer Chuck Lane drops in on Detective McGinty....

CHEER UP, MCGINTY!
NO RADIO PROGRAM
CAN BE THAT BAD!

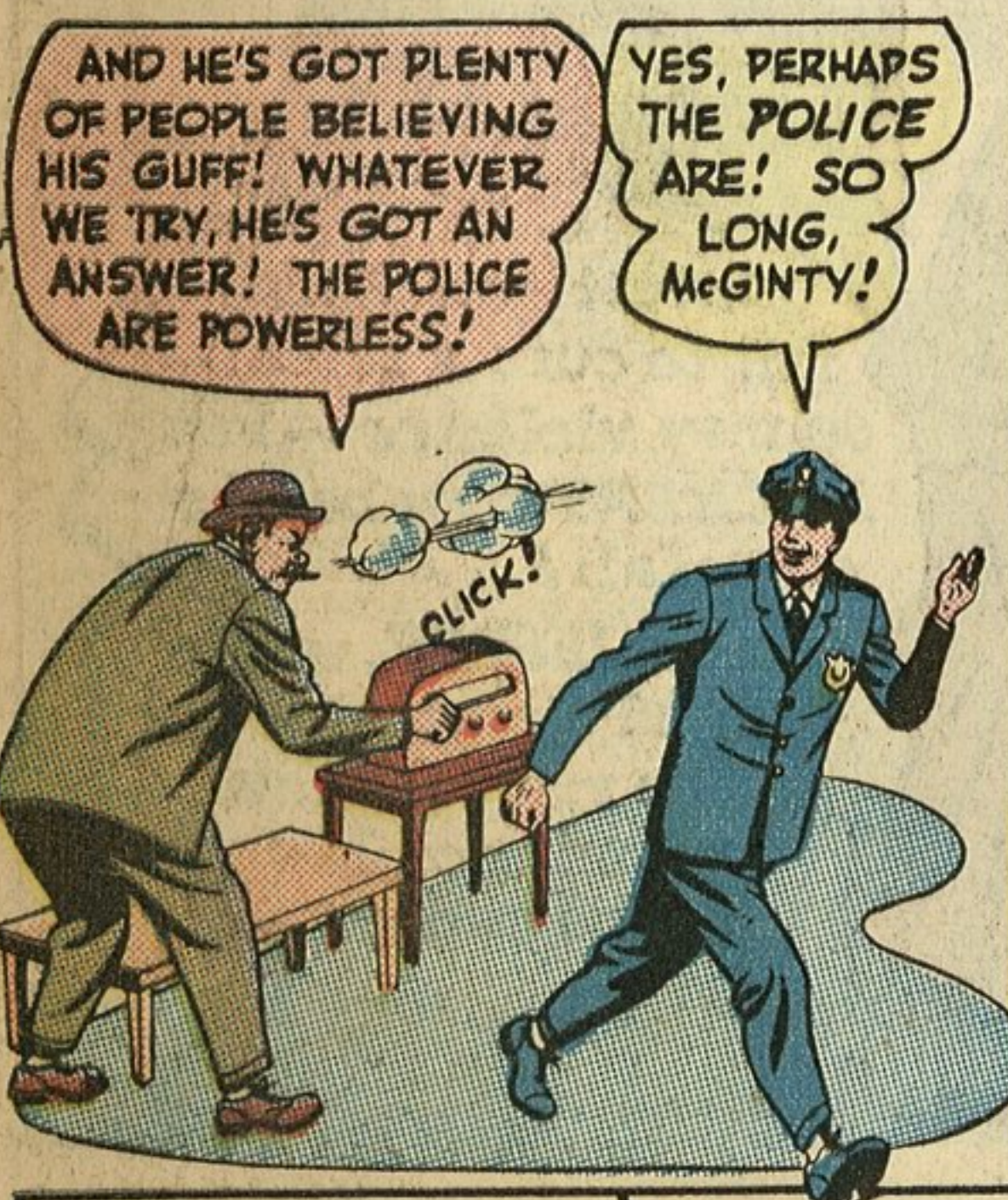
THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK!
LISTEN!

MY FRIENDS, I'VE BEEN SABOTAGED
BECAUSE I WANT TO EXPOSE CROOKED
OFFICIALS! I ASK YOUR HELP IN
SHOWING THEM UP!

IT'S THAT
SCALAWAG,
DEXILL!

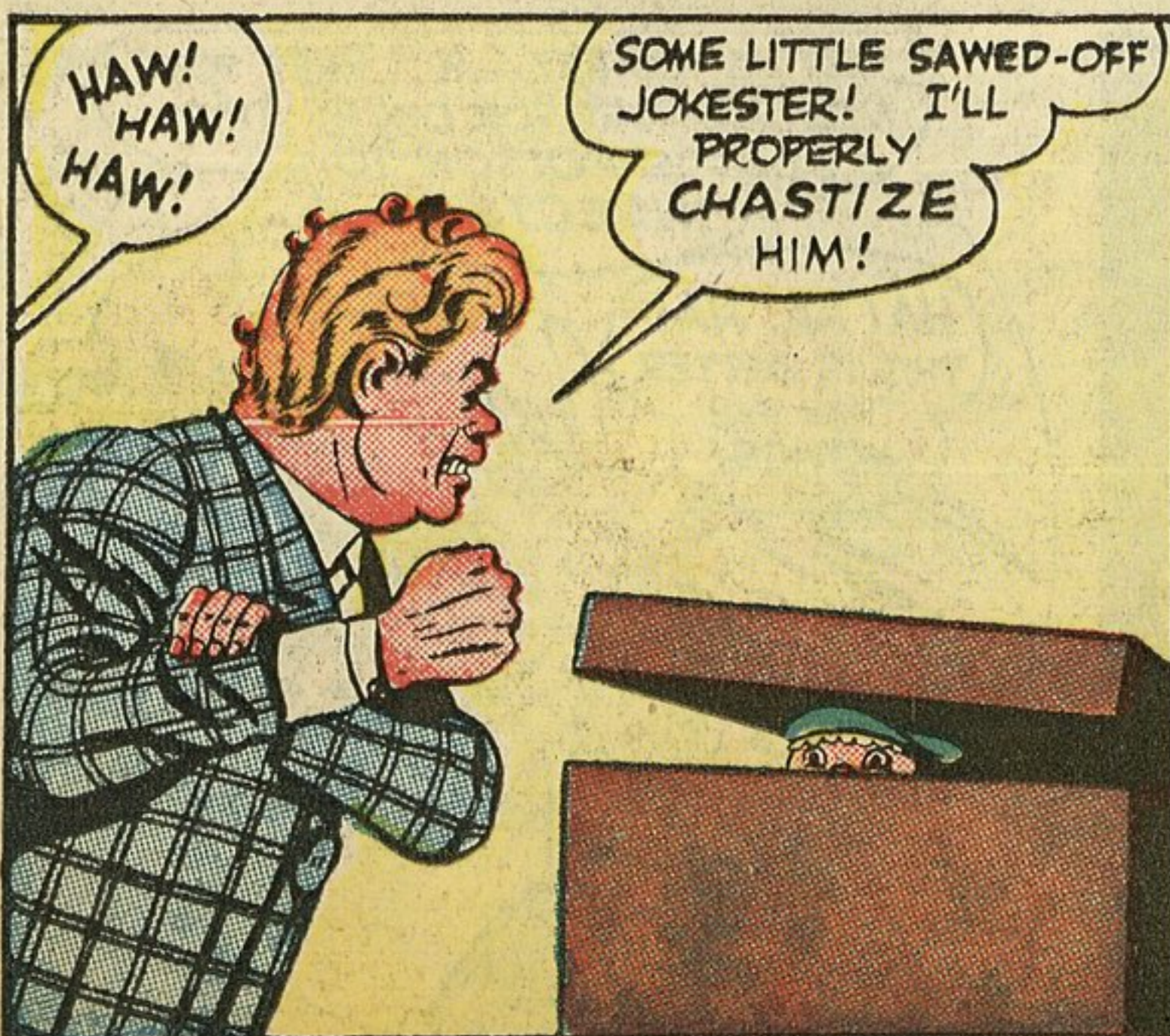
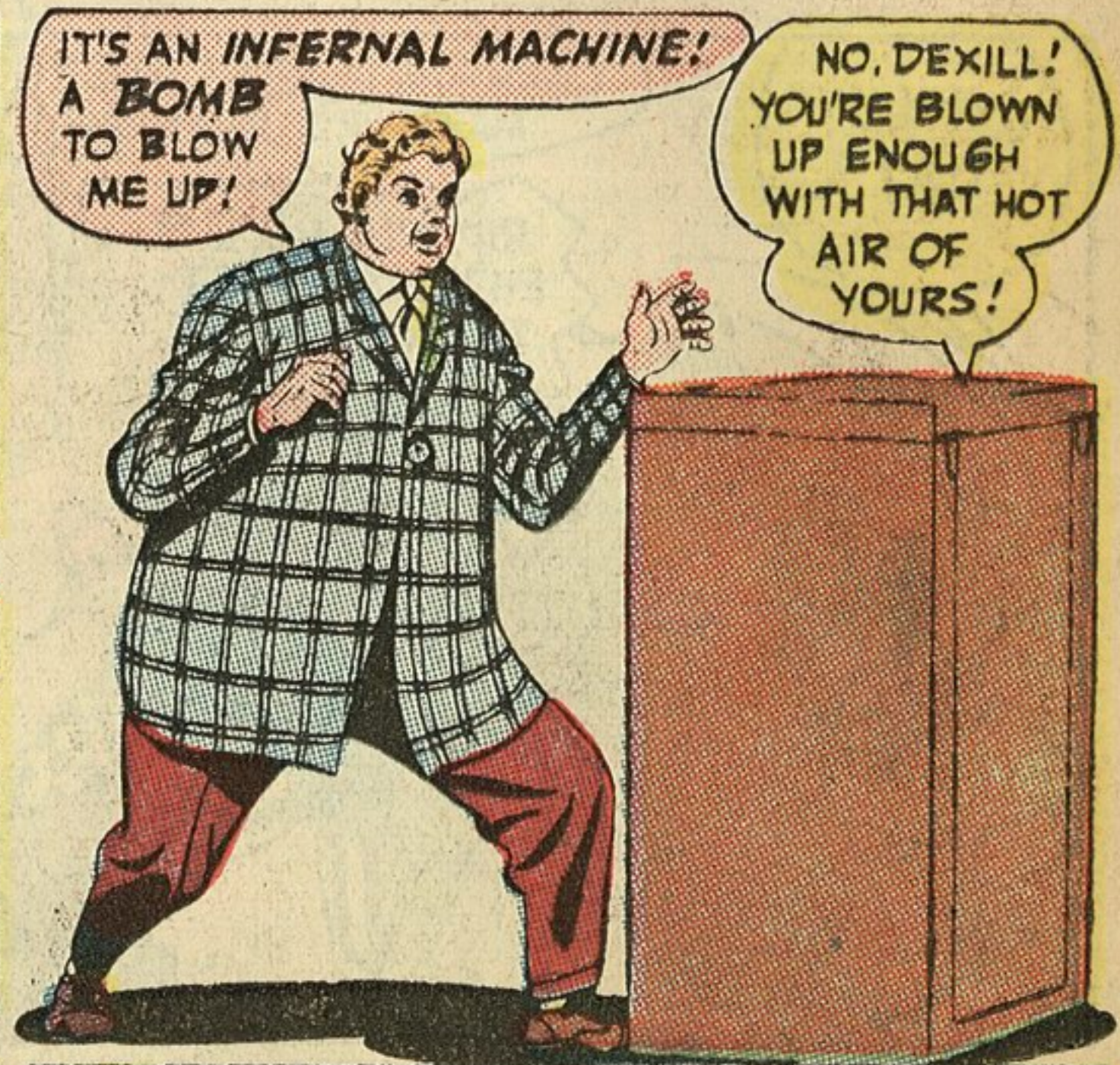
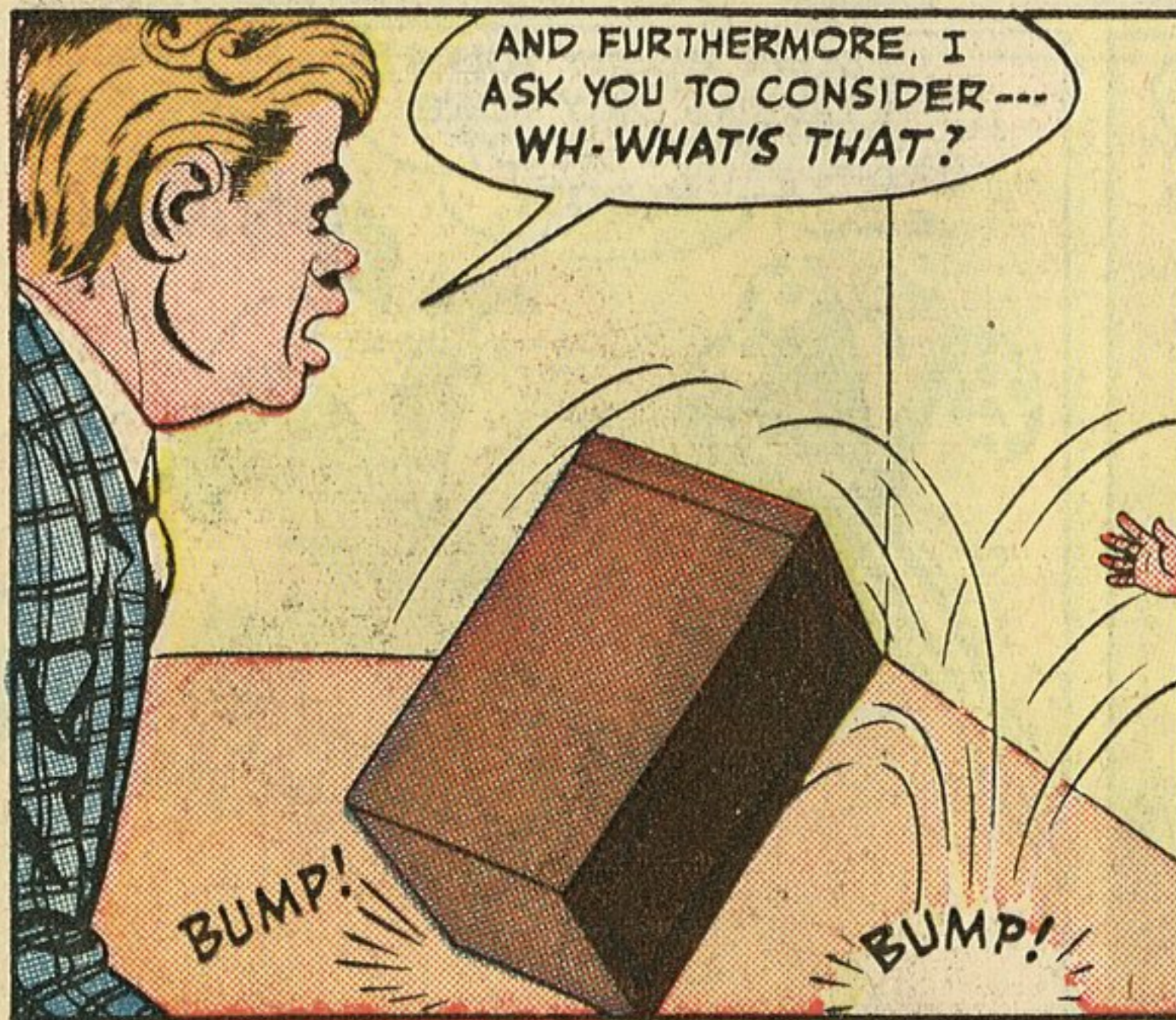
BACK ME UP, FRIENDS! I PROMISE
TO SHAME THOSE CRIMINALS OUT OF
THE OFFICE THEY DISGRACE!

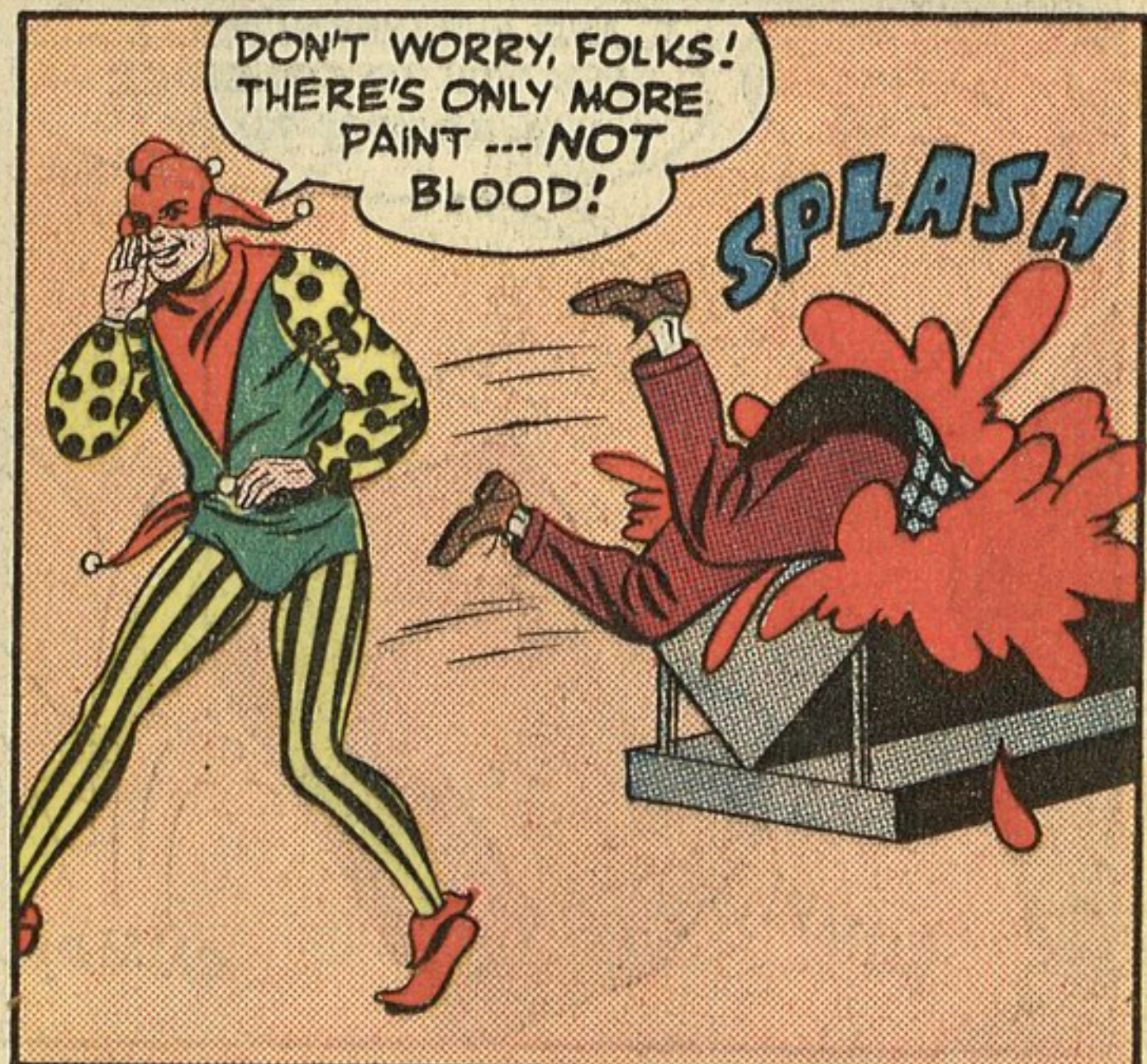
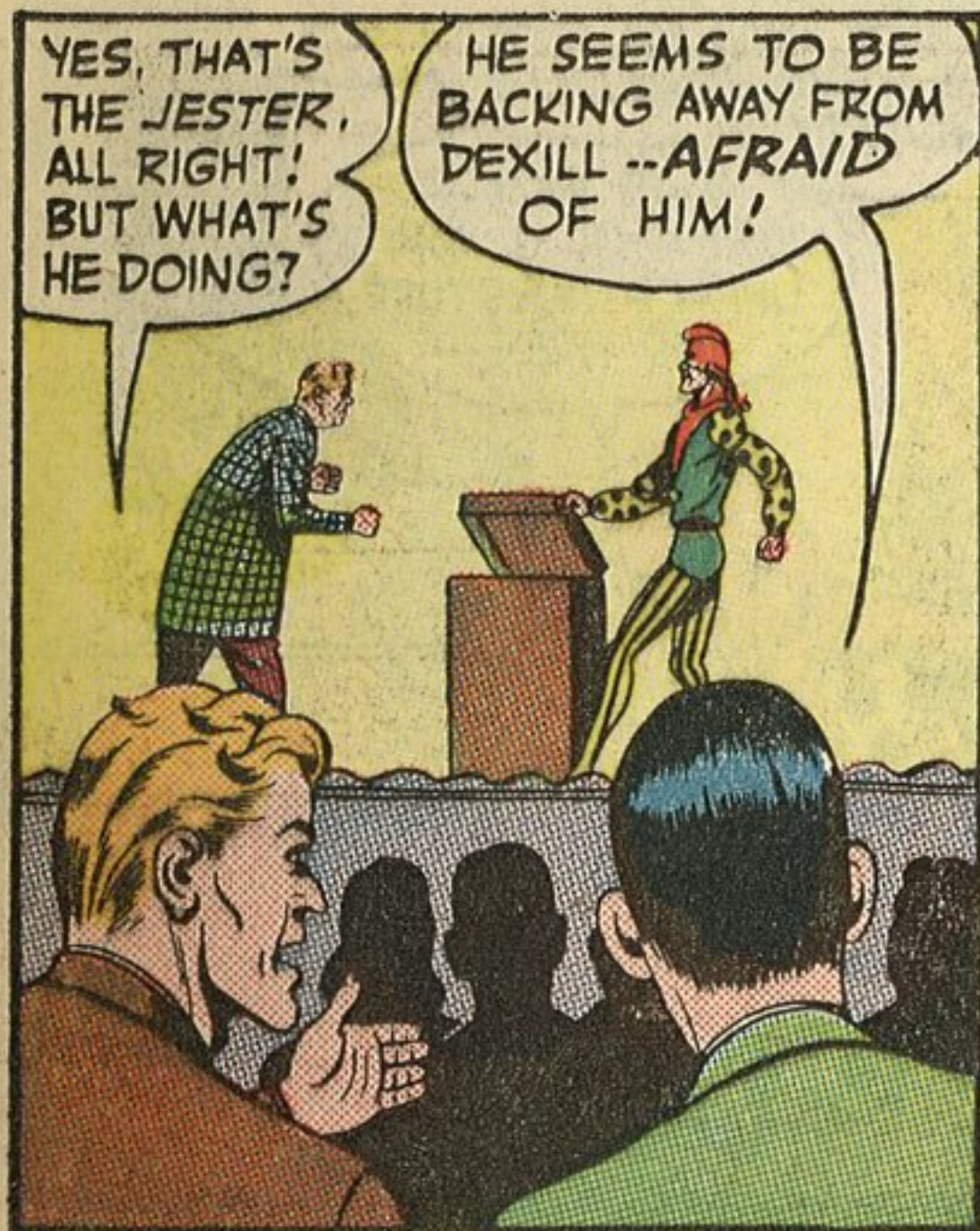
SUPPOSE WE GATHER
EVIDENCE THAT HE'S
ONLY A SCHEMING
CROOK, MCGINTY?

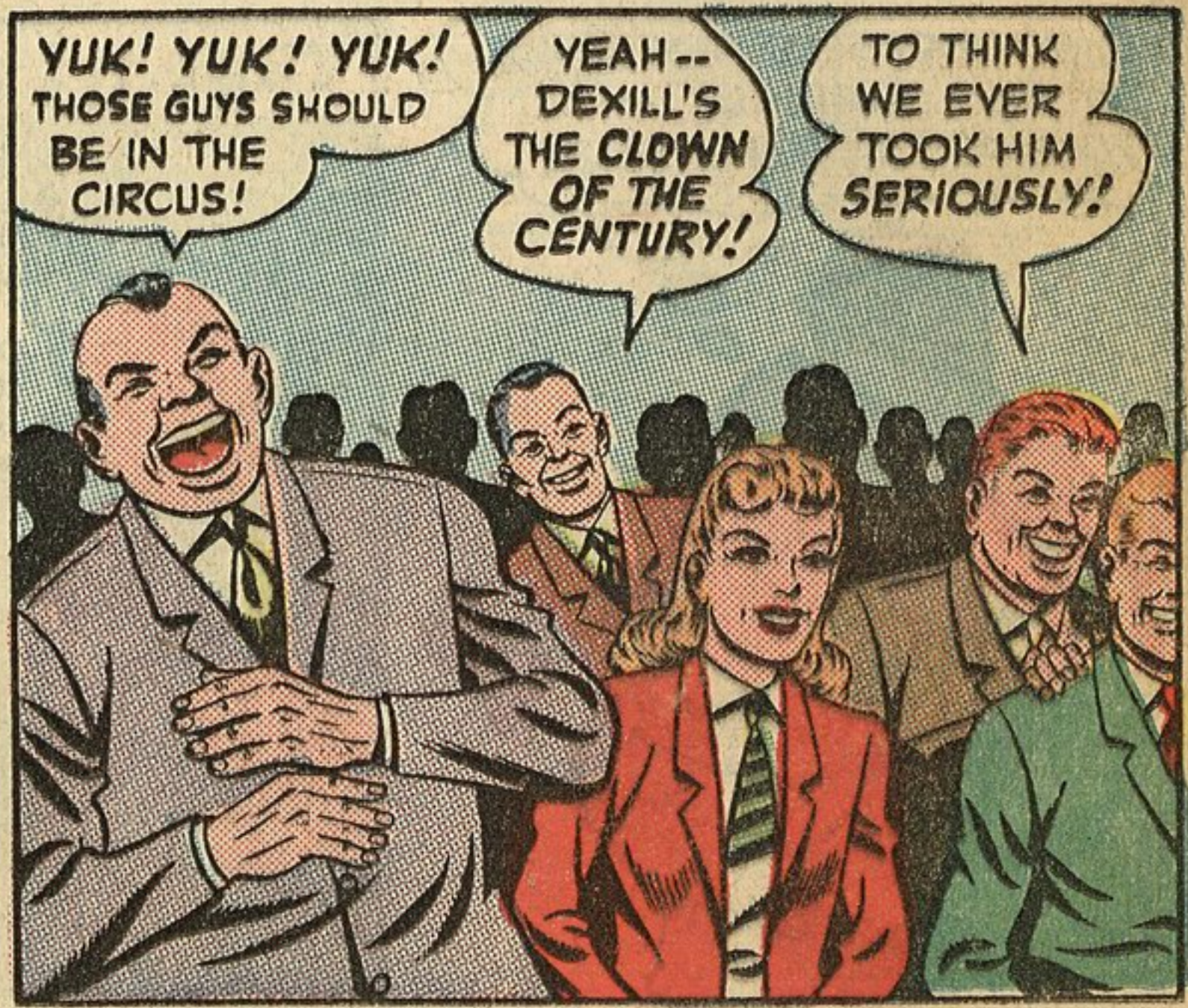


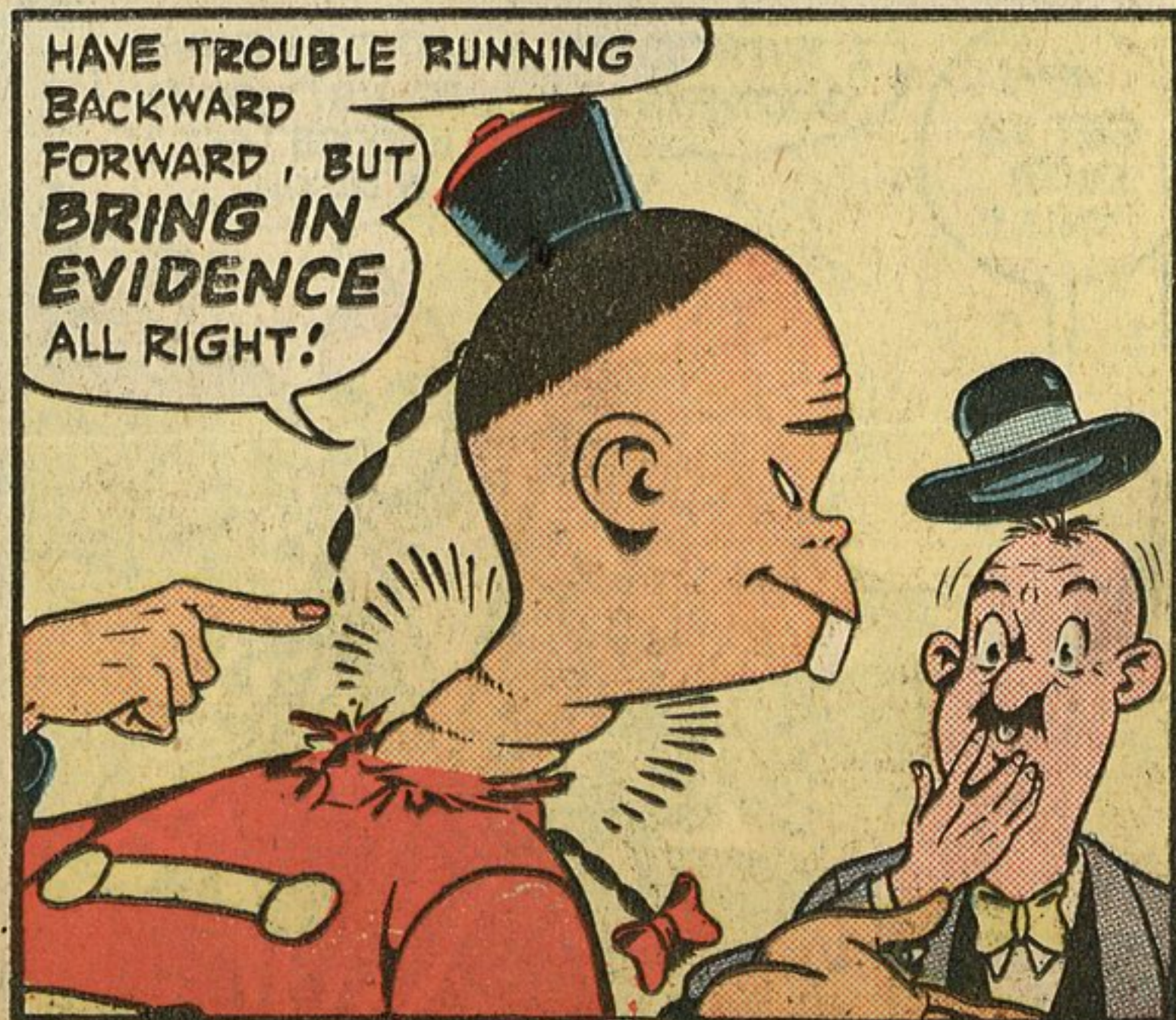
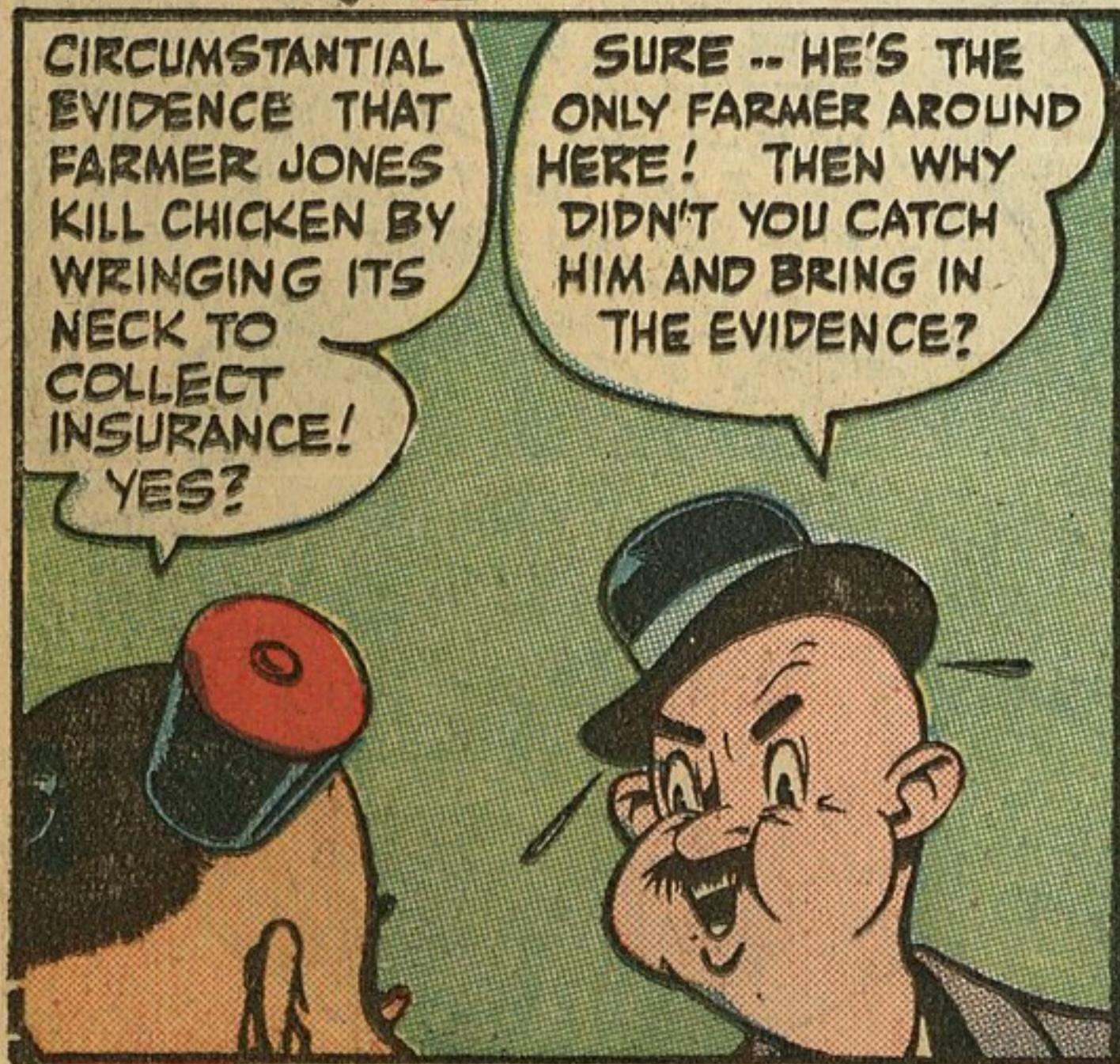
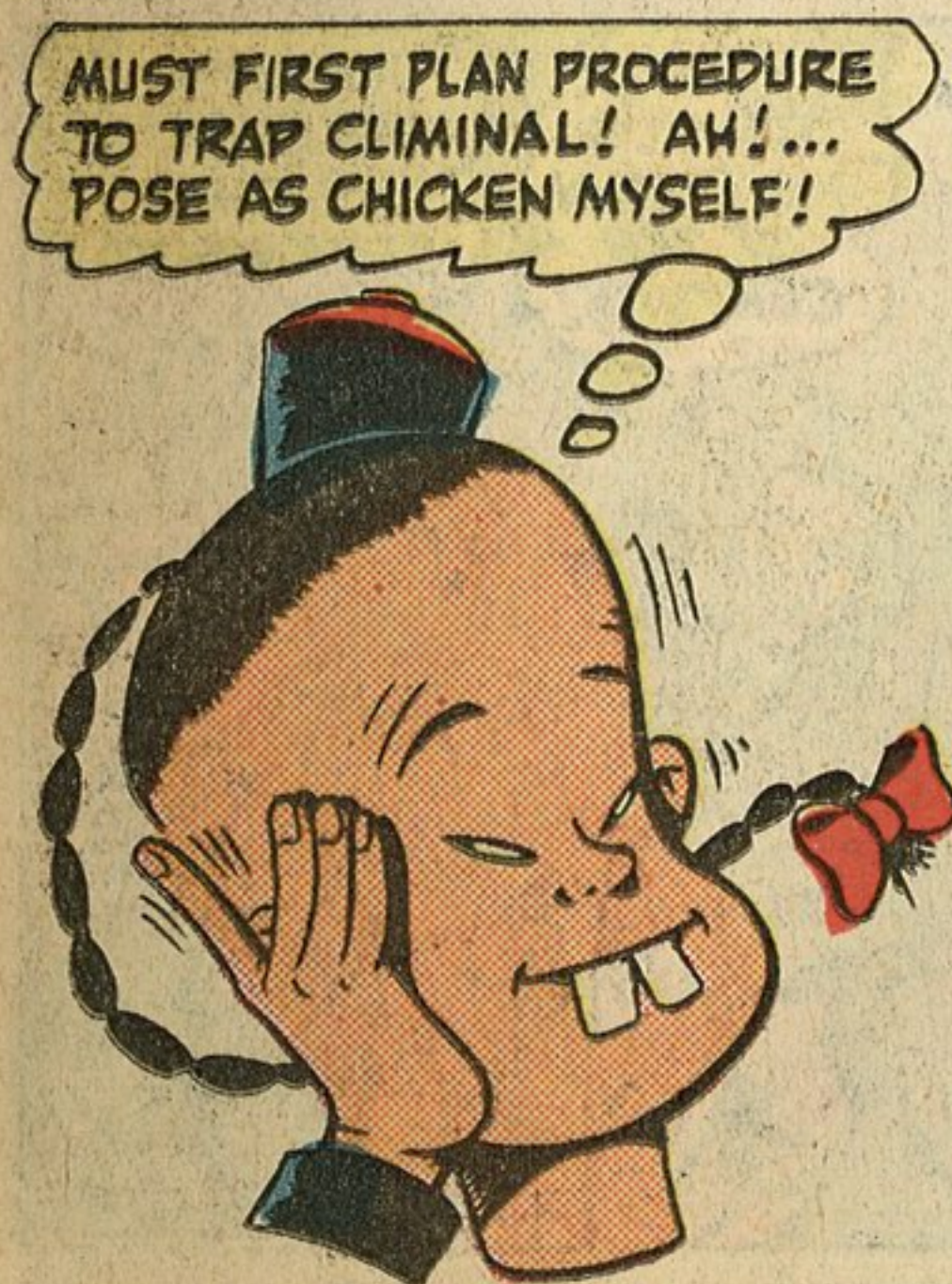
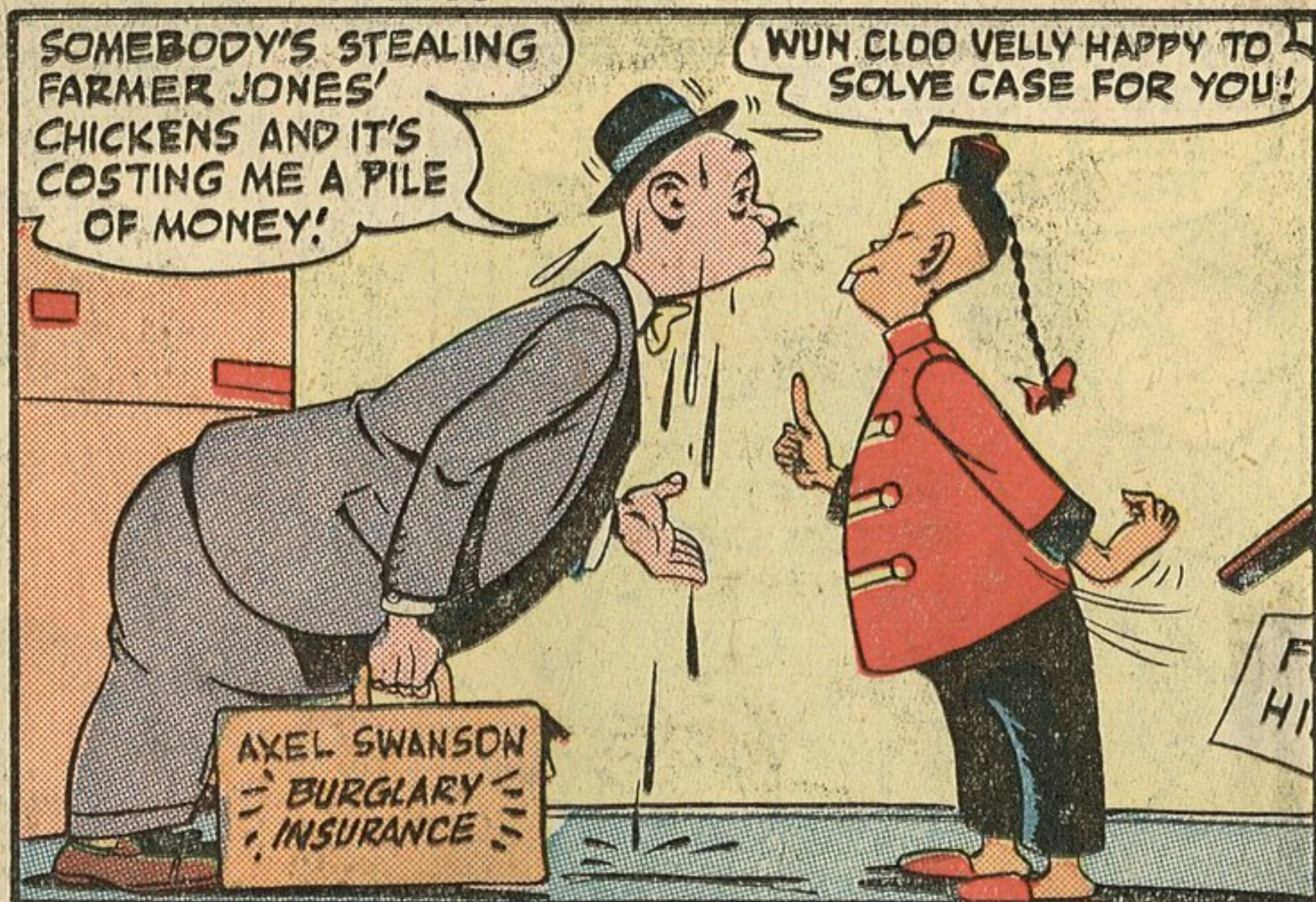
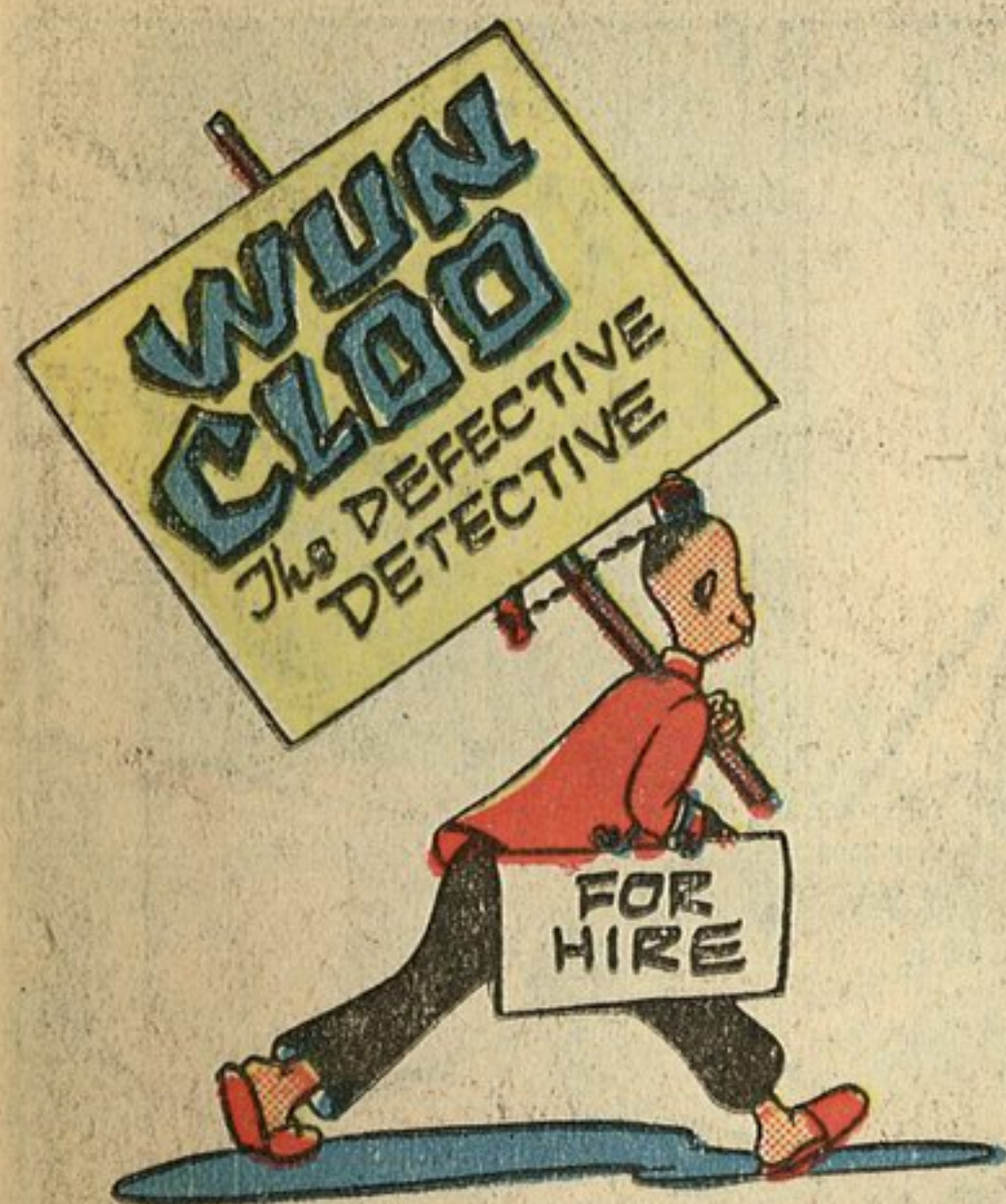


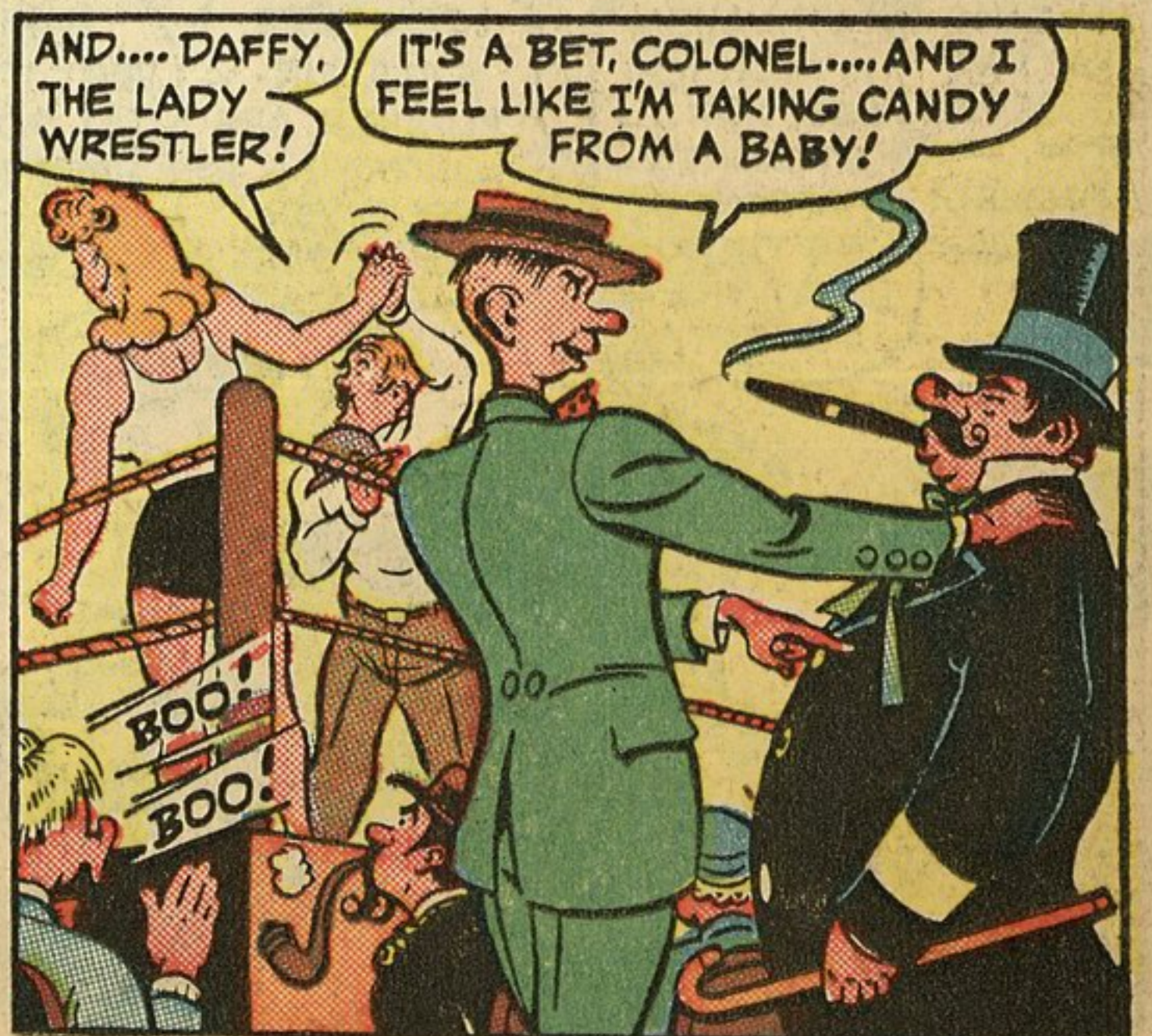
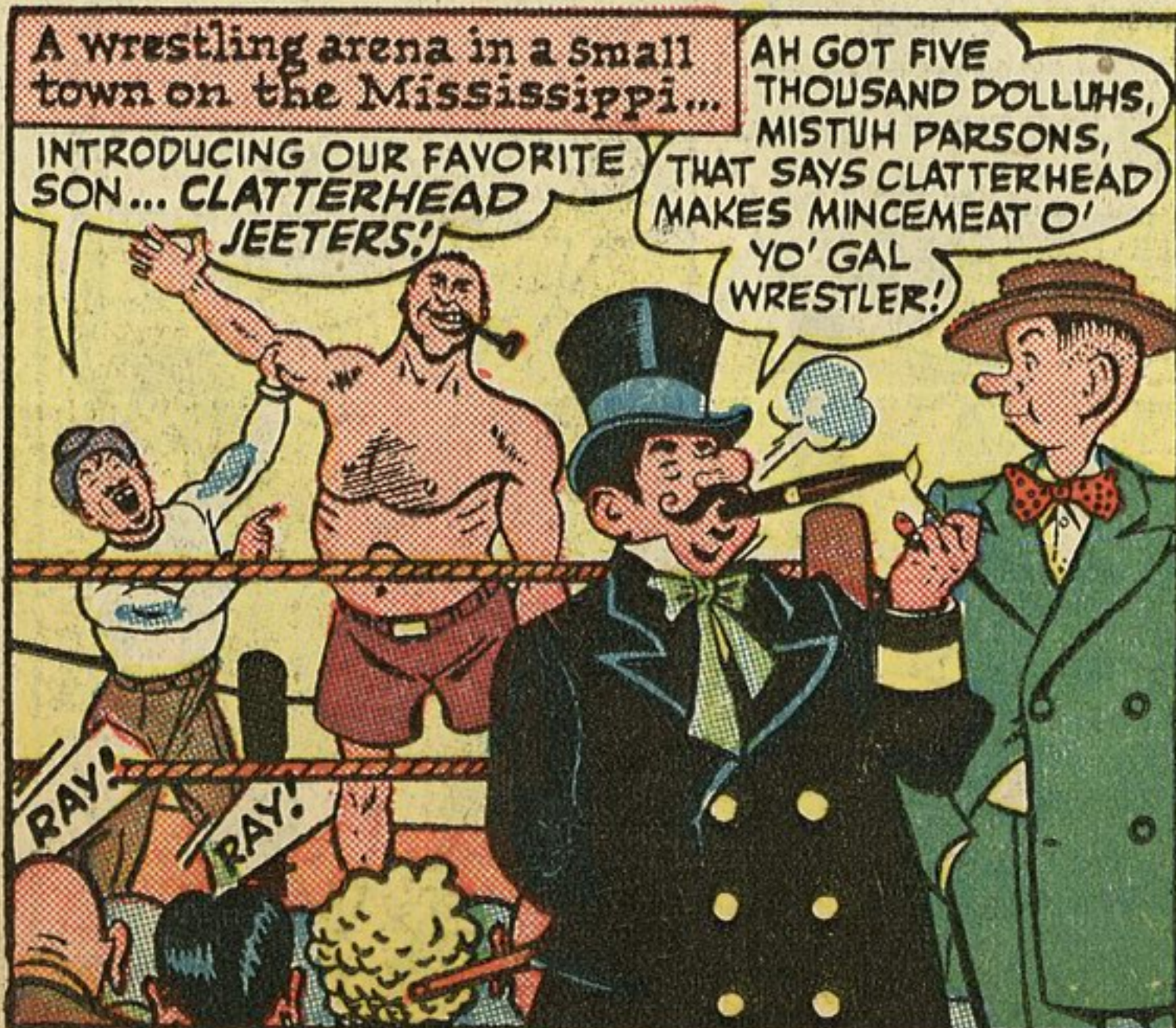


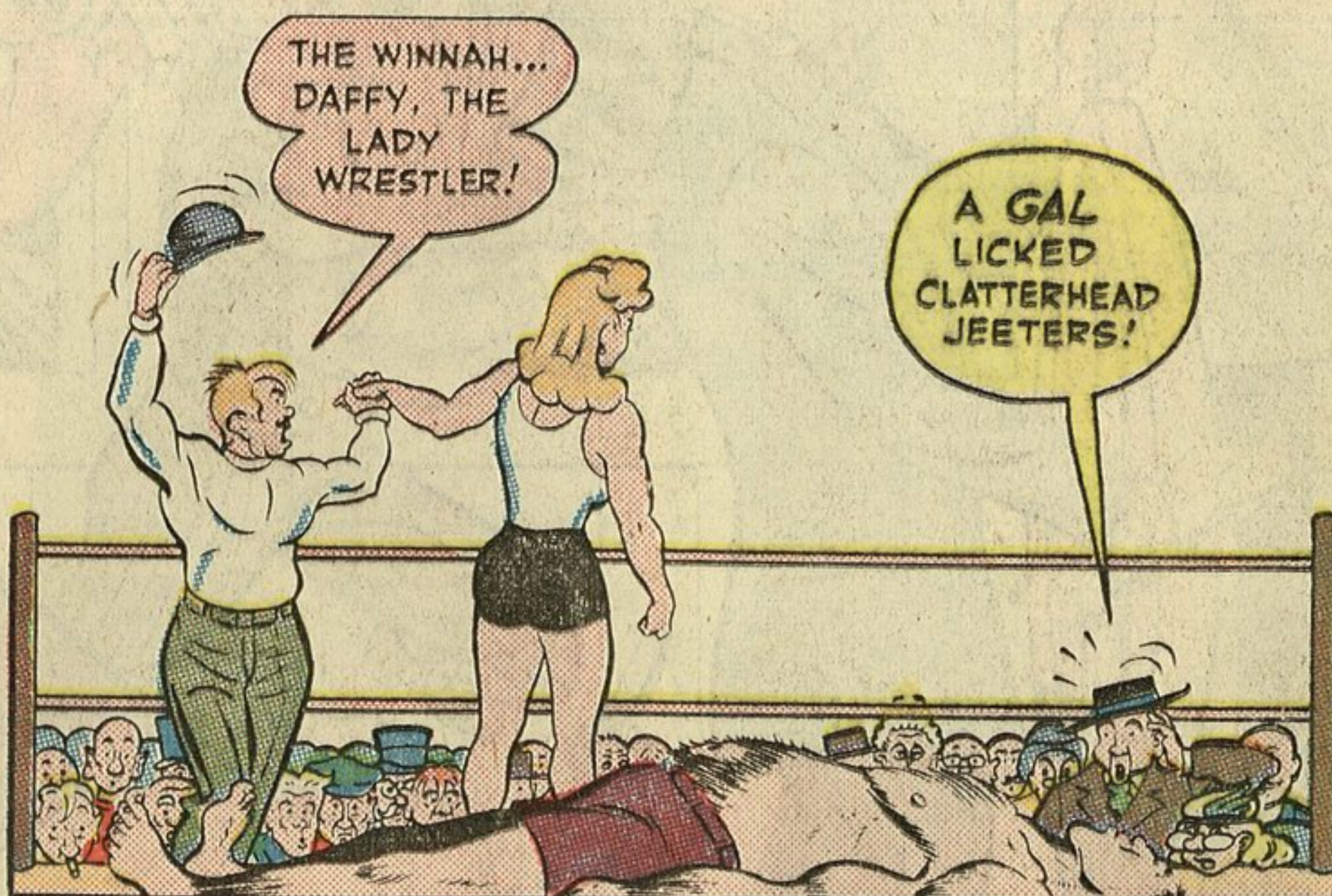
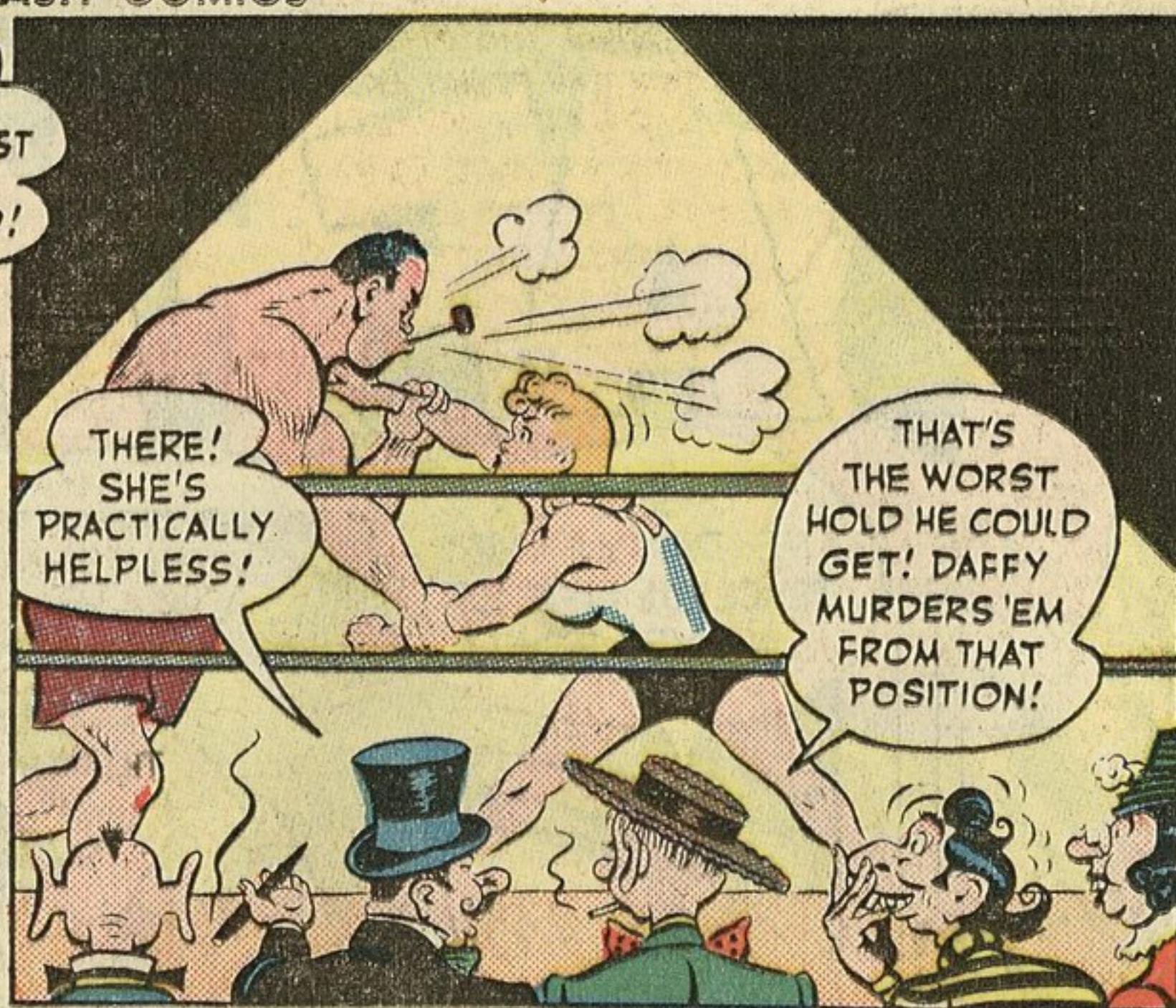


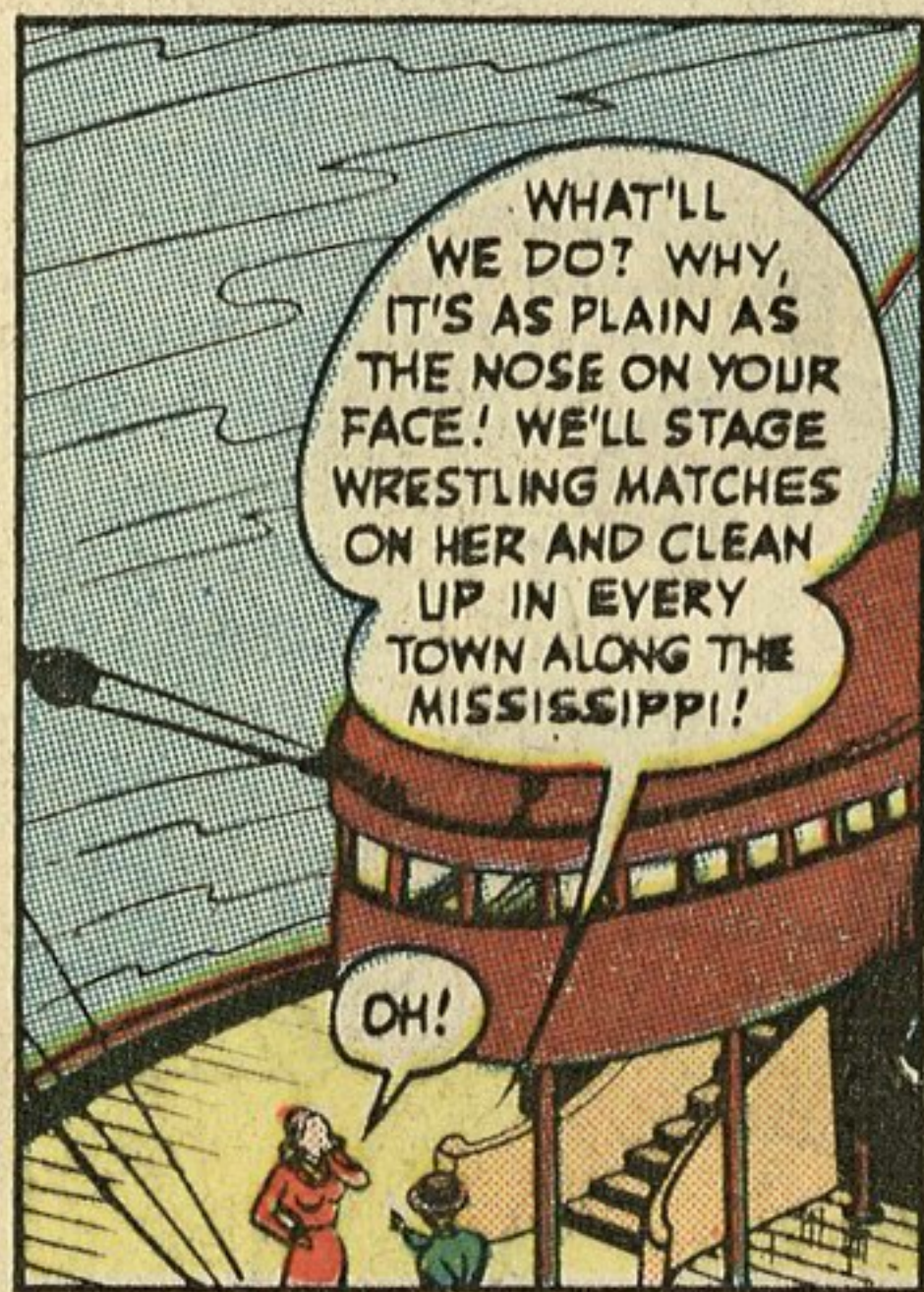
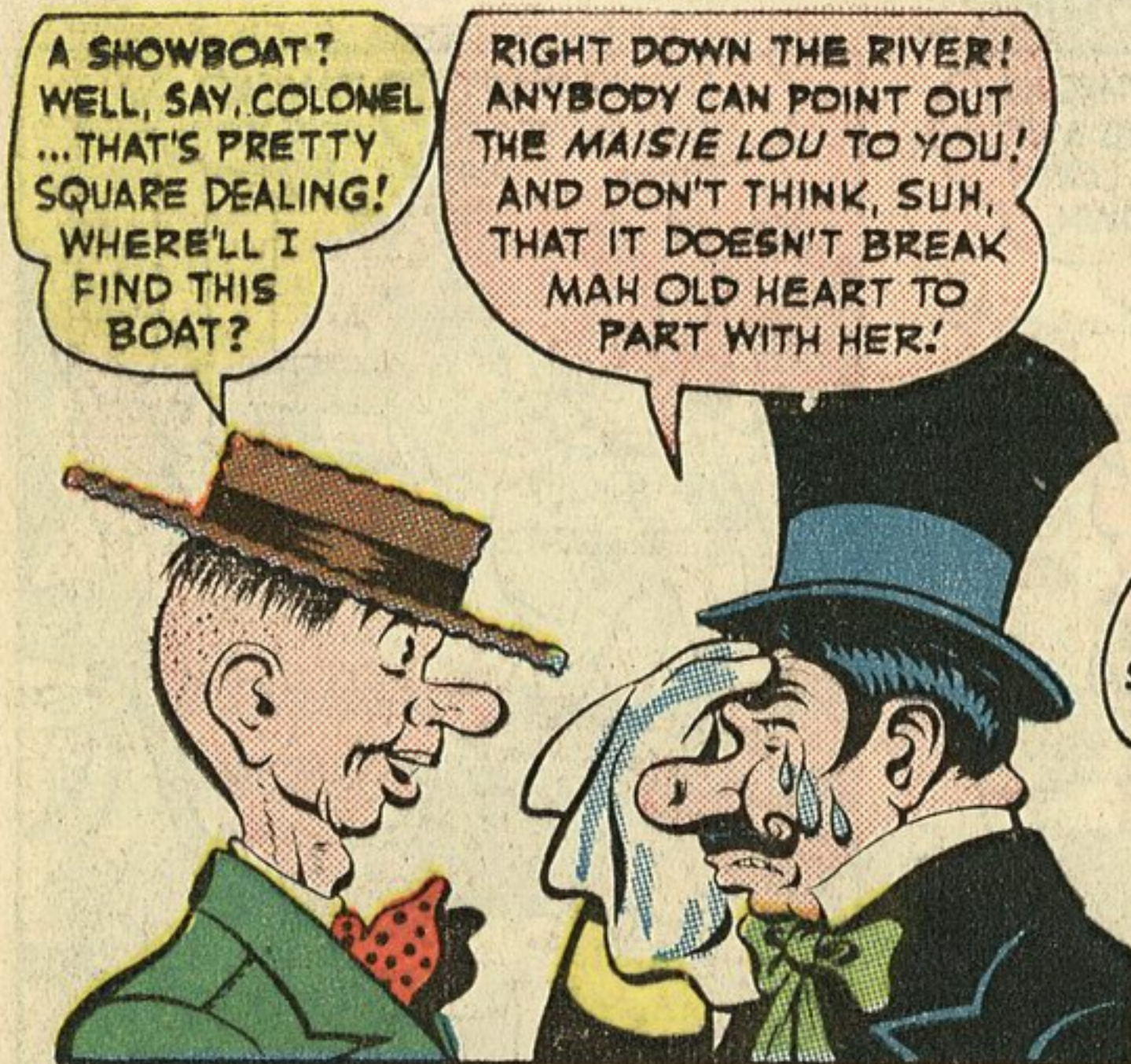




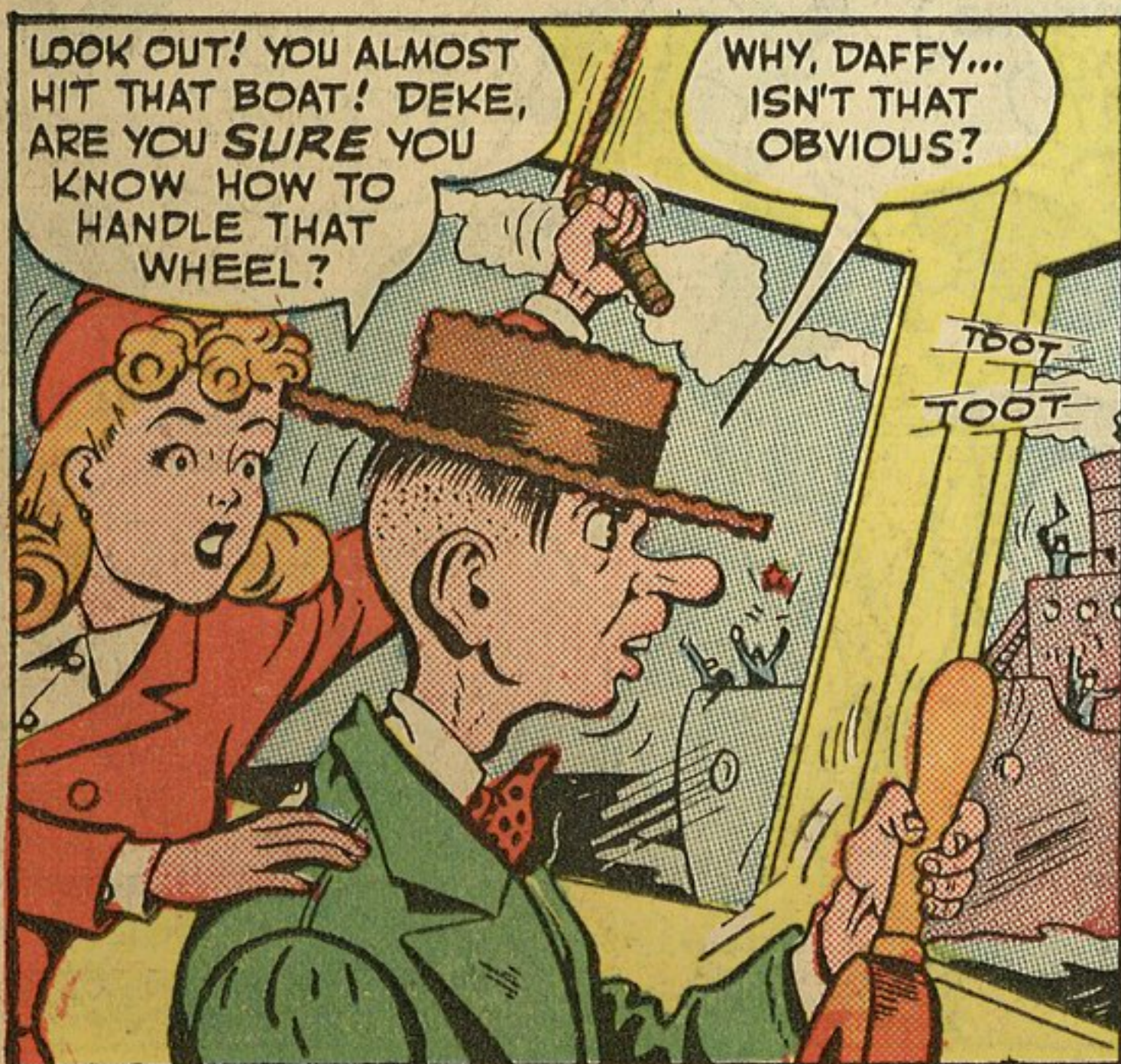
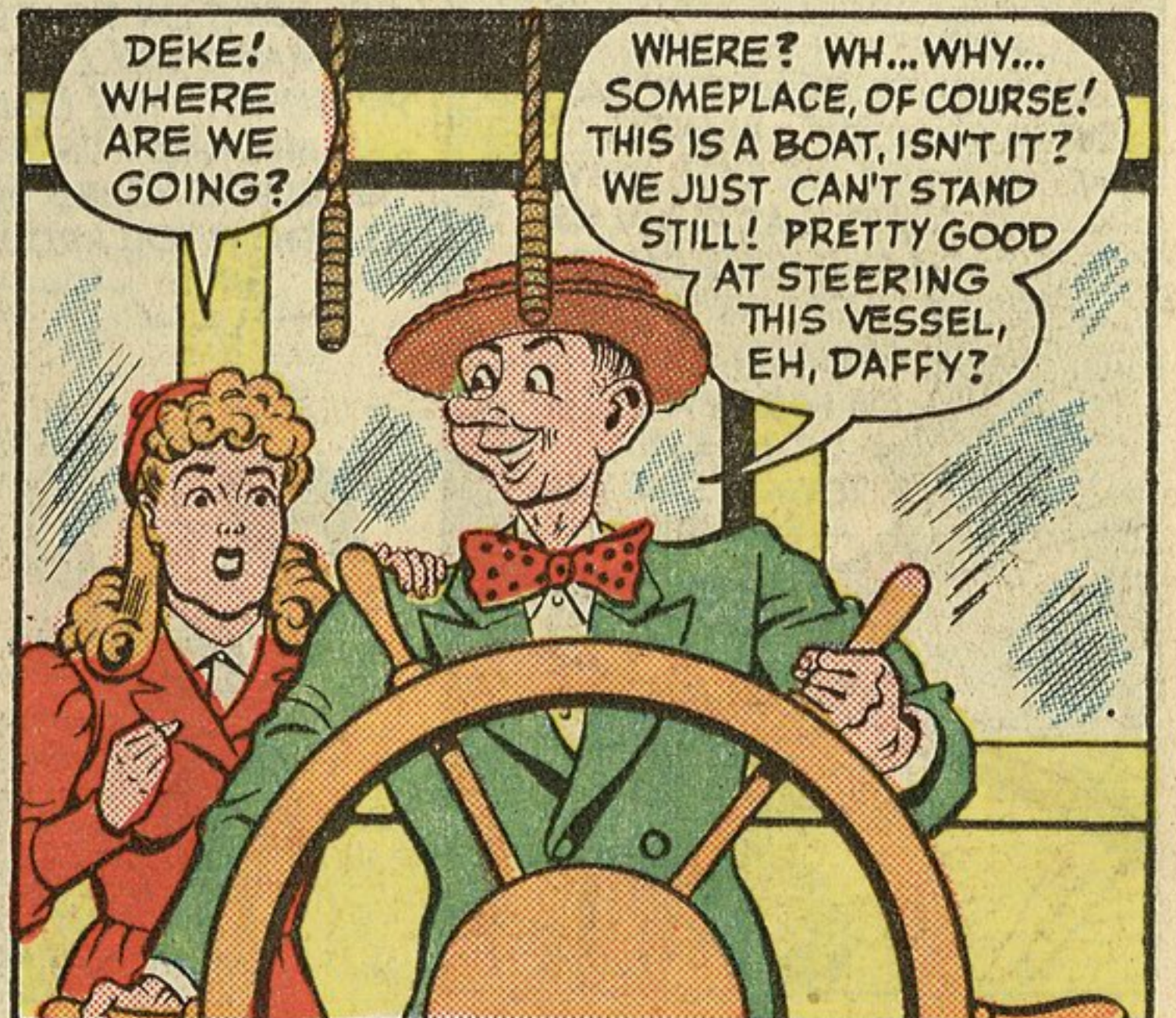
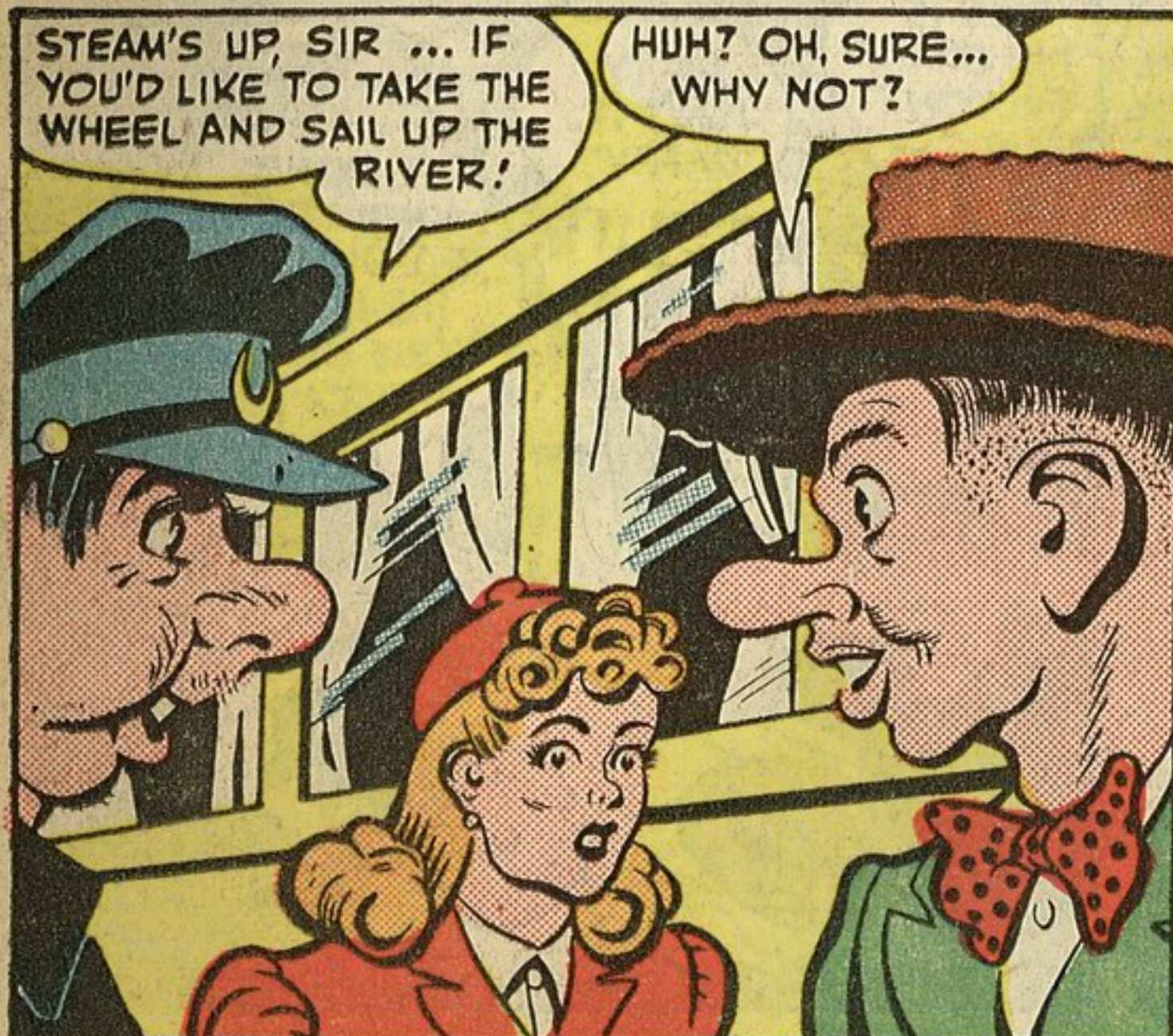
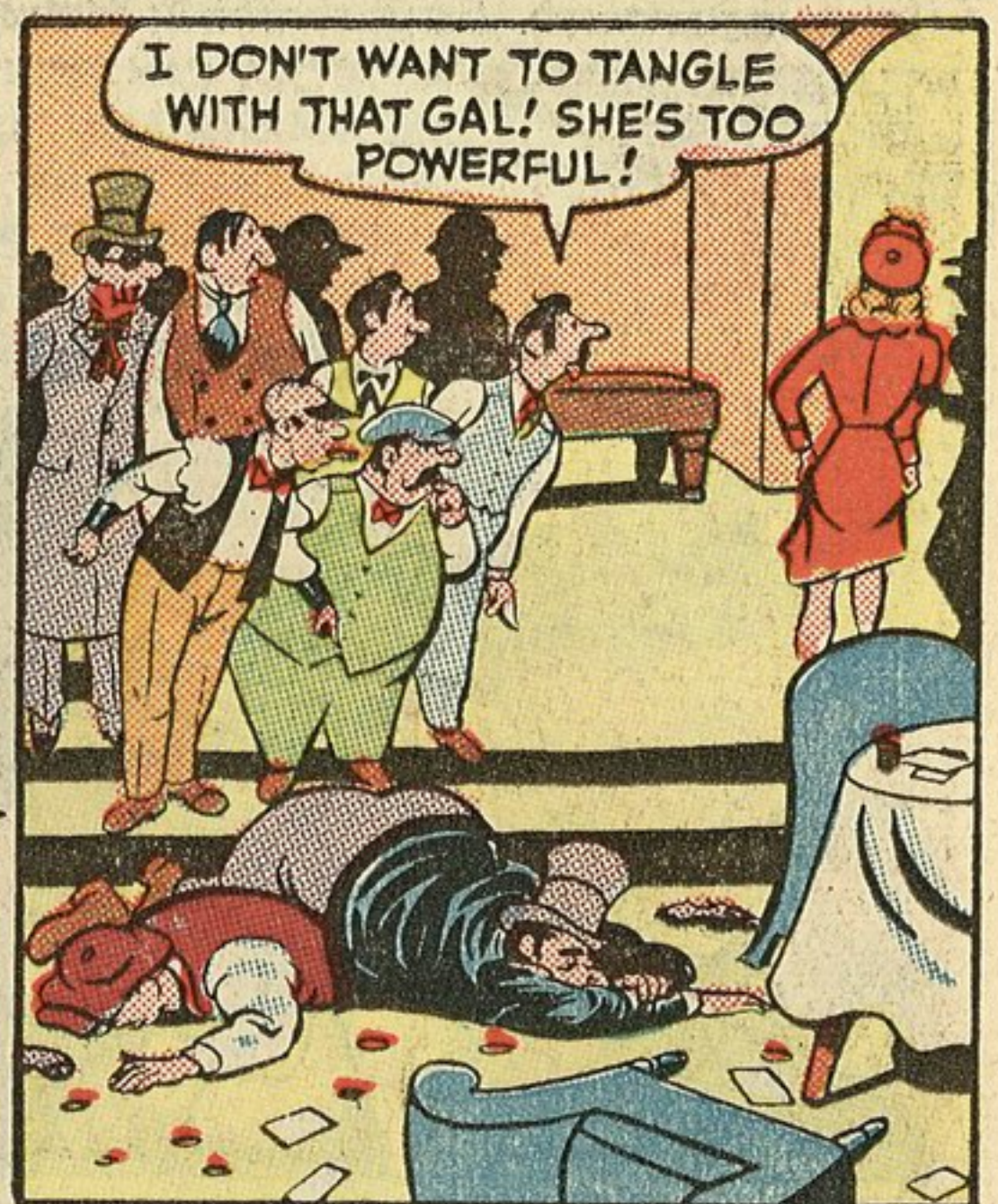






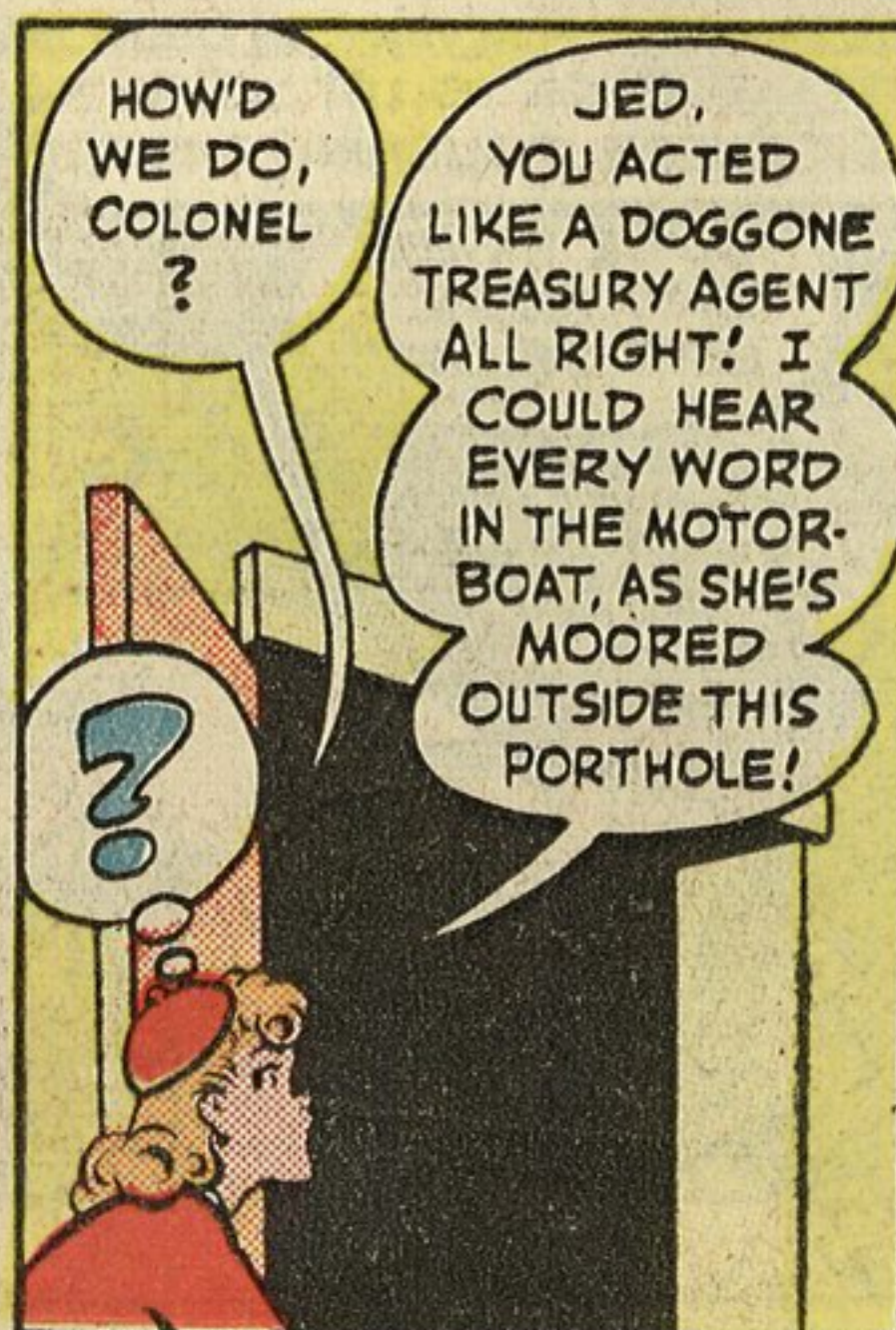


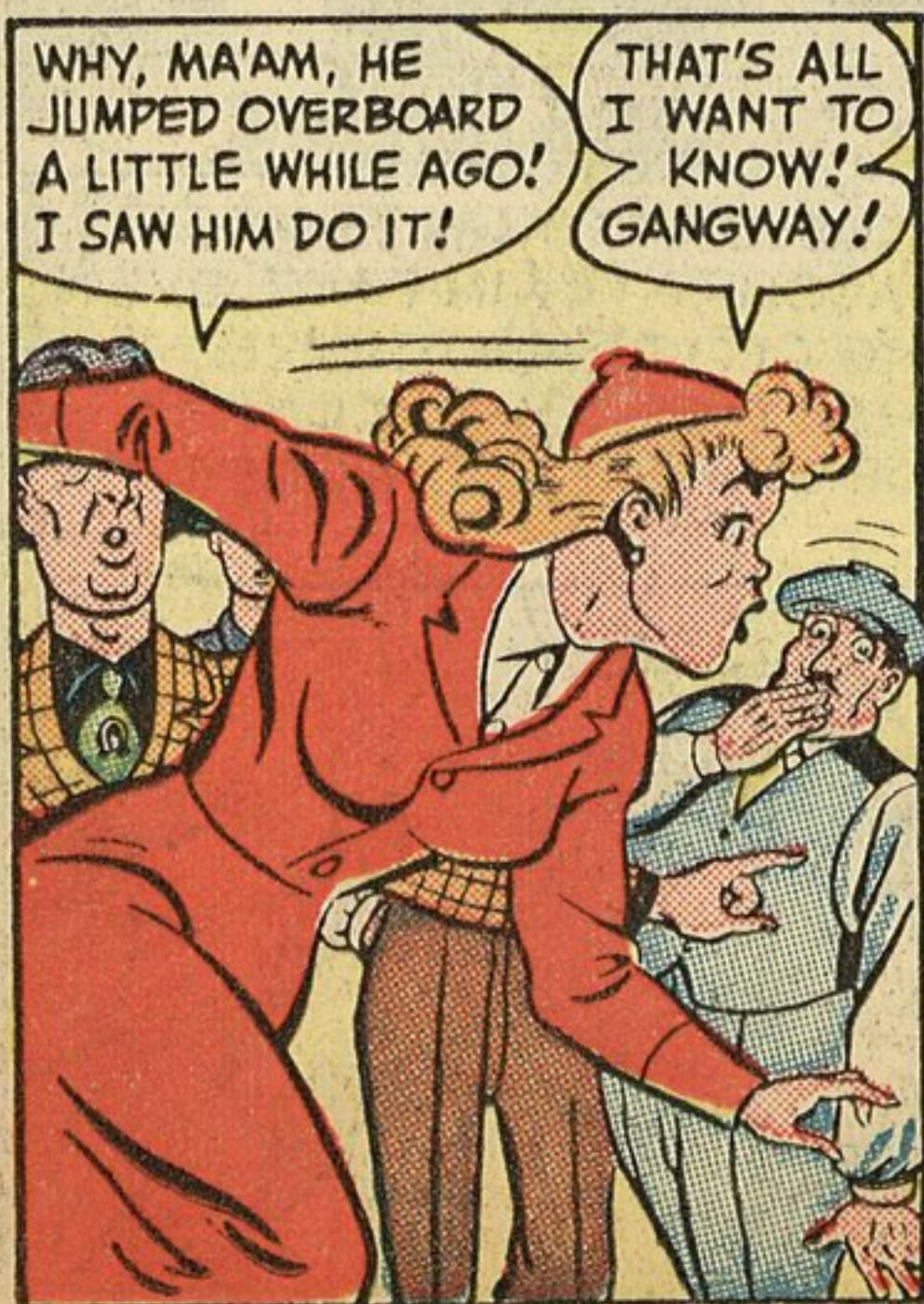
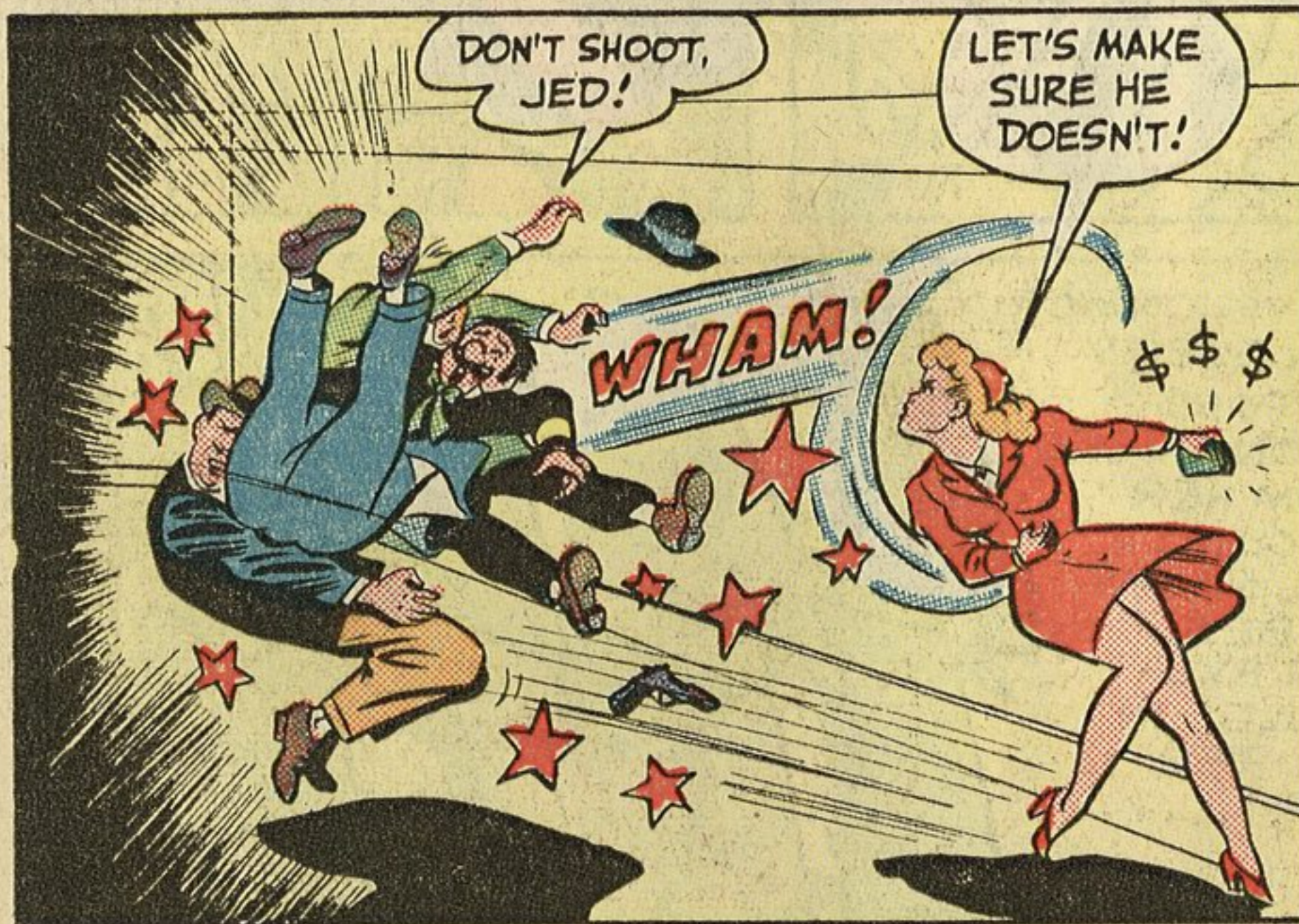
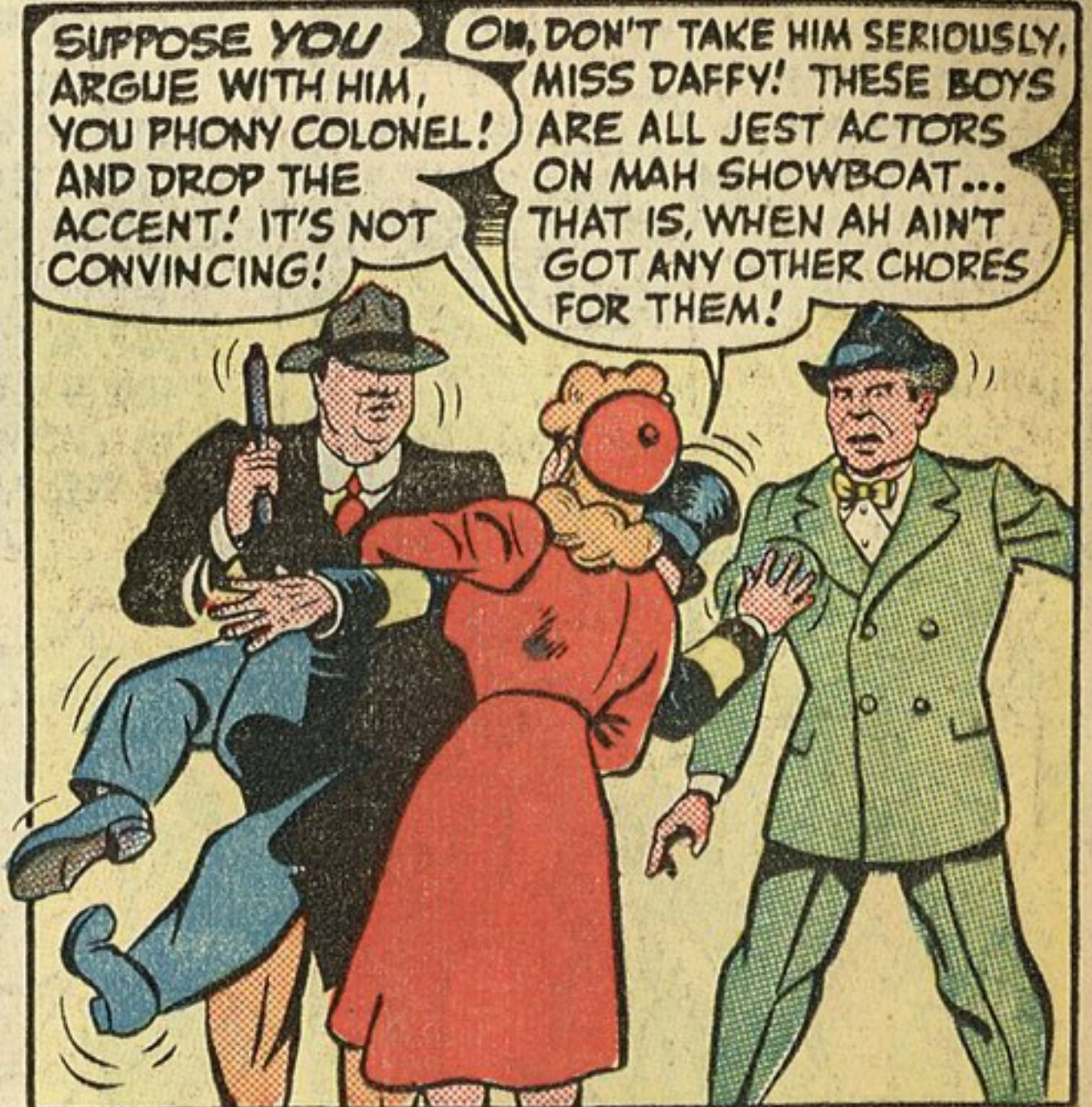
SMASH COMICS



Two men from the motorboat come aboard and...



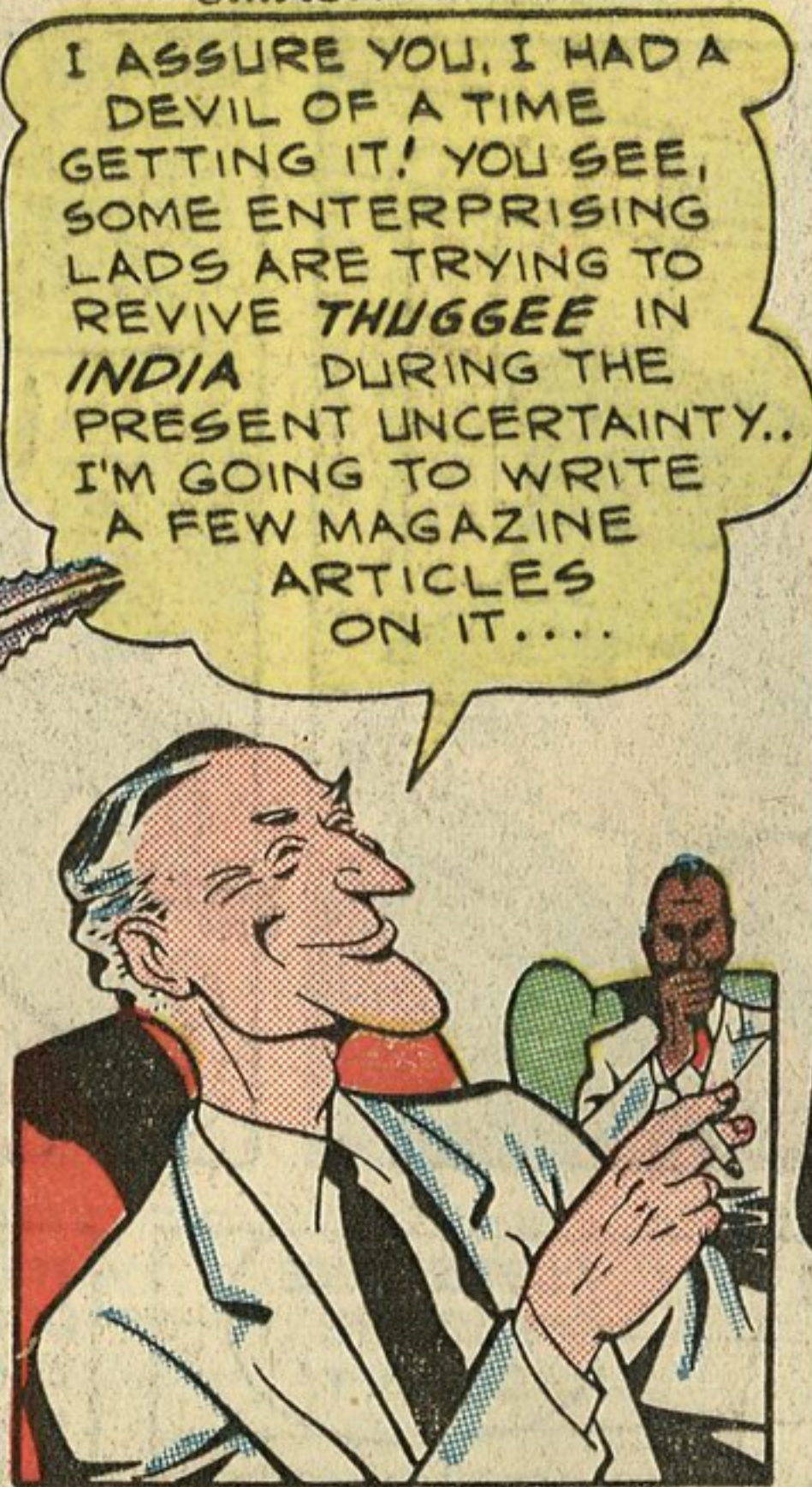






AN EXECUTIONER'S SWORD, EH, BOMBAY? MIGHTY WICKED IMPLEMENT! PICKED IT UP IN INDIA, DID YOU?

I GUESS IT'S PRETTY NEAR SACRED TO THE SOCIETY OF THUGS!



I ASSURE YOU, I HAD A DEVIL OF A TIME GETTING IT! YOU SEE, SOME ENTERPRISING LADS ARE TRYING TO REVIVE **THUGGEE** IN INDIA DURING THE PRESENT UNCERTAINTY.. I'M GOING TO WRITE A FEW MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON IT....



I HOPE THE THUGS WON'T ATTEMPT TO GET REVENGE!

DON'T MIND MY DAUGHTER.. SHE'S AN INCURABLE ROMANTIC..



"... **BRENDA** HAS VISIONS OF EVIL LURKING IN EVERY CORNER! I SUPPOSE HER IMAGINATION SEEKS RELEASE FROM HER SHELTERED SOCIETY IN SWASHBUCKLING DAY-DREAMS... I'LL BET SHE'D GIVE HER EYE-TEETH TO INDULGE IN ADVENTURES LIKE

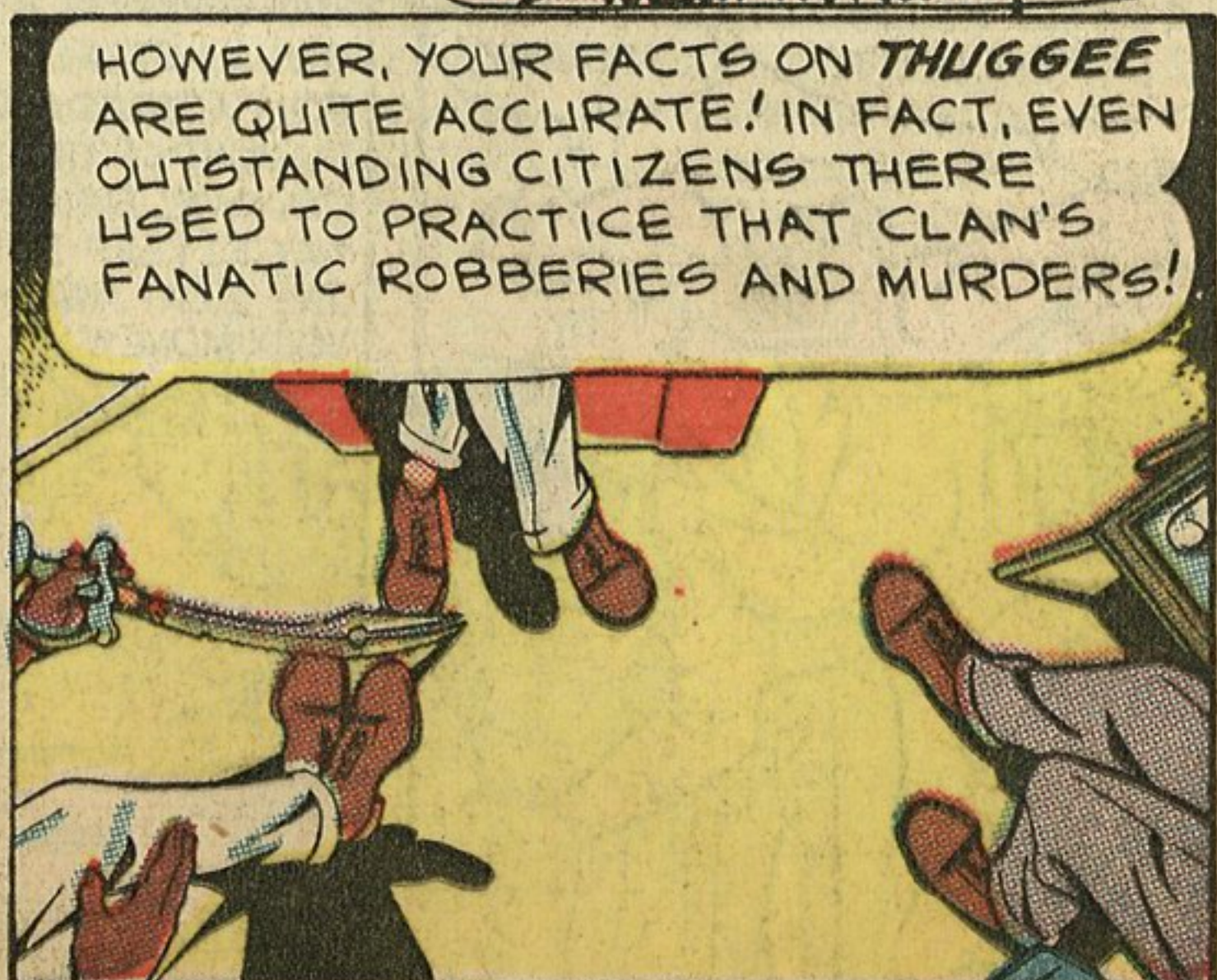
LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling



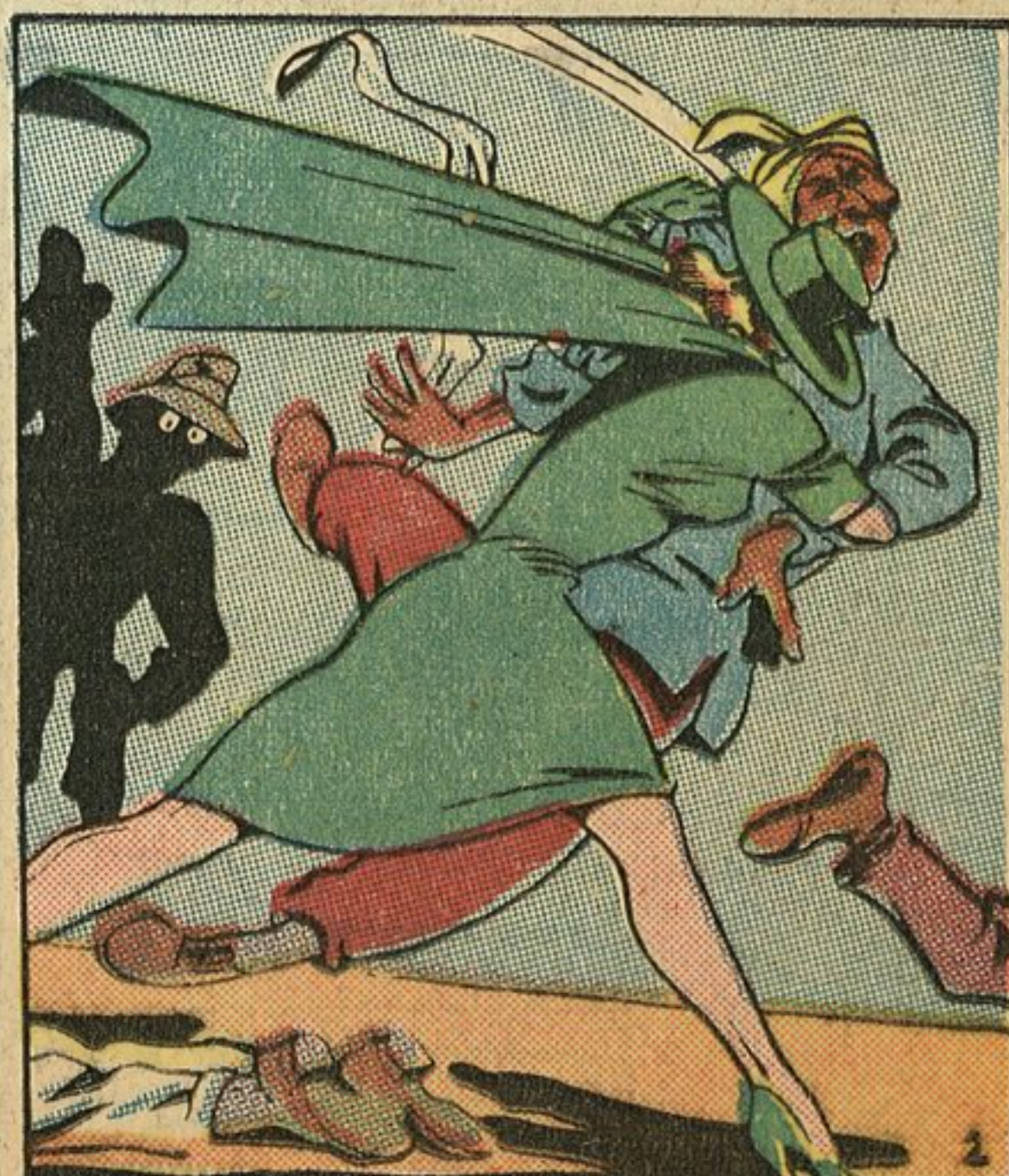
NO, I AM AFRAID THIS SWORD IS NOT AUTHENTIC.. I AM AFRAID SOMEONE HAS BEEN MAKING SPORT OF YOU!

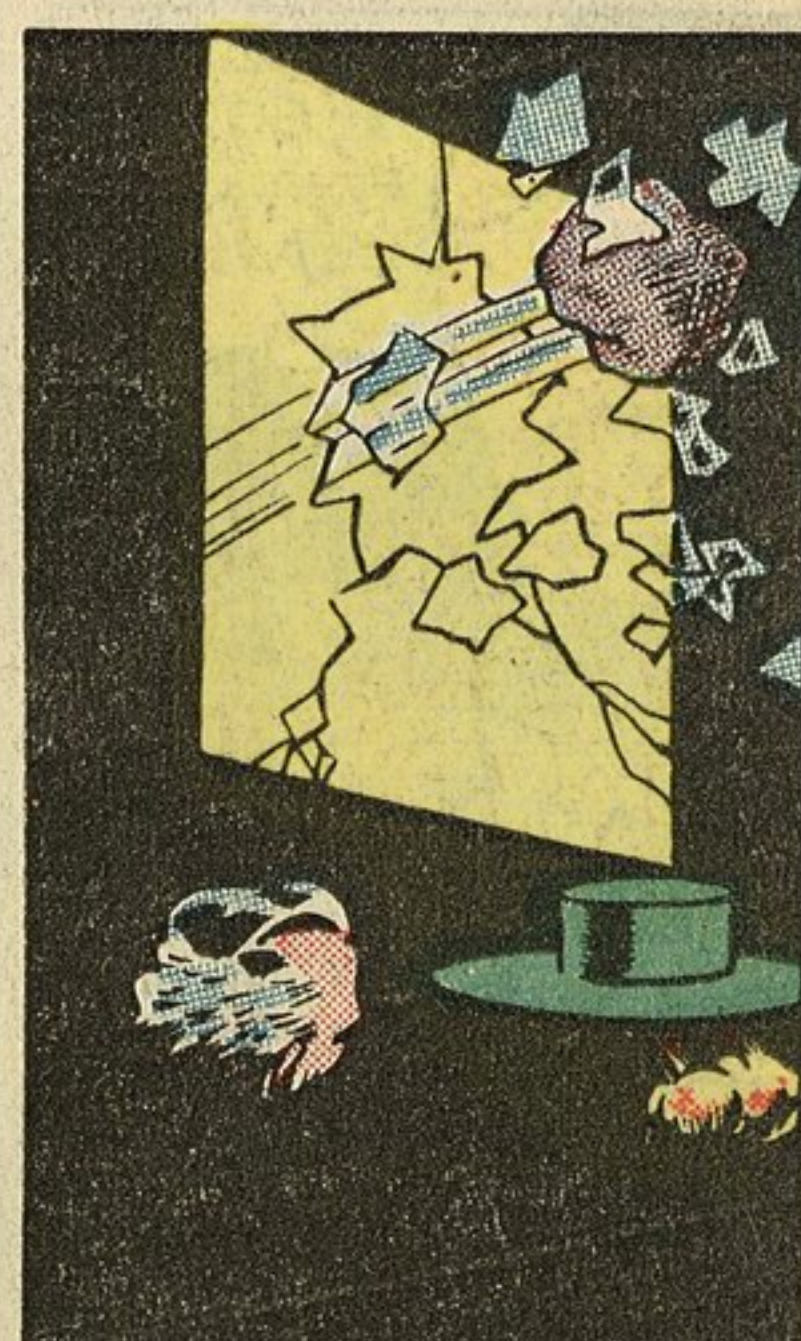
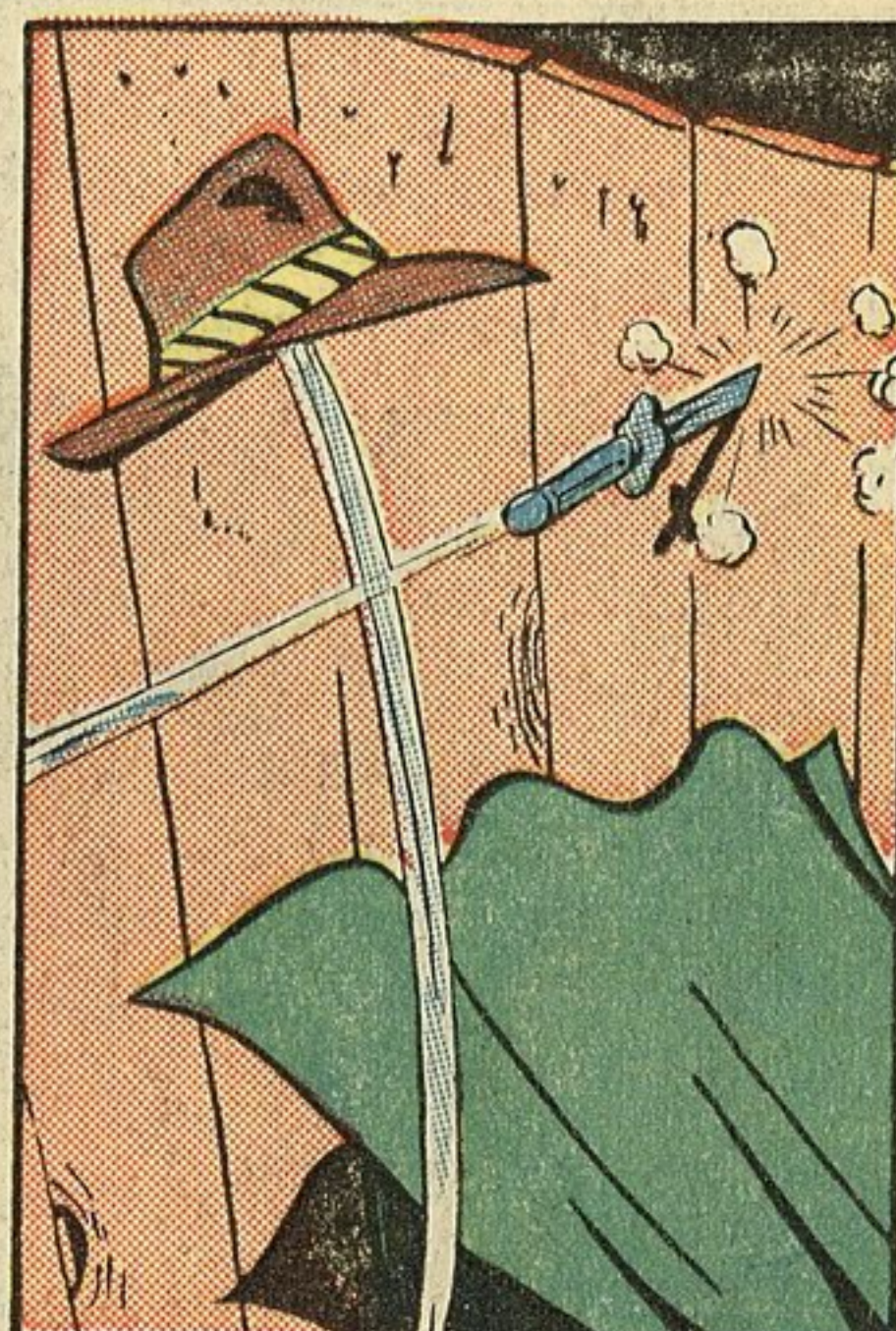
MR. HADJA JODHPUR IS THE CITY MUSEUM'S AUTHORITY ON INDIA'S HISTORY AND RELICS..



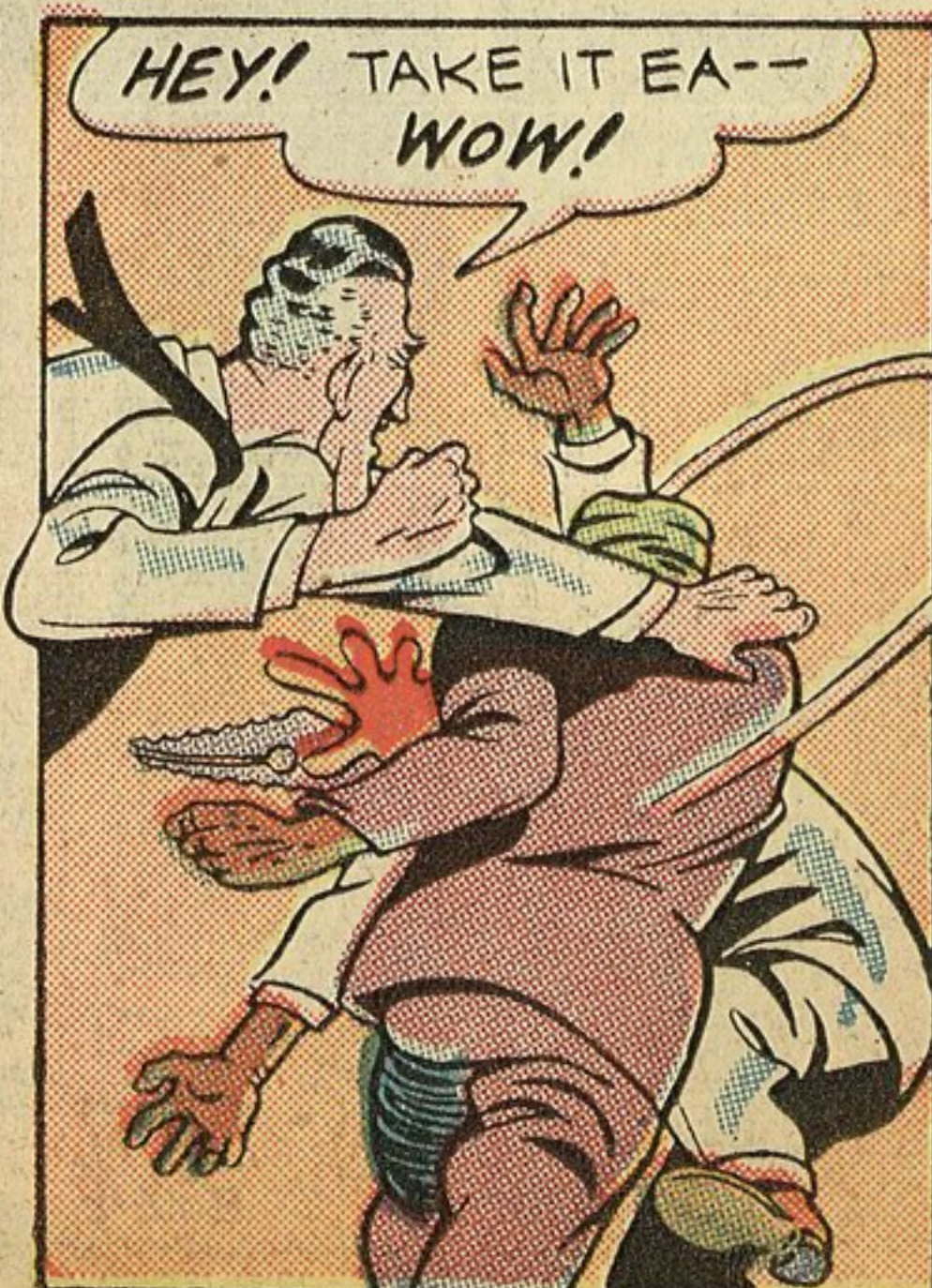
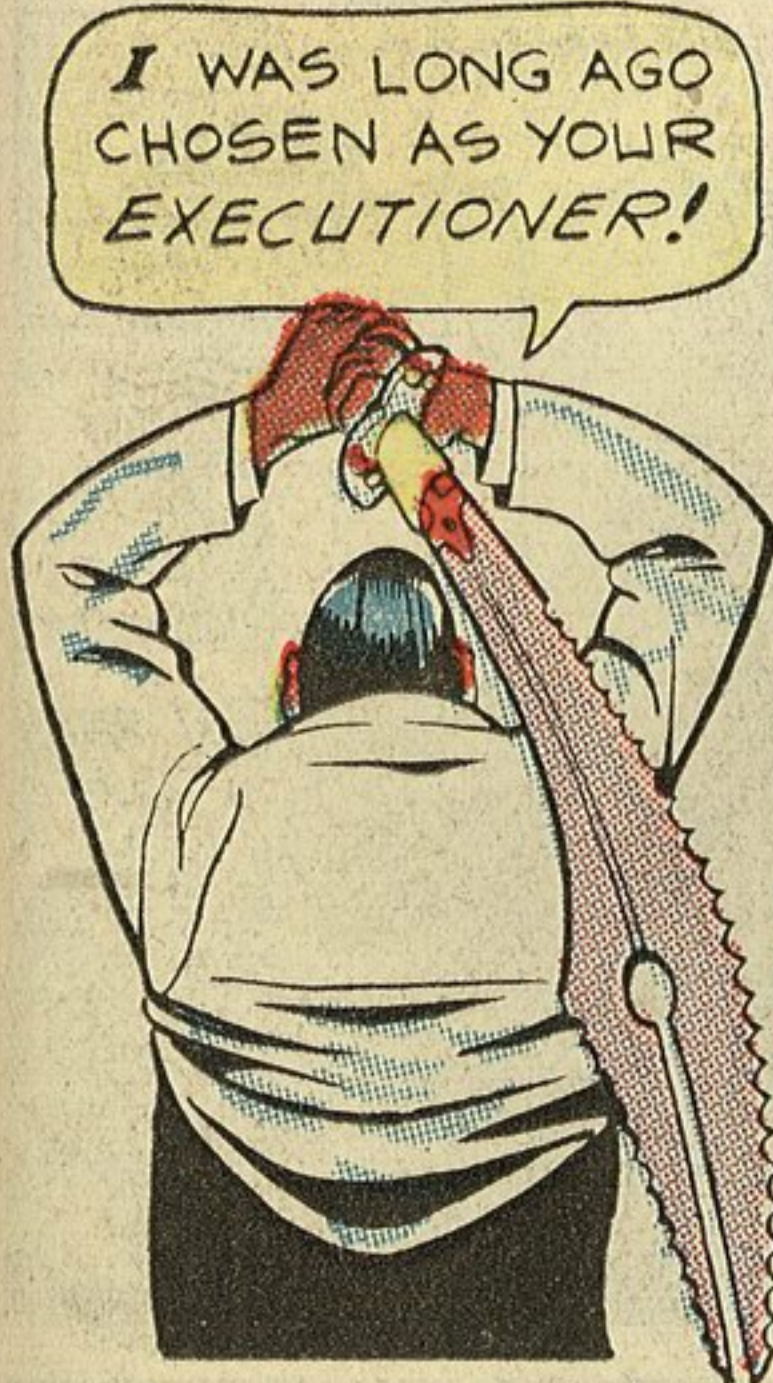
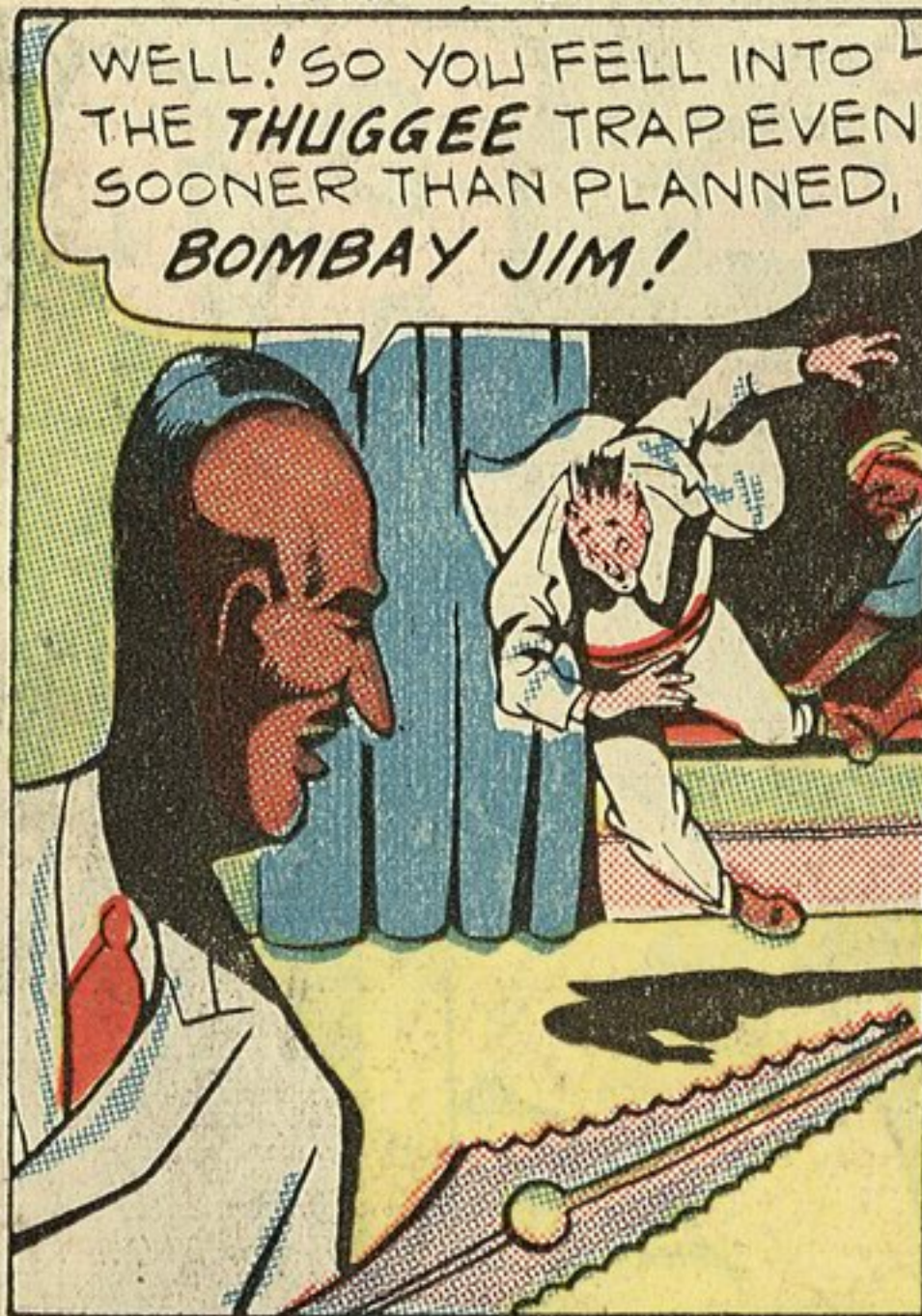
HOWEVER, YOUR FACTS ON **THUGGEE** ARE QUITE ACCURATE! IN FACT, EVEN OUTSTANDING CITIZENS THERE USED TO PRACTICE THAT CLAN'S FANATIC ROBBERIES AND MURDERS!

SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS



ROOKIE RANKIN



WHO'S THERE ???

It is Rookie Rankin's duty to be prepared for **ANY** answer to that challenge, as he senses and faces *The Riddle of ARGON'S ALLEY!*



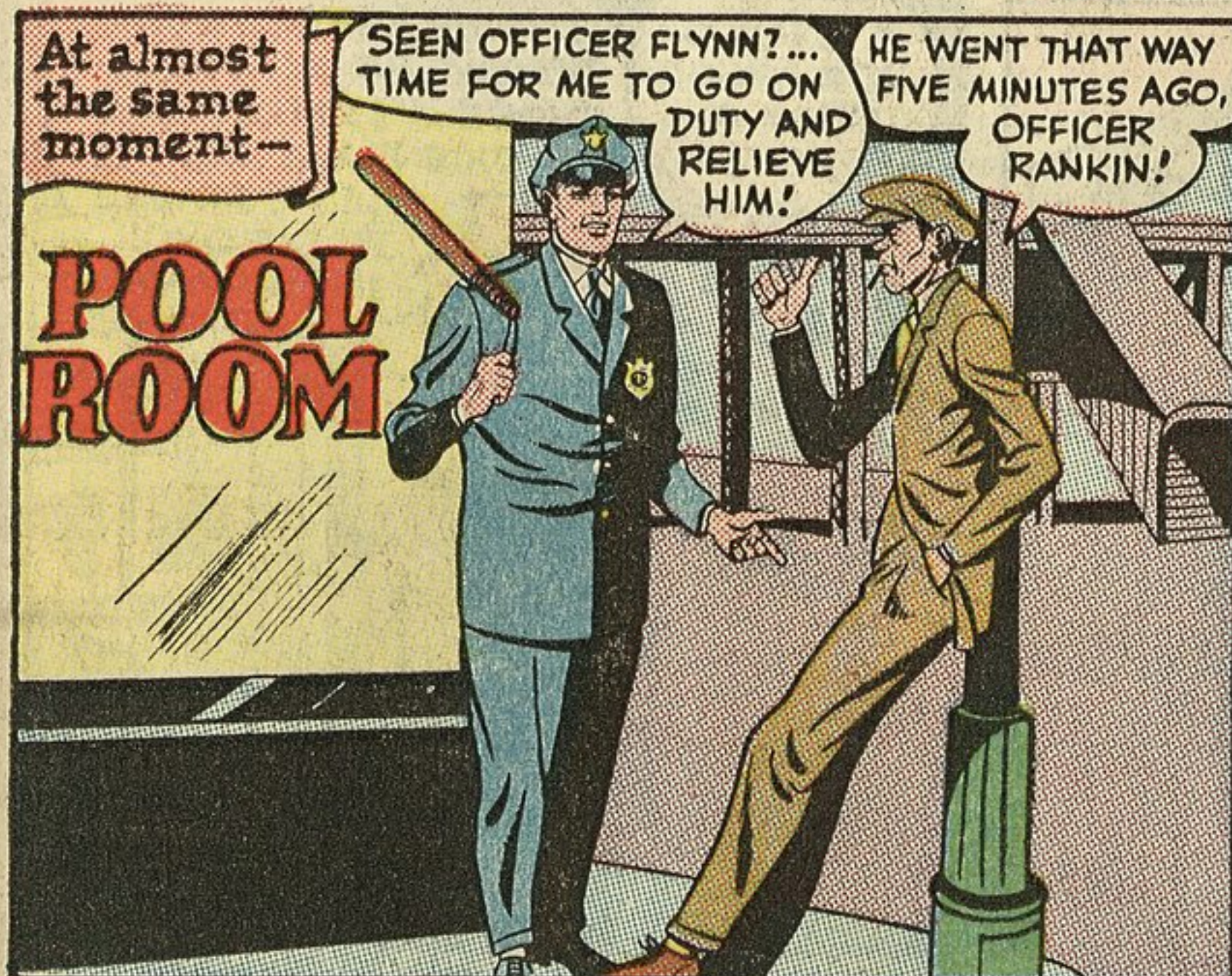
Every section of town has its mysteries....

ANOTHER **BIG "A"!**
WHAT DO THEY STAND FOR? APPLE? APPLESAUCE---?



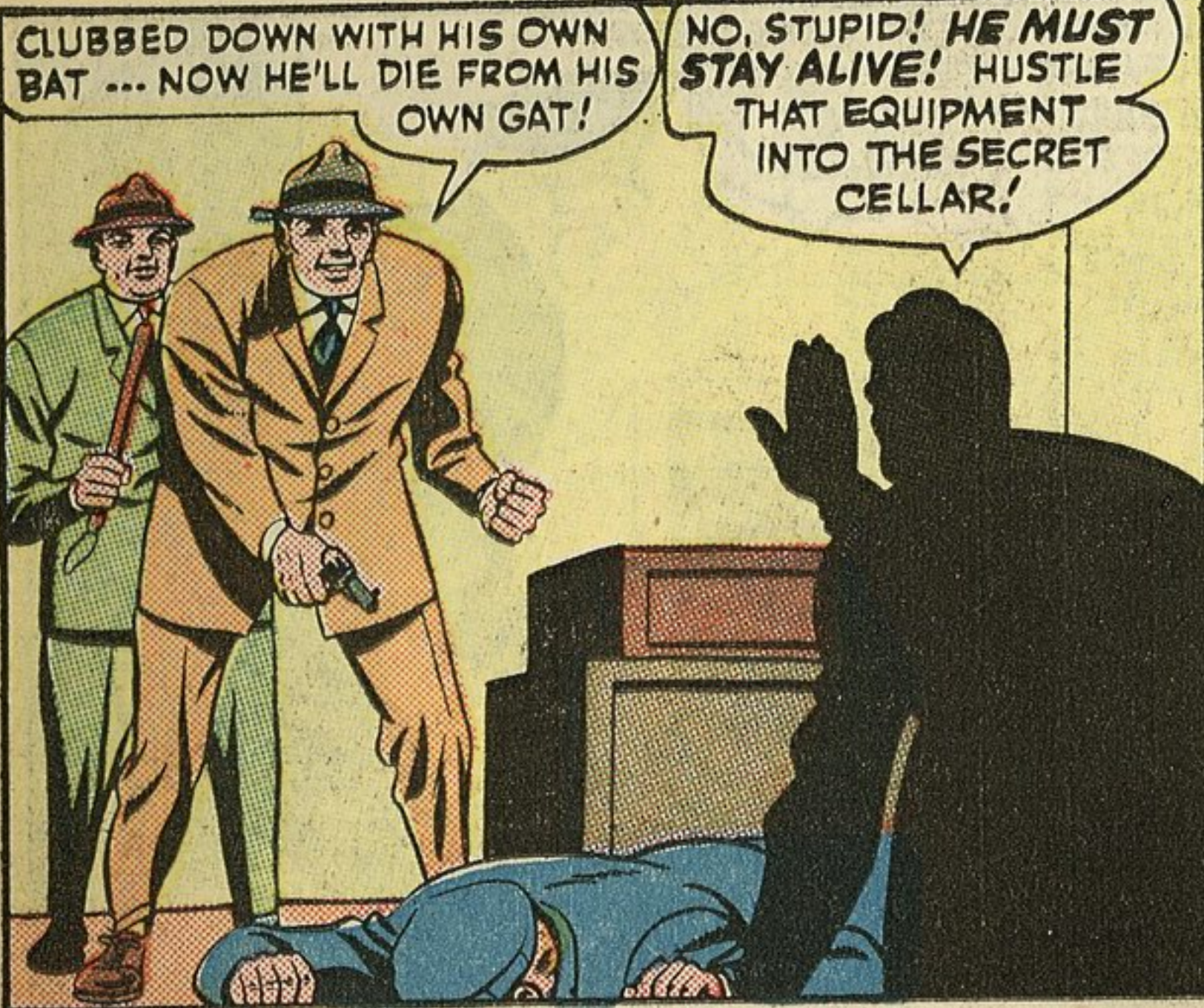
ANOTHER ONE! ON A DOOR!

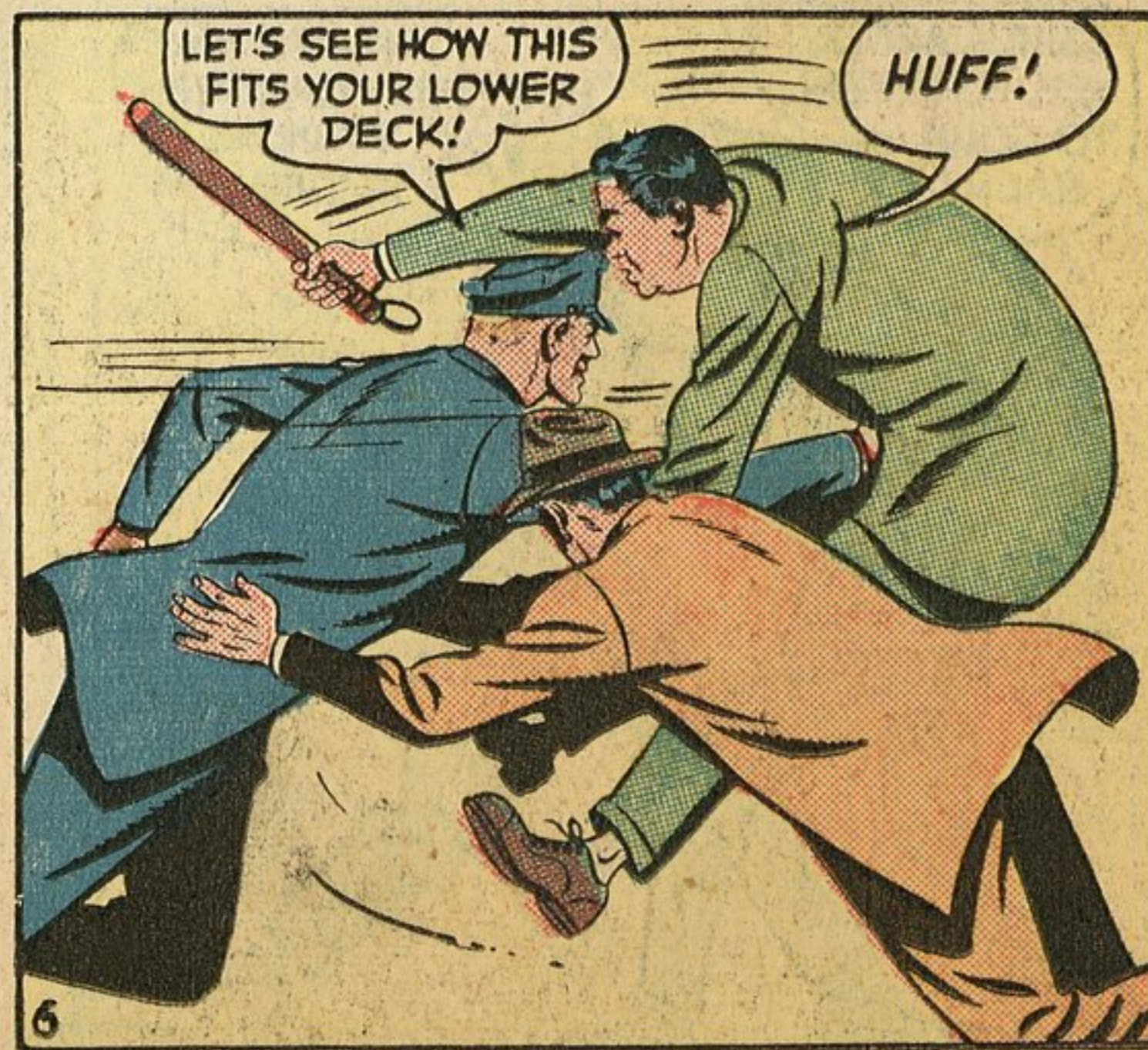














JEALOUS, BUDDY?
WELL, I WON'T
OVERLOOK
YOU!



OWW!

CRACK!



WHICH OF
YOU THREW
THAT
THING?
I'LL ---

GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU KNOW
WHAT THE
BOSS
WANTS!



MY HEAD'S CLEARING!...
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU, ARGON?

OHHH-----



THEY KNOCKED ME DOWN, TOO! WHERE
ARE WE? STRIKE A MATCH ---I HAVE
NO LIGHT!

HERE'S THE
ONE THEY HIT
ME WITH ---
HMMMM!



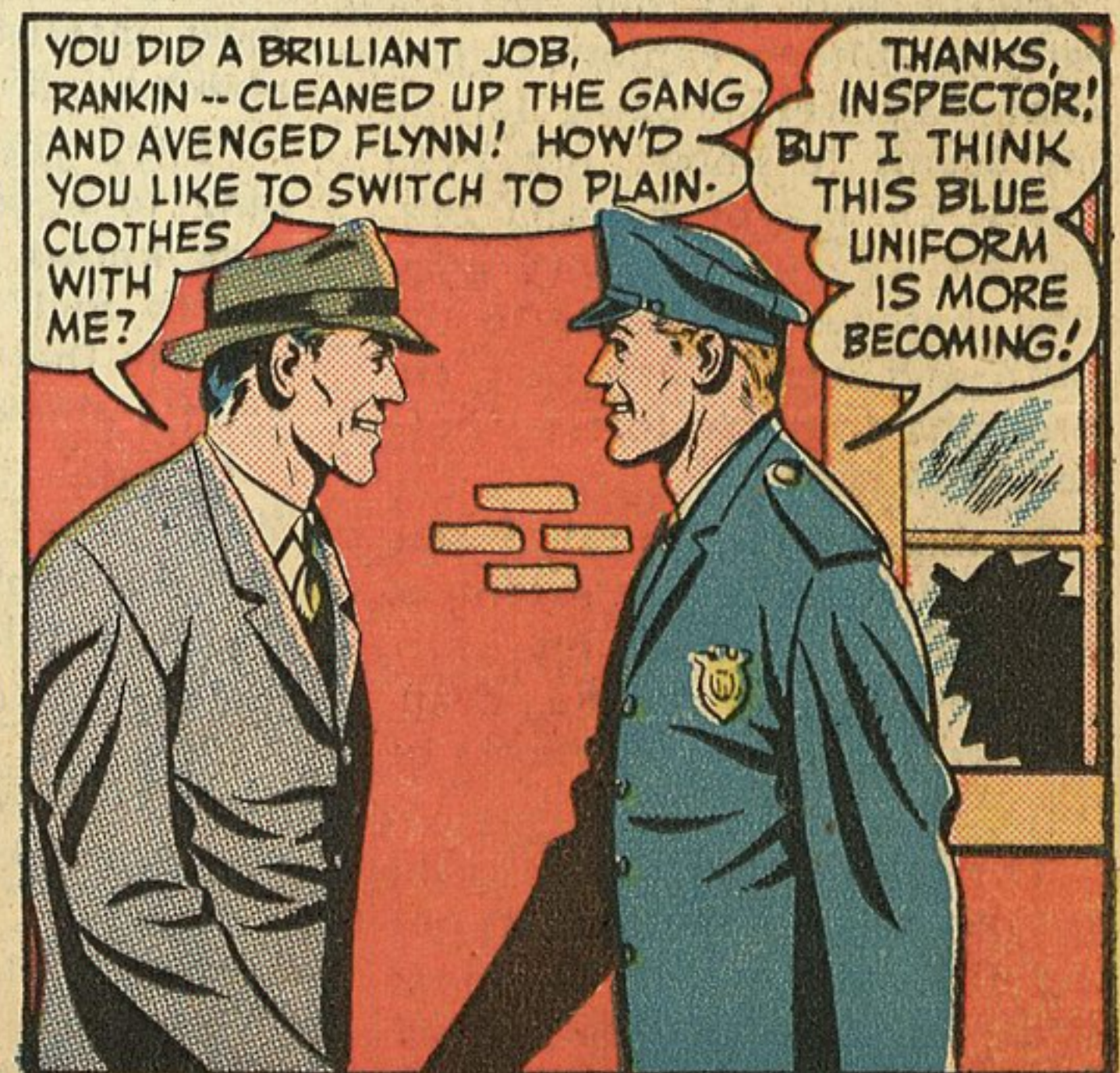
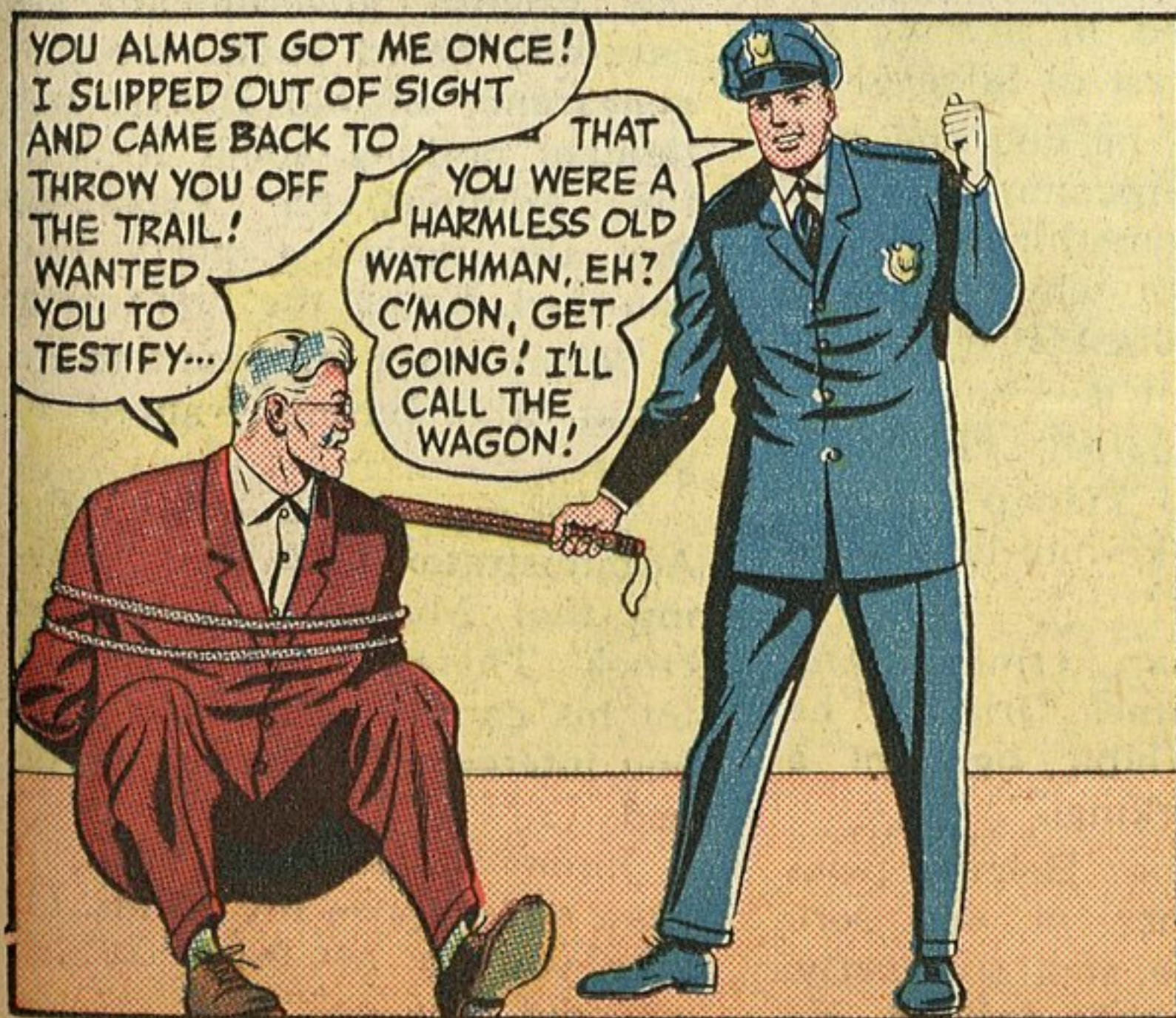
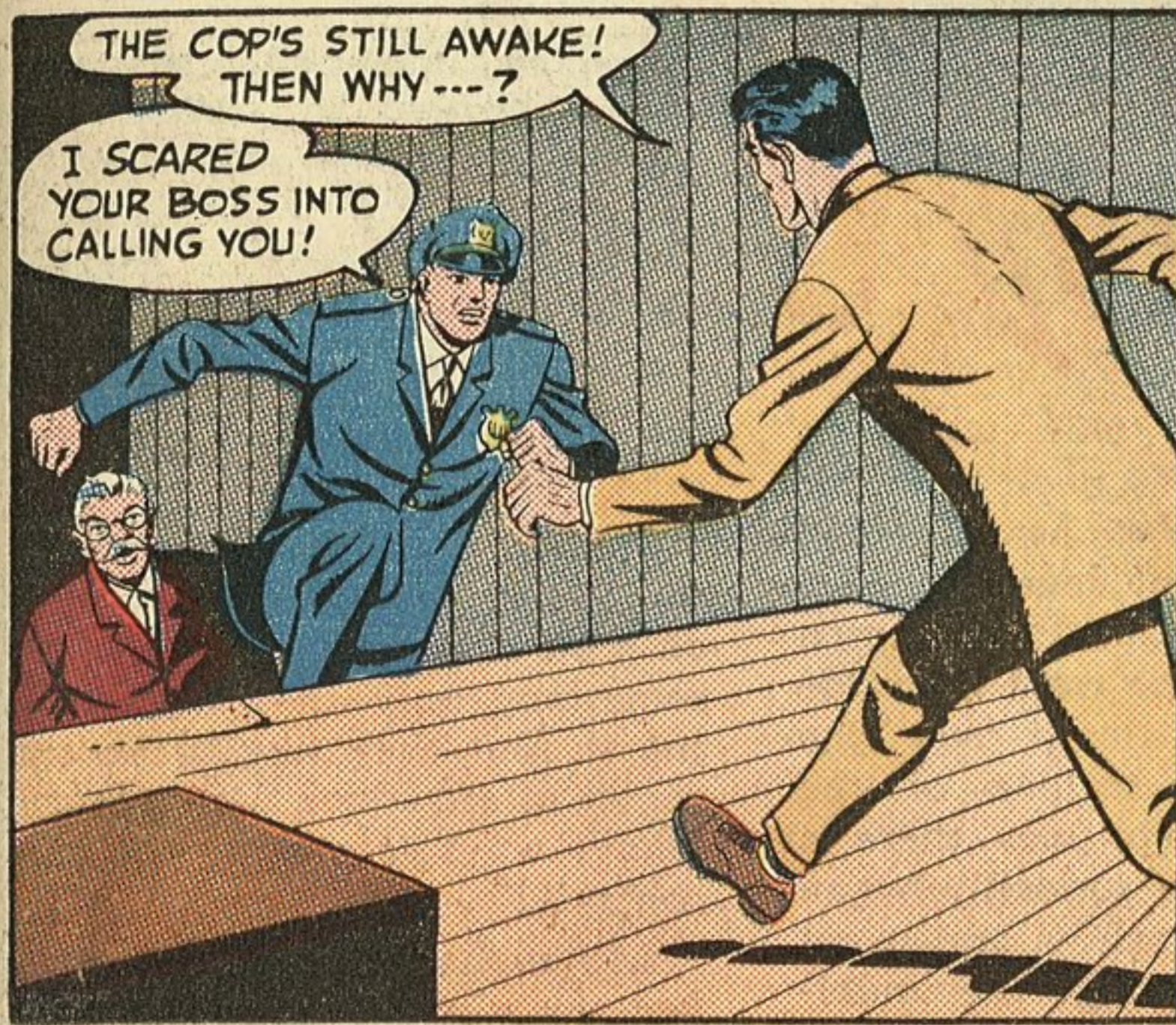
QUICK, ARGON!
YELL FOR THEM
TO COME
BACK!

THOSE MEN?
BUT OFFICER
RANKIN,
IF THEY...



NO TIME TO
ARGUE! CALL THEM
OR I'LL CLUB
YOU WITH
THIS!

COME BACK,
YOU TWO ---
FAST!



The Forest of Silence

WHEN people talk of the "far corner of the earth," they must be referring to Kembi, in the Belgian Congo. Kembi is a tiny trading post, ivory station, home of the Marist Mission that stands on top of the sunbaked rim above the town.

Pierre Grandeau operates the Blanc Hotel. Pierre is full of tall stories. At least most persons hearing him tell them think they are tall. But then Pierre may not be so far off the trail with his chatting. Pierre, you see, claims to have come through the Forest of Silence.

Just how old Pierre is nobody knows to the dot. He traveled into the northern Congo when a lad of twenty. That was, according to his halting statements, in 1887. Pierre's destination at that early date was Stanleyville on the upper lakes.

Stanleyville is a hundred miles from Kembi, separated from the latter town by the ominous Forest of Silence. Or so it is said.

Pierre had set out with a party of fifteen explorers. Just what they were looking for no one seems to know, not even Pierre. Or maybe he isn't telling. Anyway, so his story goes, they marched for weeks to the south and west. Then they entered the frightful forest where no sound exists.

At this point in his tale Pierre always falters to the extent of losing the thread of his yarn and his listener grows disinterested. Old Pierre must be crazy!

Then the Frenchman picks up the story again. First one and then another of the party died of some strange cause. Strangulation when there was

nothing visible with which to strangle a man's neck. Another disappeared. Yet he vanished in plain view of several others in the party. One of the men turned blue. One went mad. He was walking along over the spongy, quiet surface of the wooded trail (or was there a trail?) when he suddenly began laughing maniacally and went crashing off through the underbrush.

They never found him.

Yes, old Pierre's tale was something to ponder. It was something for excitement for Hollister Muller when he and his party arrived in Kembi one day during the dry season and took quarters in the Blanc Hotel.

It was a stuffy, dirty little hostel, but there was no other, except that operated by a one-eyed Syrian who catered to questionable foreign traders.

Pierre in his capacity of clerk at the Blanc had a field day telling his strange story over and over again. Each time he told it he became more confused. But Muller was patient. Muller was most interested in hearing all about the Forest of Silence.

"I tell you," he said one evening to a companion, "the old gink knows something. I'm going to find out why his party went to that forest. If it was for what I think it is—"

Grigsby laughed. "I know. We'll have to kidnap the old duffer and make him lead us to it, eh, Muller?"

The German grinned and winked. "At times, Grigsby," he said, "you exhibit signs of a brain cell working!"

Georges, the Belgian, was against violence of any sort. "No good," he said succinctly. "Get the old chap talking. He

has lapses, I know. But give him time. He'll tell us."

Muller grunted. "Sometimes these old geezers like to put on a bit of mystery. They know something only they ain't telling it. But they like to be the center of attraction with a story. I have ways of making the garcon talk!"

Muller had. Muller had trekked the world over looking for a way of turning an (honest?) penny. He had few scruples. Right now he was on the search of a lost mine. It had been a blind Dutchman in Tunis who had told him about it. A fabulously rich mine. And it was supposed to border the strange forest where sound swallowed up sound.

"One more try this evening," he told his friends. "If he doesn't come clean, then we take him along—whether he wants to go or not!"

Pierre didn't talk that evening. And the next morning he was gone.

Jimmy Christian happened to be in Kembi on business for the English government. He naturally heard about the disappearance of old Pierre, but thought nothing about it until the Administrator explained that the exploring party had vanished during the night also.

"What am I supposed to do about it?" Jimmy wanted to know.

"I've just had a cable," the Administrator told him, "proving that Muller is a wanted crook. There's a large reward for his capture, alive. Now are you interested?" The man grinned.

Jimmy chuckled. "Well, I have a month on my hands. I'll take you up, M. Pitou. Which way did they go?"

SMASH COMICS

M. Pitou told him, explaining something of Pierre's story and the supposed legend about the mine.

Jimmy set out that evening, with a string of bearers. He traveled fast, hoping to catch up with the crook Muller before he reached the weird forest.

But he didn't.

A week later, Jimmy and his safari were crawling up a steep slope that bordered the legendary forest. It was nearing dusk, and they'd have to find a camping place before darkness. They had water. On top of the ridge they made camp and Jimmy pondered the situation. What lay before him?

The negroes were jumpy. They had heard terrible tales about this jungle without sound. Many were the awful stories old witchmen told of the demons that lurked deep within its dark confines. He planned to sit up and watch that they didn't sneak off during the night.

Sleep overtook him just past midnight. He awoke with a gurgling scream ringing in his ears. He leaped up, feeling for his heavy revolver. He saw that half of the porters had deserted. The other half was getting ready to. He spoke commandingly to them.

"It was only a gorilla," he explained. "They always scream at night."

But he wasn't sure. He was glad when dawn brought some relief and a lessening of the tension. They were under way immediately after breakfast.

Jimmy often recalls that trek, and always with a shudder. He seldom talks about it. Says he is saving it for a story, one day when he gets around to writing.

The day was steaming hot. They entered the thick jungle about nine o'clock in the forenoon. Jimmy noticed that underfoot a deep covering of leaves made the going like walking through the first snows. You sank to your knees sometimes. But there was something else

about that spongy mass. It made no sound. And then he noticed that a word spoken was oddly whisked away almost before it left the lips. He could hardly make himself heard when giving orders. The negroes looked at each other with big eyes showing plenty of white.

They came upon one of Muller's members toward noon. He was hanging from a huge tree, a thick vine wrapped about his neck. His eyes bulged and his tongue lolled. He had been dead some time. Jimmy noticed that the vine upon being touched whipped out, grasping anything in its way. It was uncanny.

A hand sticking above the spongy mass at their feet was all that showed of another of Muller's men. Jimmy dug deep enough to see the dead man's face. It didn't look like the description of Muller which Pitou had given him. Evidently he had sunk into the mass and the others had gone on.

Two more of Muller's men lay a few miles farther on. They had fought to the death, apparently in some maniacal rage. Their open eyes showed insanity.

As they penetrated deeper into the wood, the thing began to get Jimmy. Several of the negroes had turned back and fled. Others were preparing to do so. Jimmy knew that to be caught here after dark would mean the whole band would forsake him to the eternal silences.

Jimmy didn't know how many there had been in Muller's party. He wondered what the miles ahead held. He was to know soon enough. Toward evening they heard a man singing in a cracked falsetto voice. The negroes up front bolted, then caught themselves when they came upon an odd sight.

Little old Pierre was sitting on a mossy log, his two hands cupped around his lips. He was evidently enjoying his song. Then Jimmy started. How could

Pierre make his song heard, when voices fell silent?

Pierre greeted them as if he were in his hotel.

"I have found it," he cried. "I know now why the sound is killed here. Look!" He cupped his hands and gave a strange call. The woods echoed with the sound.

"You see," he explained, "natural voices cannot be heard because of some atmospheric quality in this wood. But make a sound several vibrations higher and you can hear it. Simple, eh?"

Jimmy didn't know. He was interested in what had happened to Muller and his men. Pierre told him:

"The vine got one," he said. "One sank into the quicksand beneath this mold underfoot. We left him. Two went crazy and killed themselves. Muller?" Pierre pointed ahead.

"Muller is in his mine, M'sieur," he said. "I knew about that mine but I wouldn't tell anybody. It is rich in gold, as you can see even from outside. But it is death to enter. I knew that."

"What do you mean, death to enter?" Jimmy demanded.

"The vines," said Pierre. "I told Muller he must first cut the vines. But he laughed at me. He went into the mine and they strangled him."

It was true, as they soon found upon reaching the mouth of the great cave that hid a gold mine. It was covered with ugly vines. In their clutches was grasped the bloated body of Muller.

"Why didn't he cut them first?" asked Jimmy.

"Watch," said Pierre. He hurled a stick at the vines. Instantly a great seething and lashing occurred. Vines thirty feet long lashed outward, curling and twisting and grasping. It was horrible.

Jimmy nodded. "I see. Well, we'd better get back to Kembi," he told Pierre.

\$PUNKY

IT SAYS HERE:
THE SECRET OF
SUCCESS IS TO KEEP
YOUR SHOULDER TO THE
WHEEL -- YOUR NOSE TO
THE GRINDSTONE, AND
YOUR FEET ON THE
GROUND!

WELL, ONE
THING IS SURE...
LIKE THIS I CAN NEVER
END UP WITH MY
BACK TO THE
WALL!



The time is a little past three, as we meet our favorite students of Backwash High on their way home from school. Reading from left to right, we find Pug, his pal Spunky, Spunky's girl Marge, and Curly, Spunky's rival...

YOU OUGHTA SEE THAT MOVIE, SPUNKY! IT'S TERRIFIC! I SAW IT!

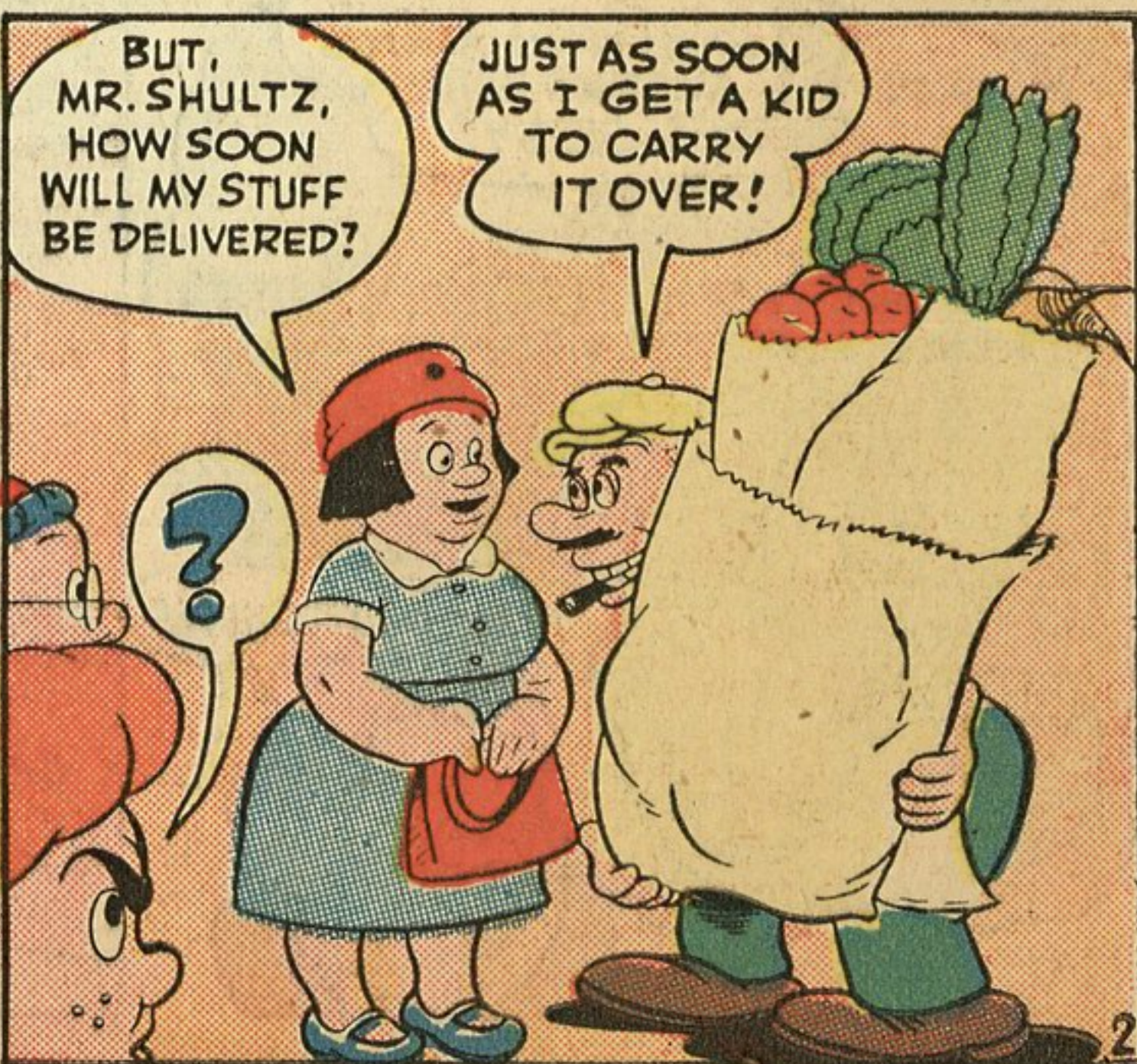
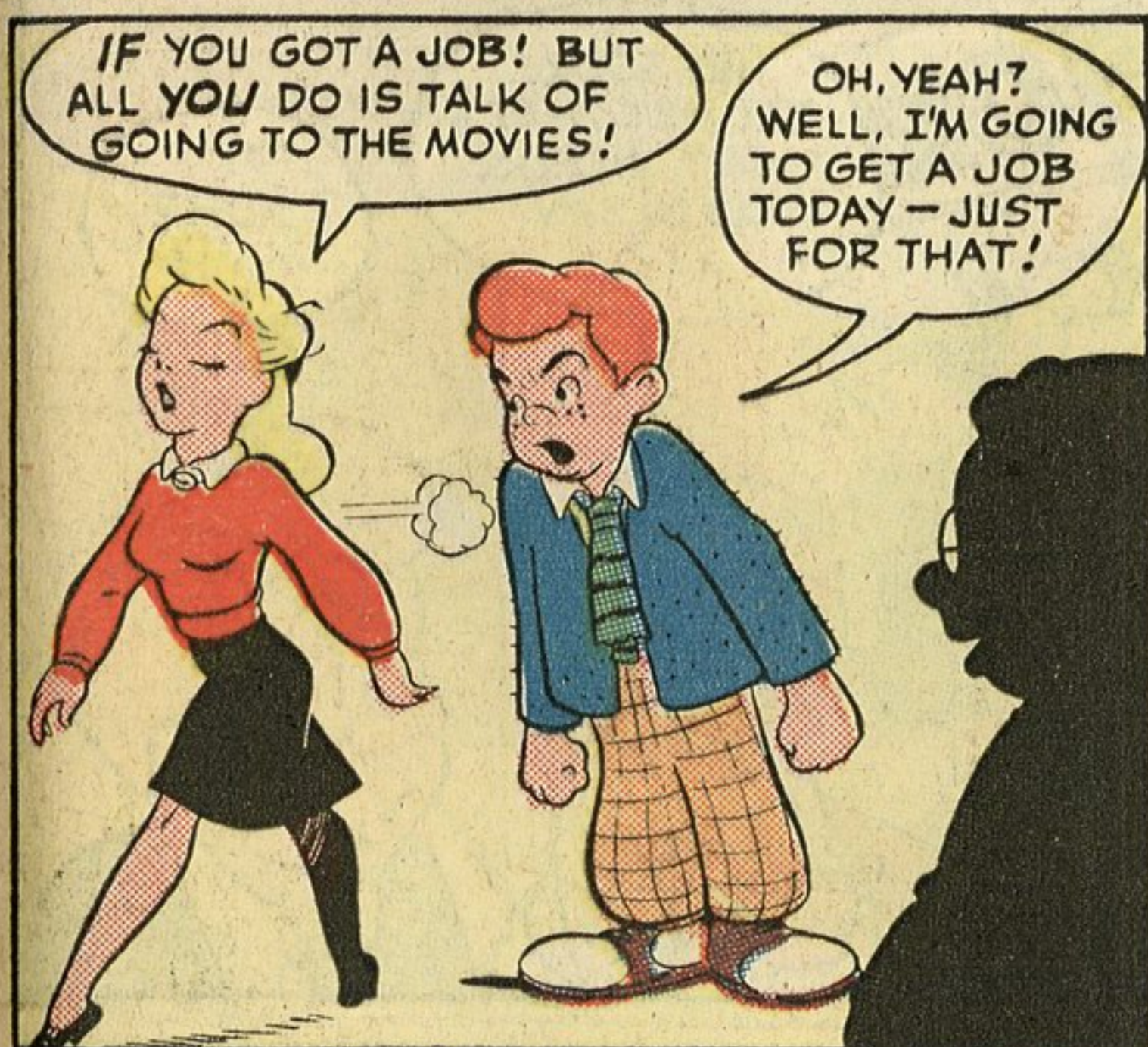
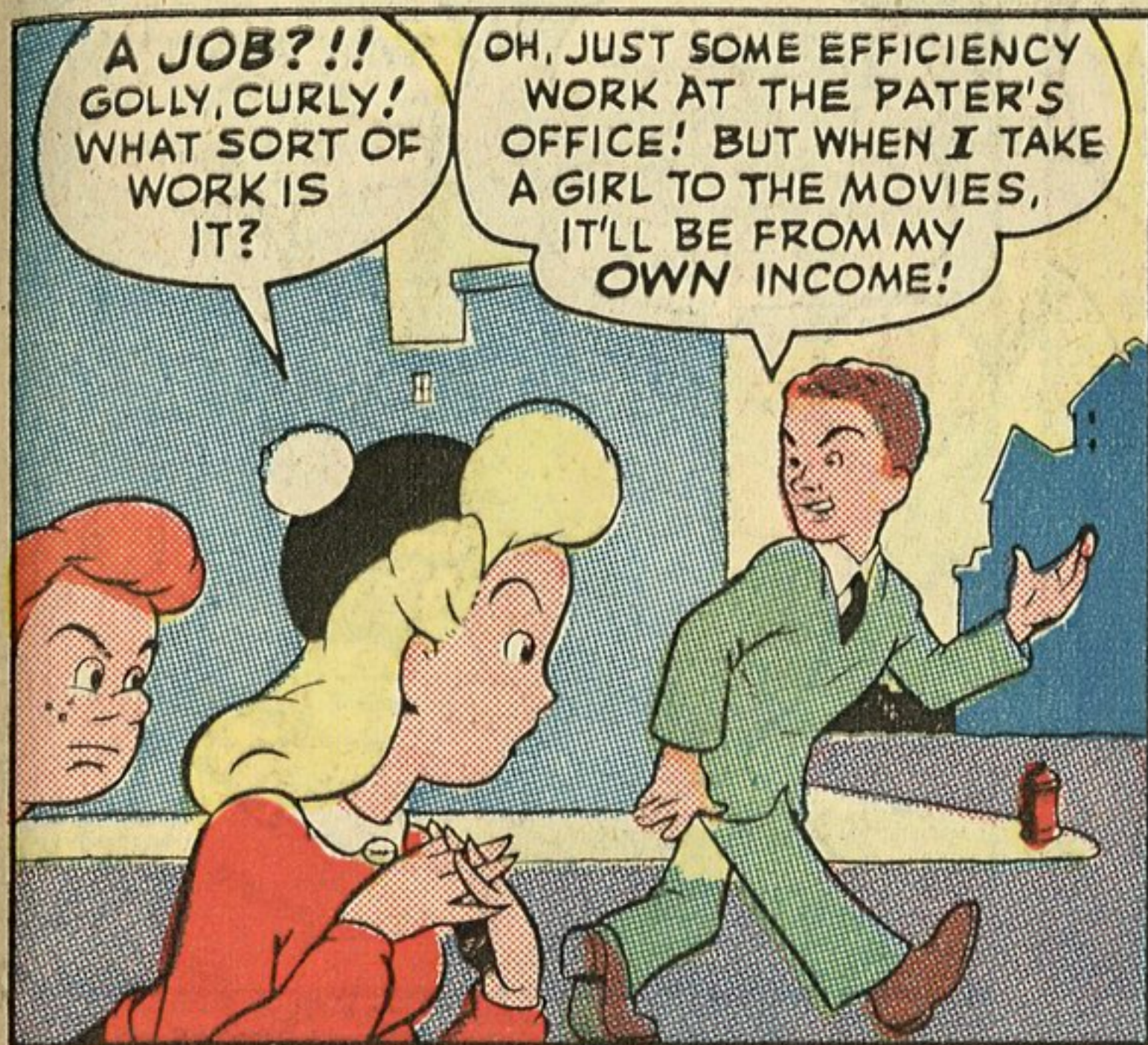
THE EAGLE STRIKES BACK
with Eddie BOPPER

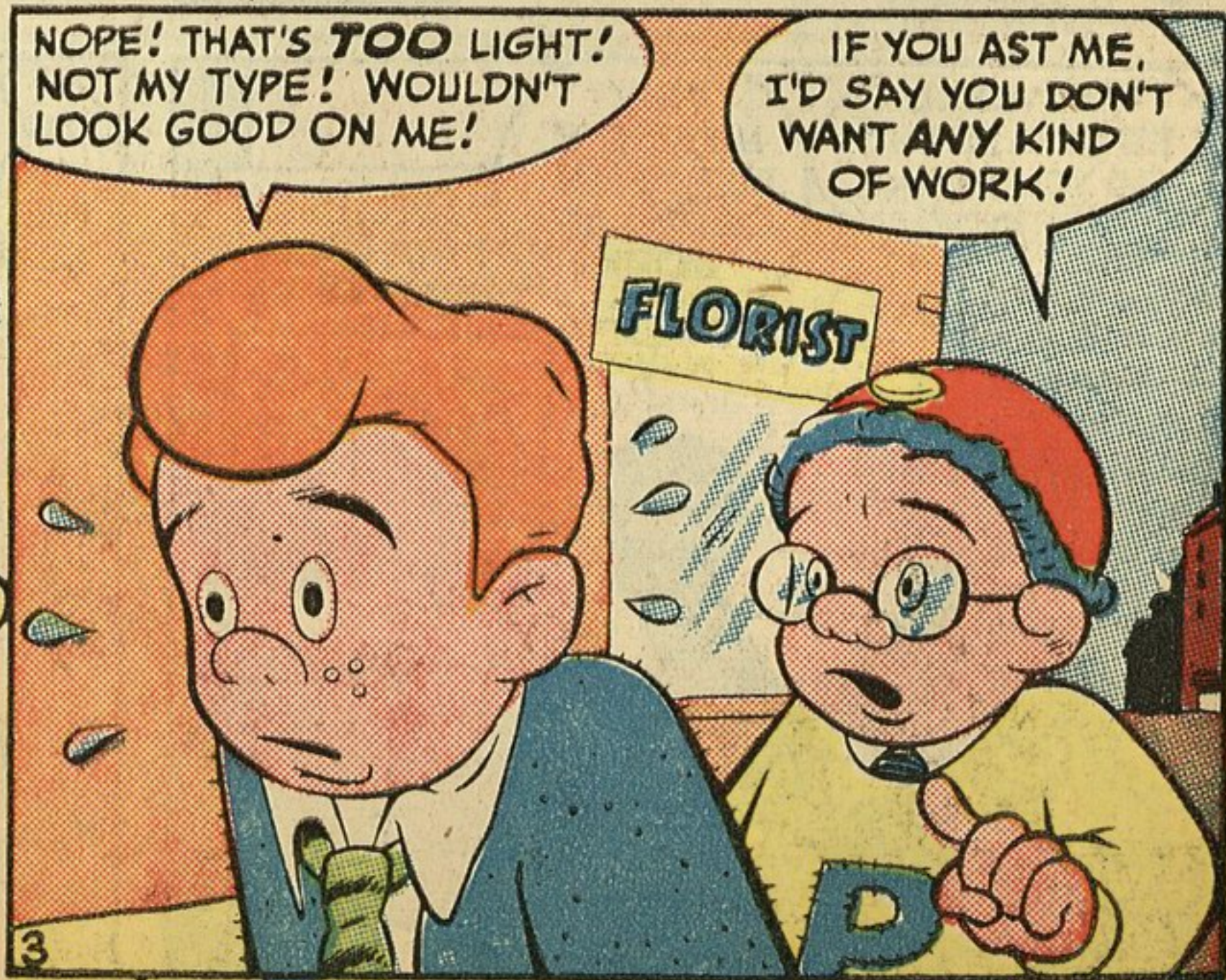
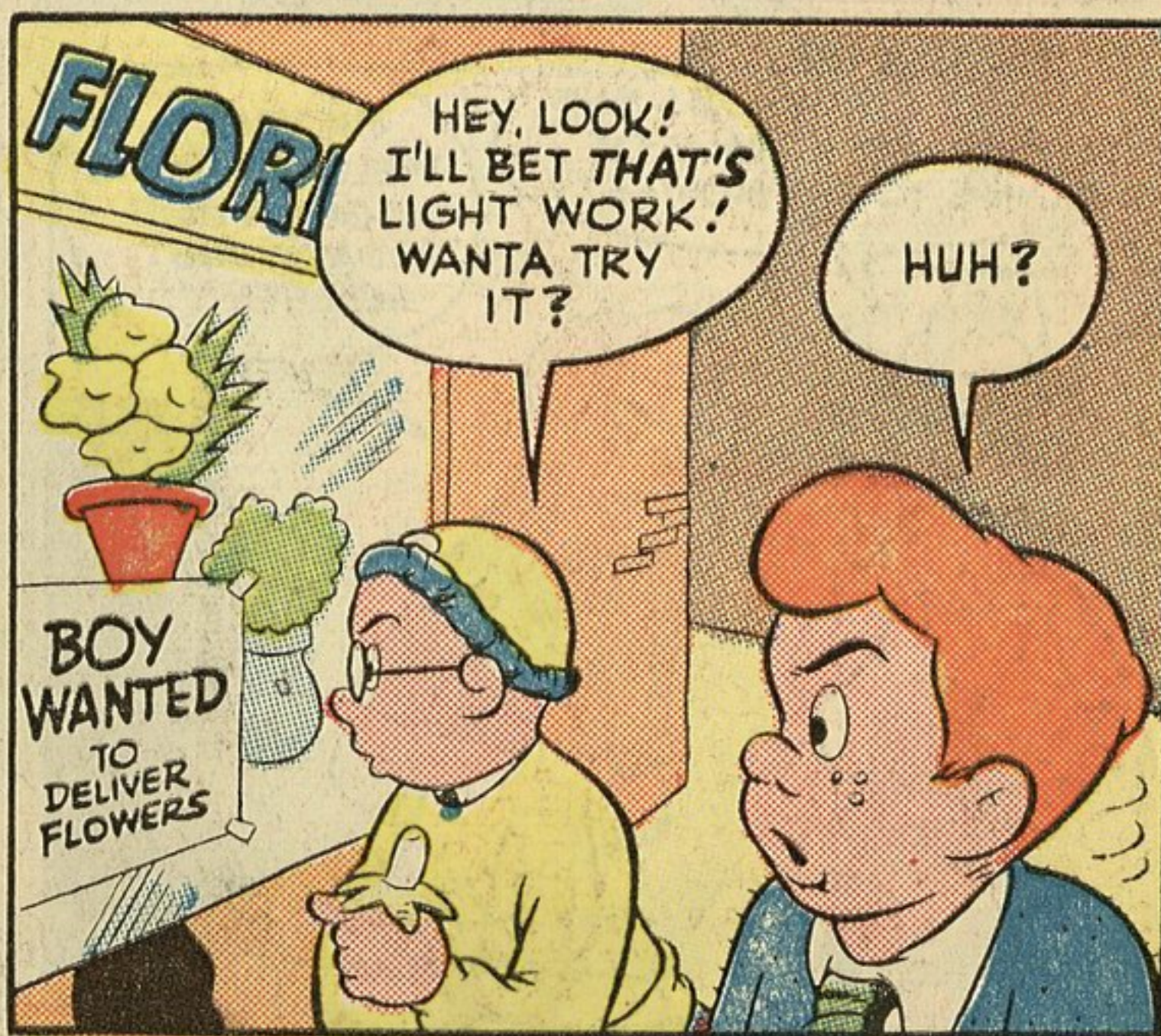
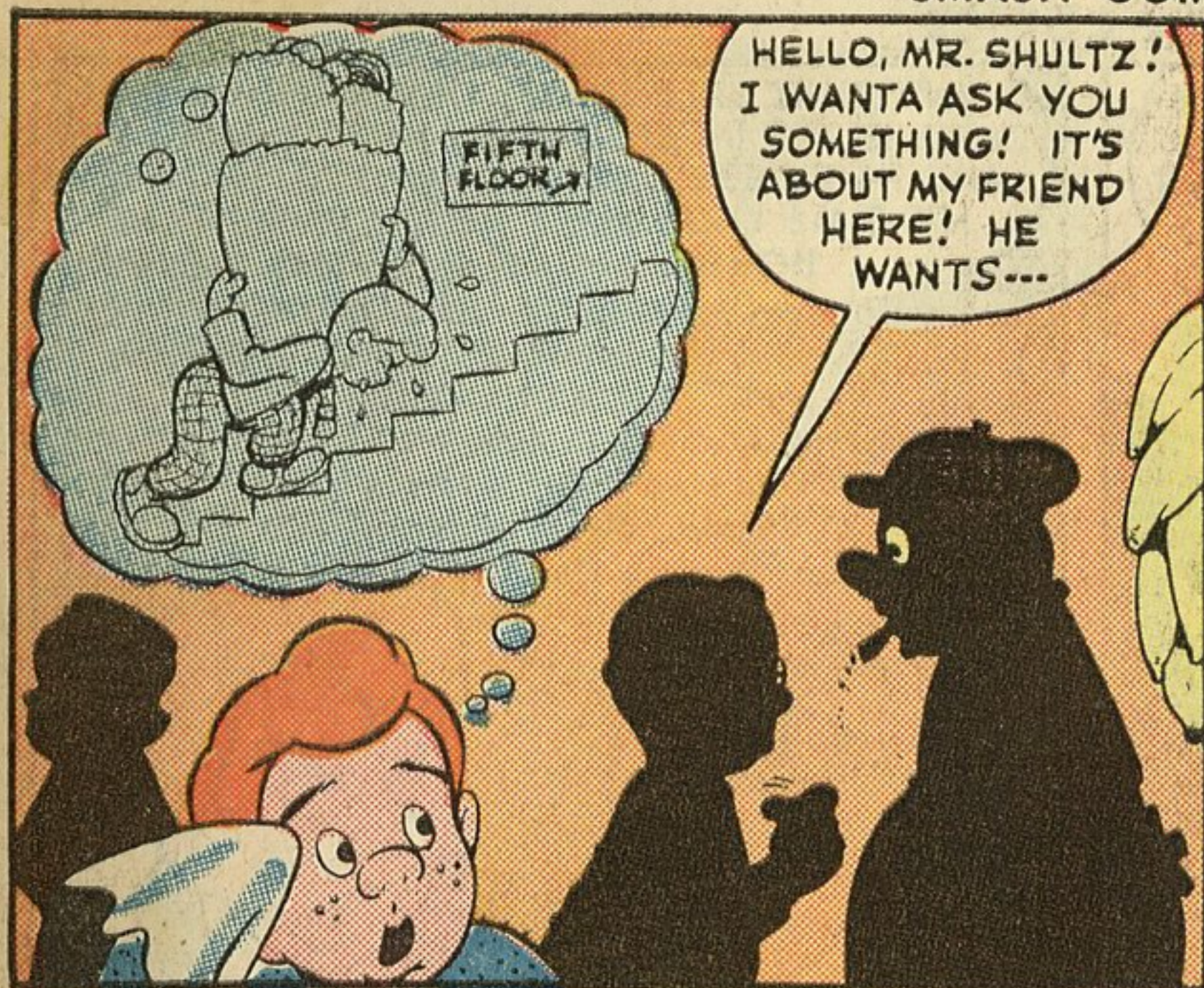
HOW ABOUT IT, MARGE? WANNA GO IN?

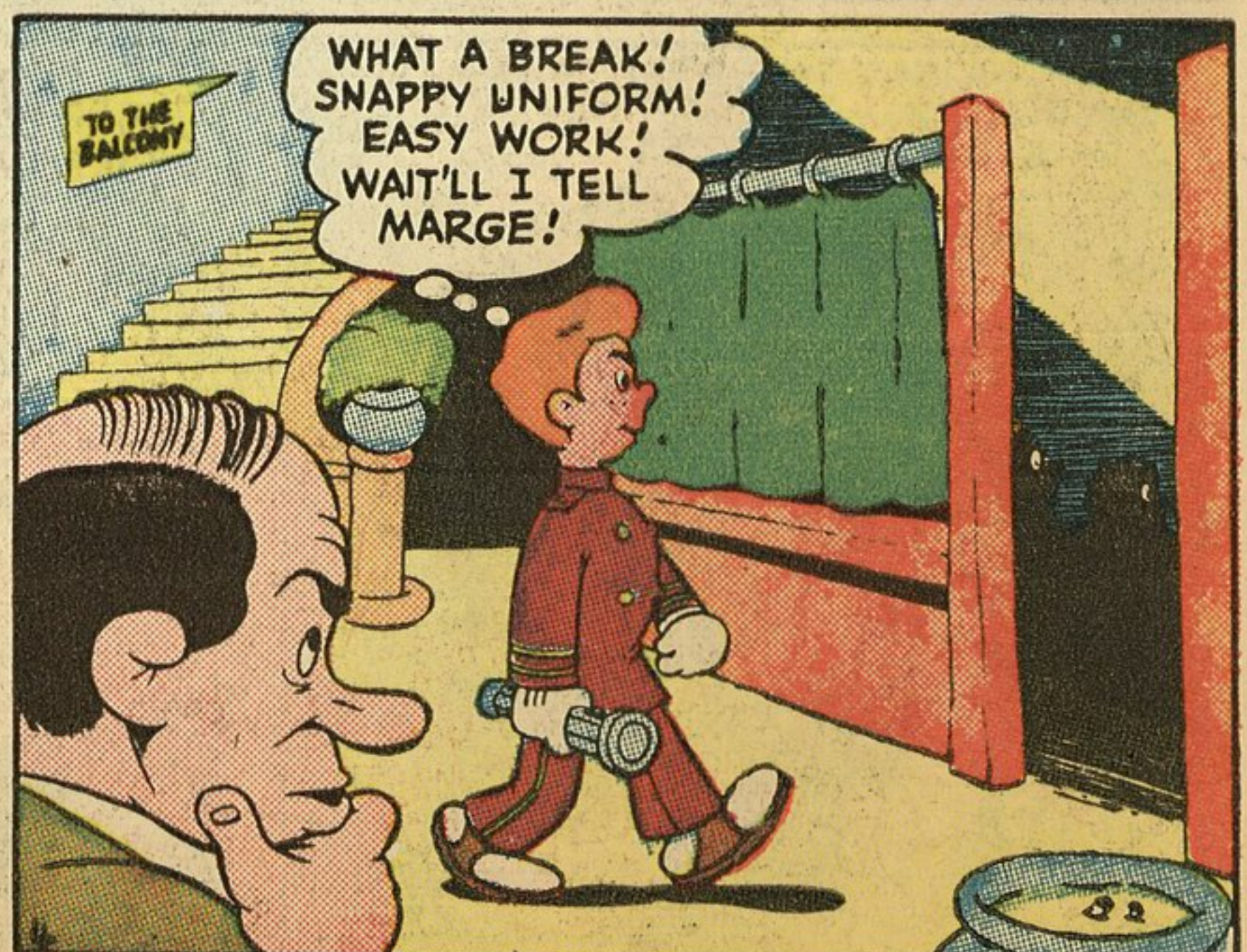
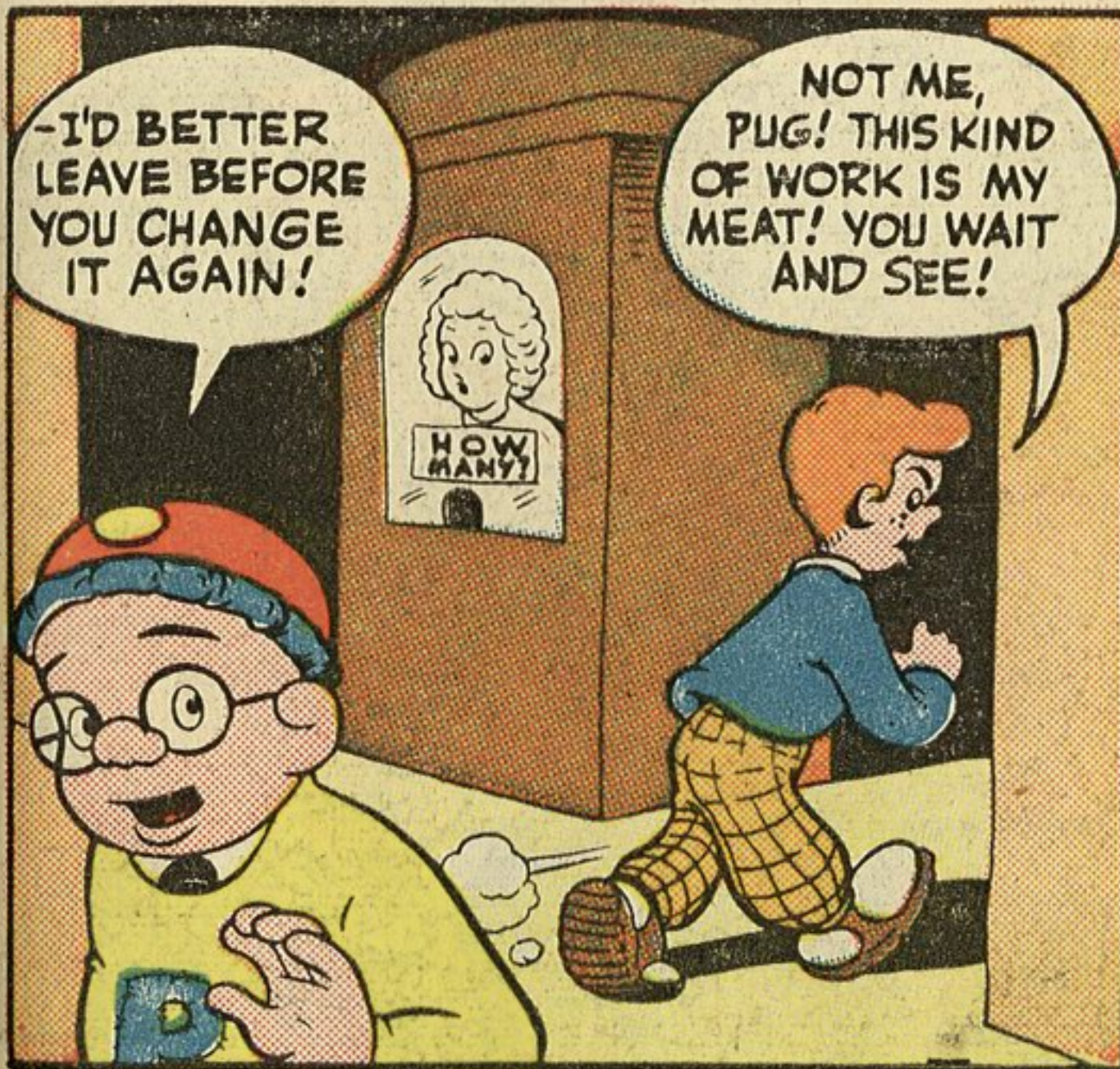
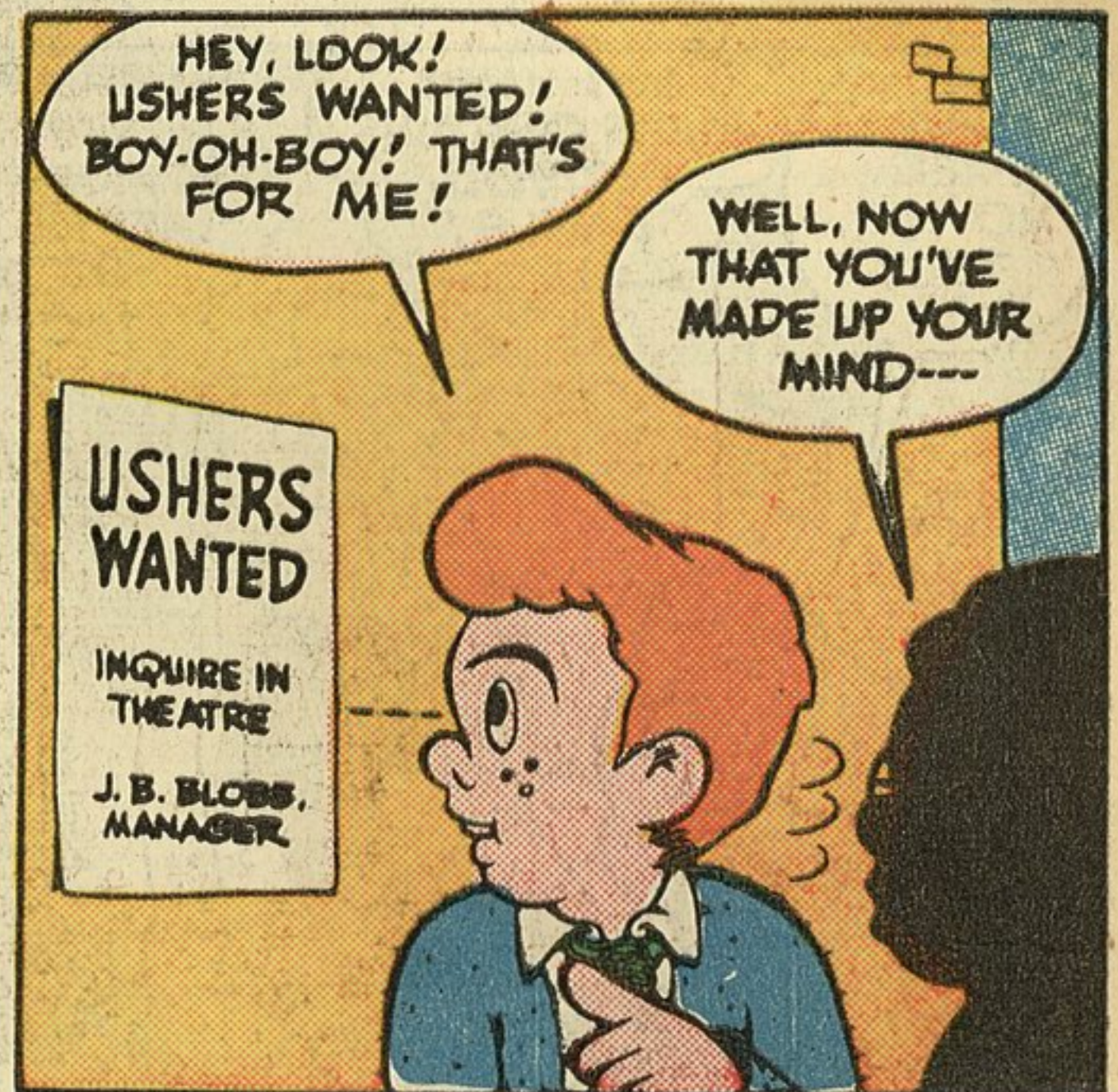
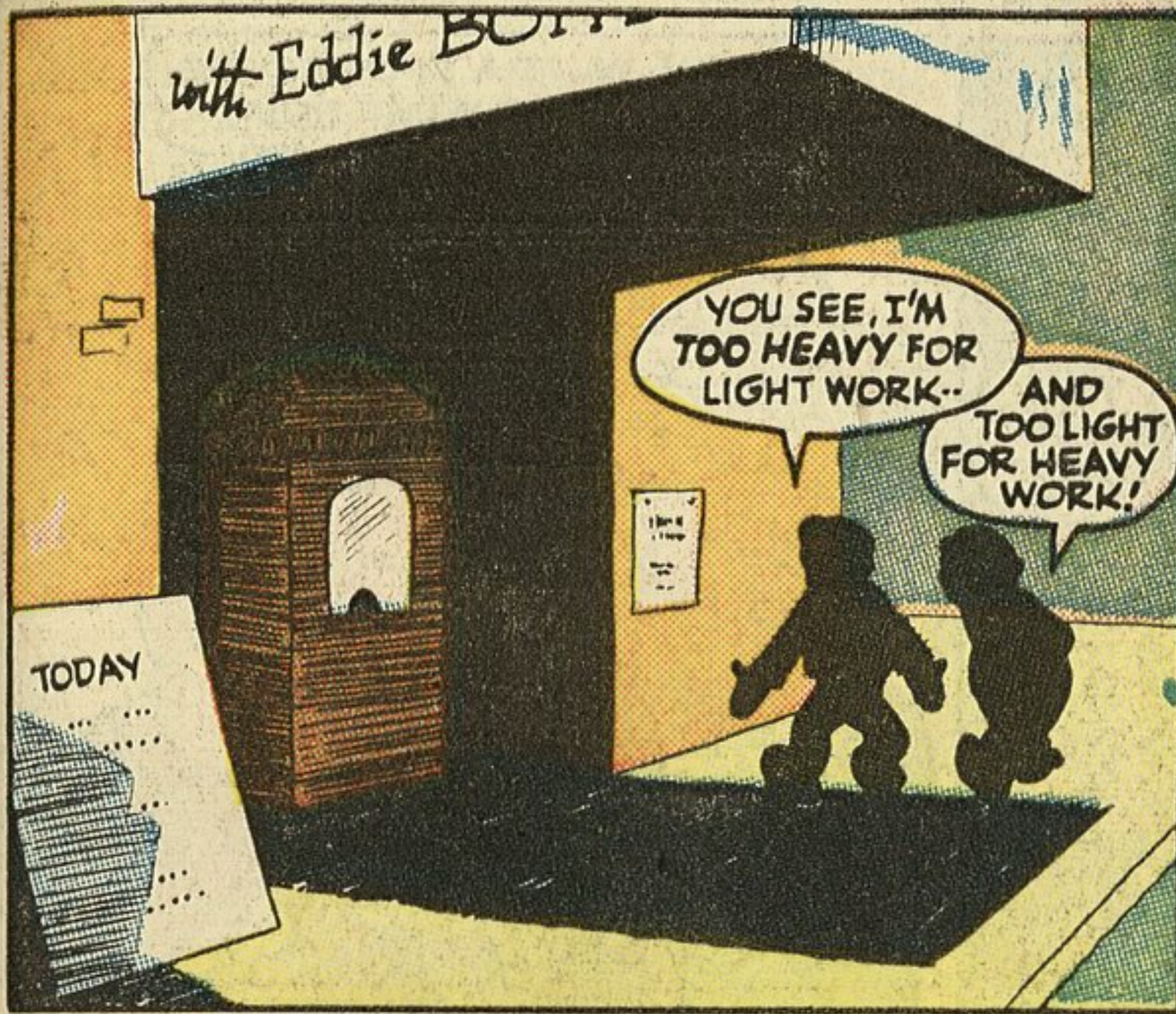
MAYBE CURLY WILL! I'M GOING SHOPPING WITH MOM TODAY!

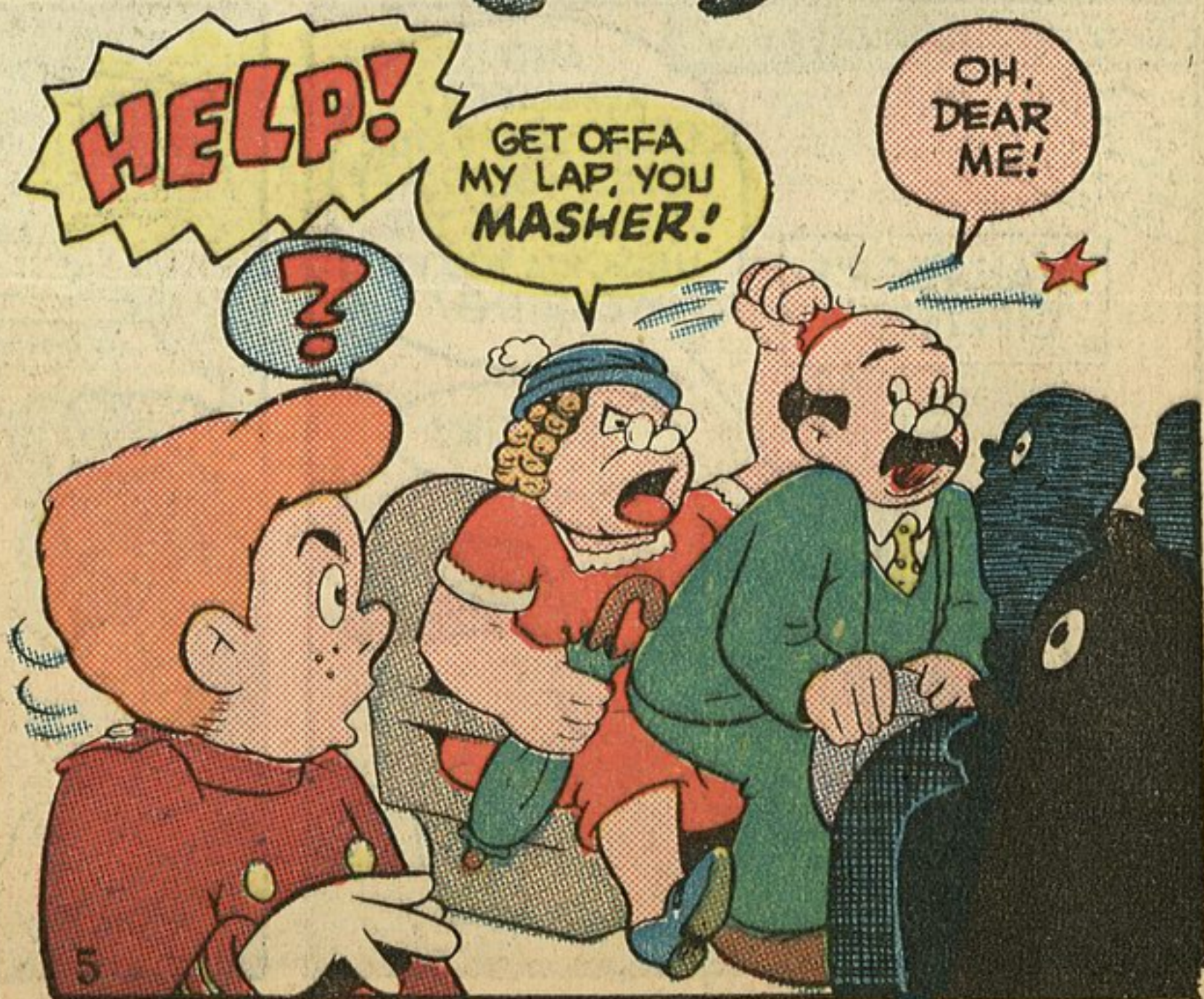
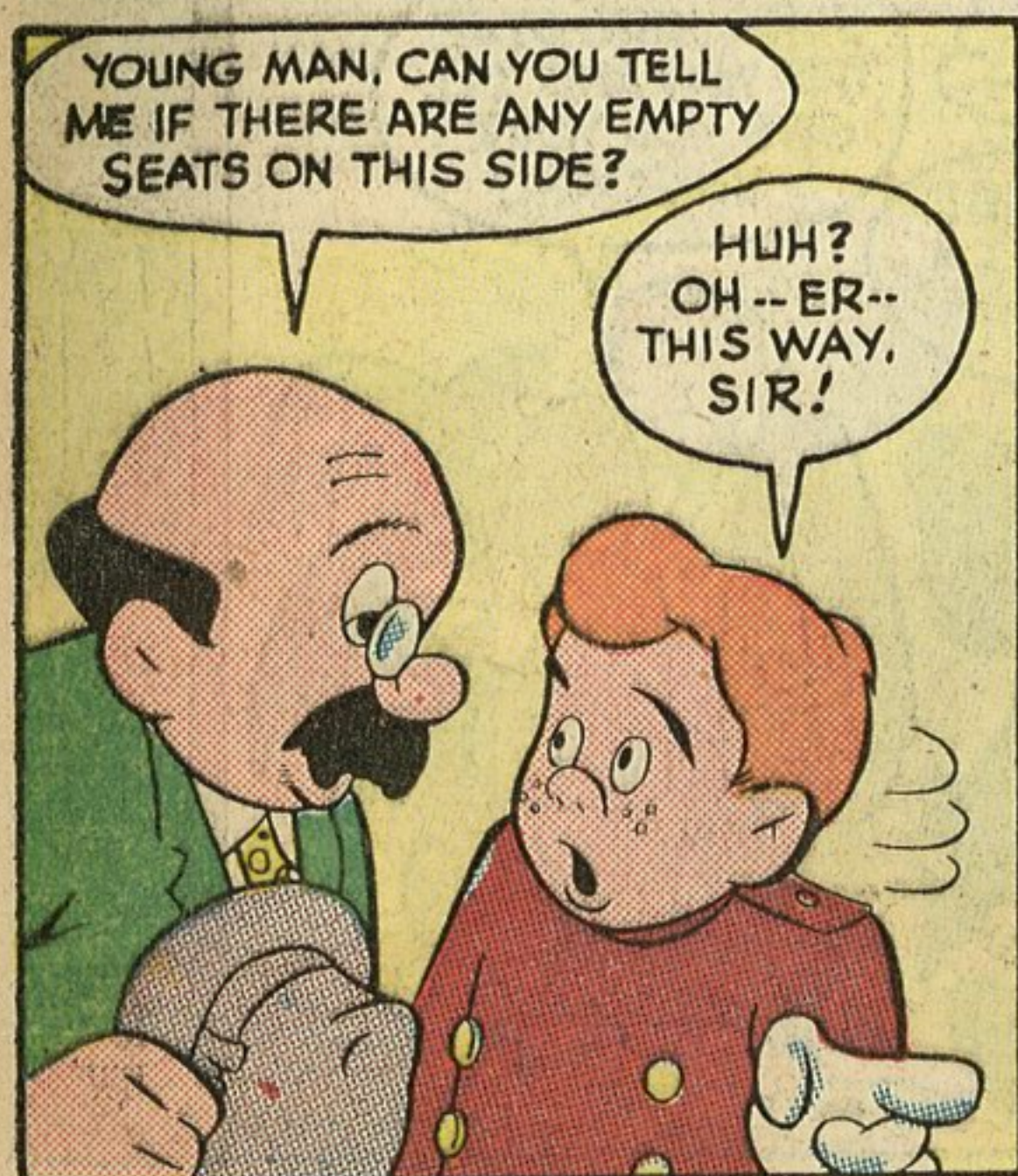
NOT ME! I'VE GOT A JOB!

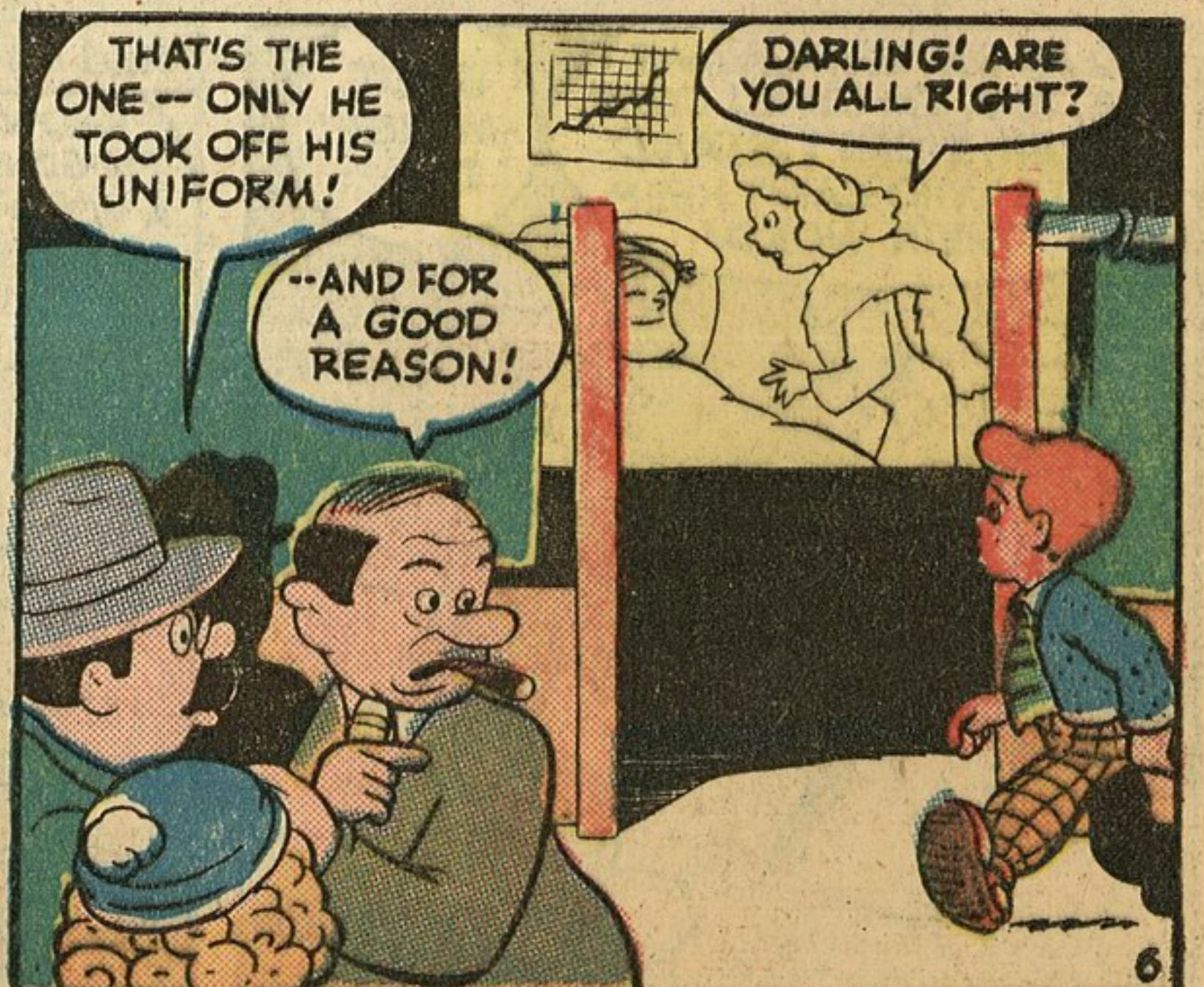
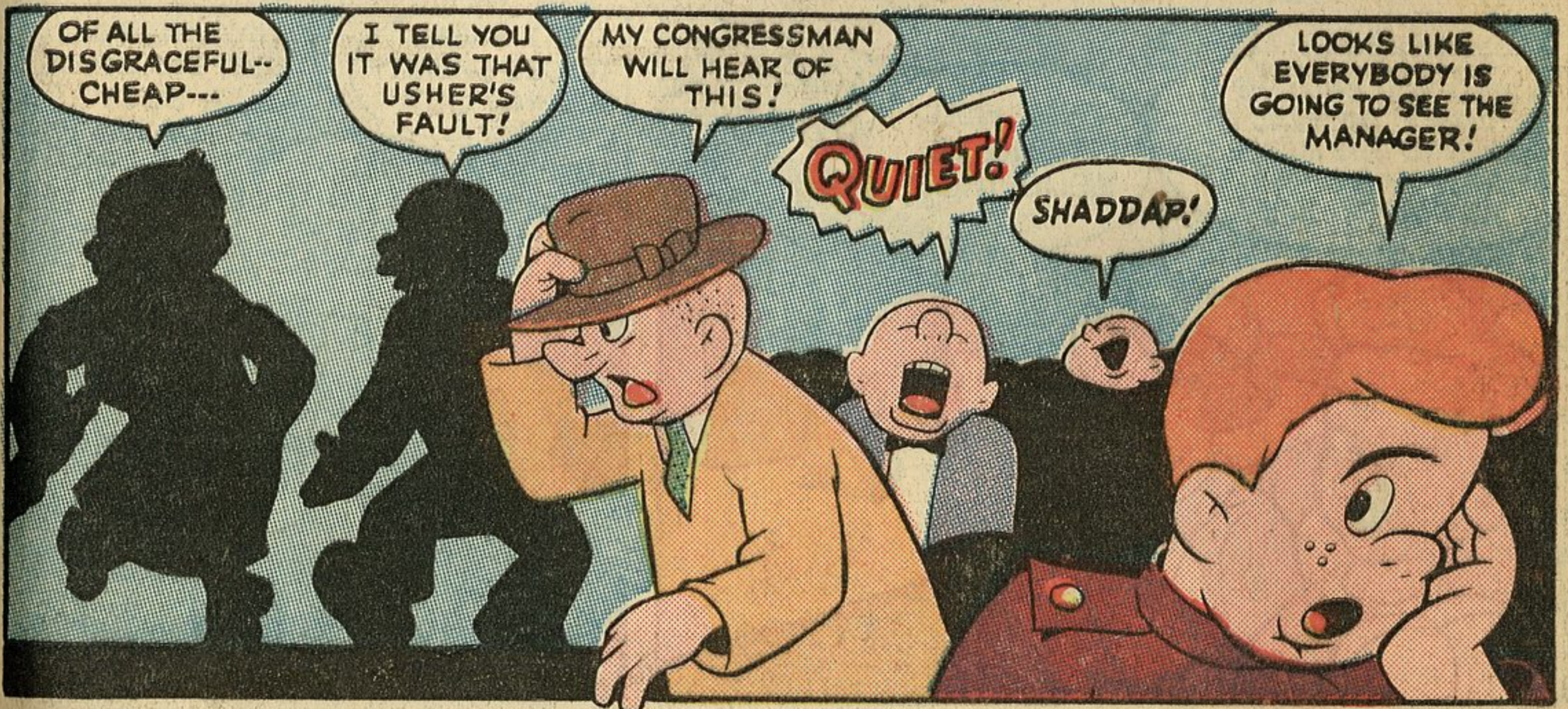


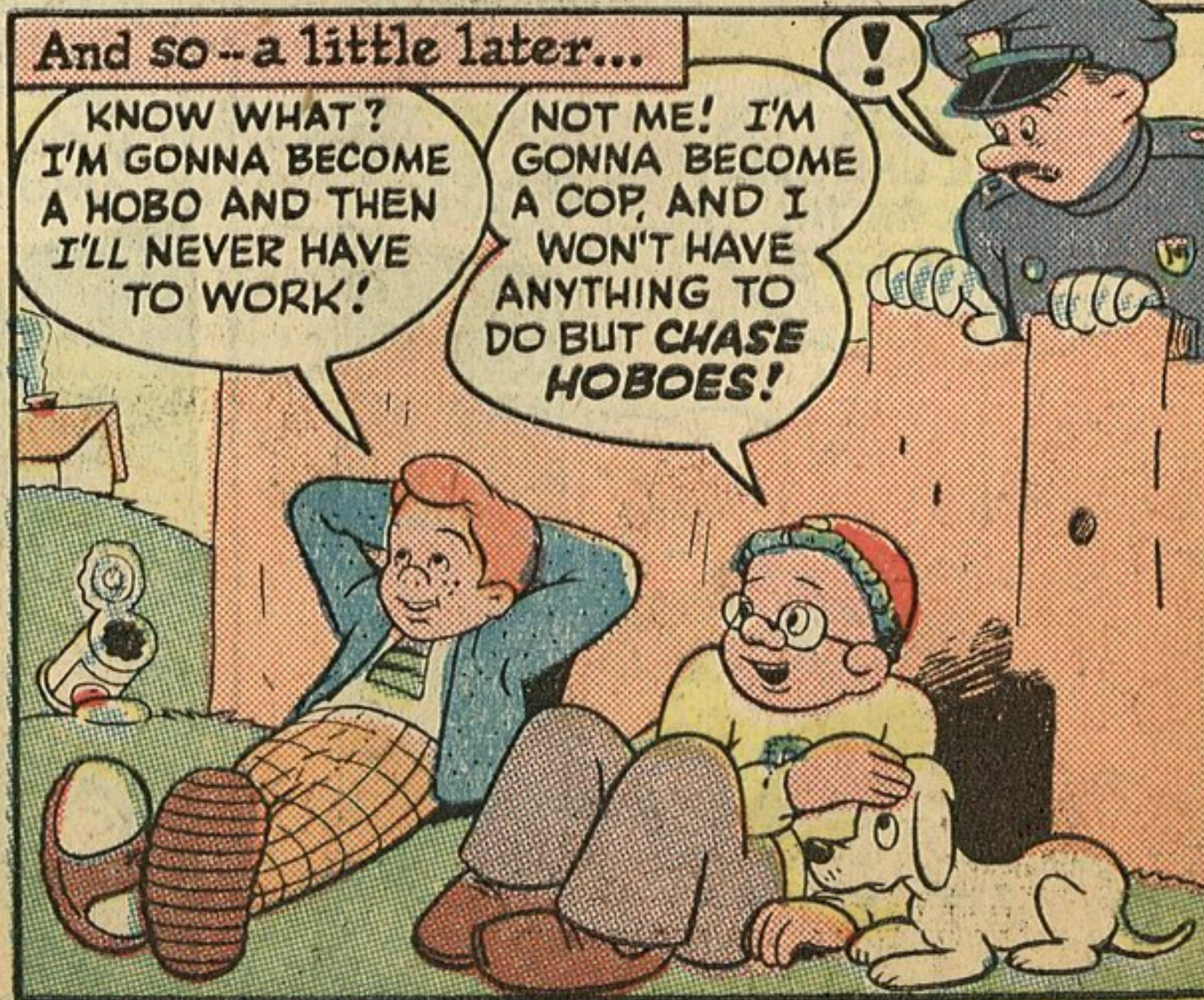
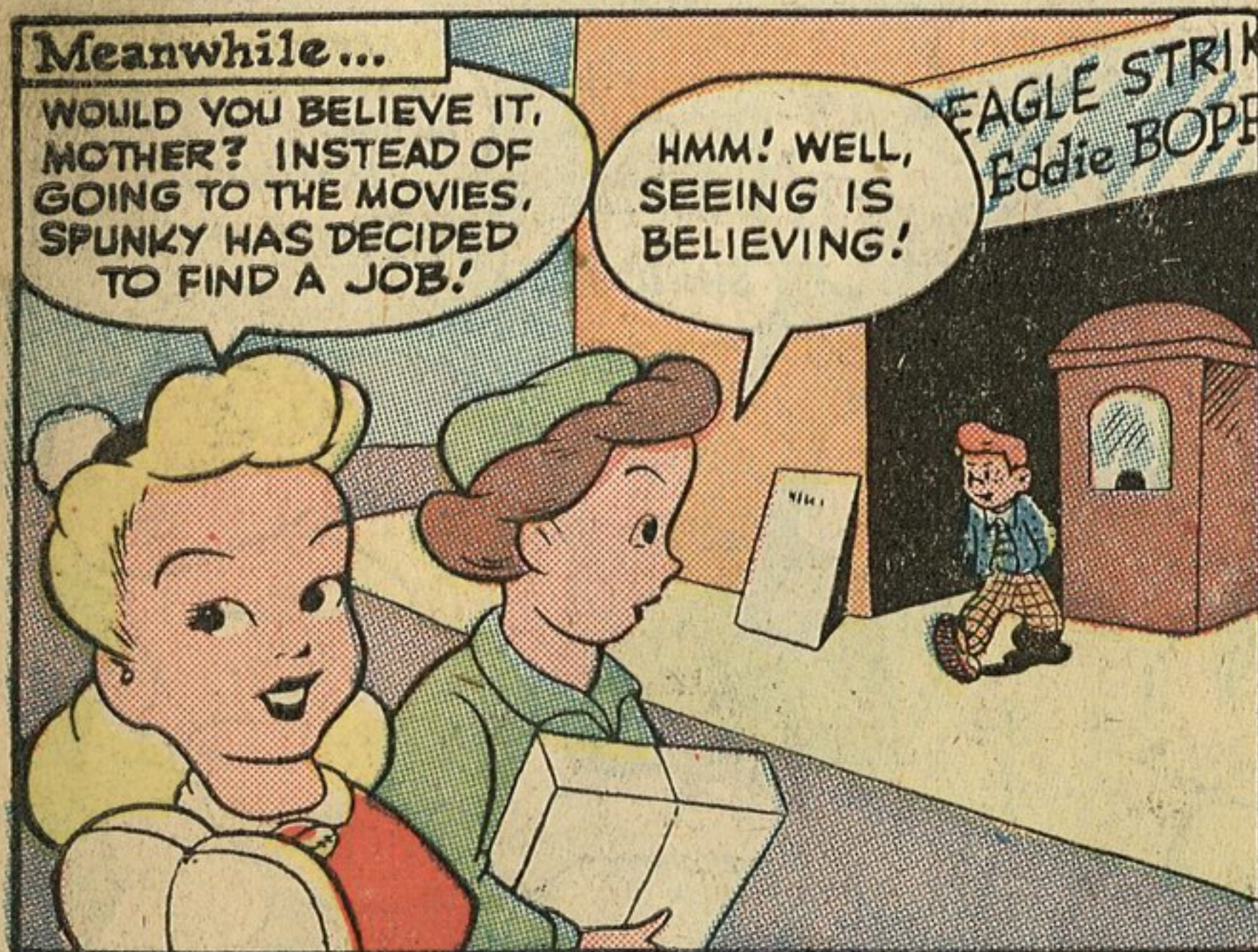
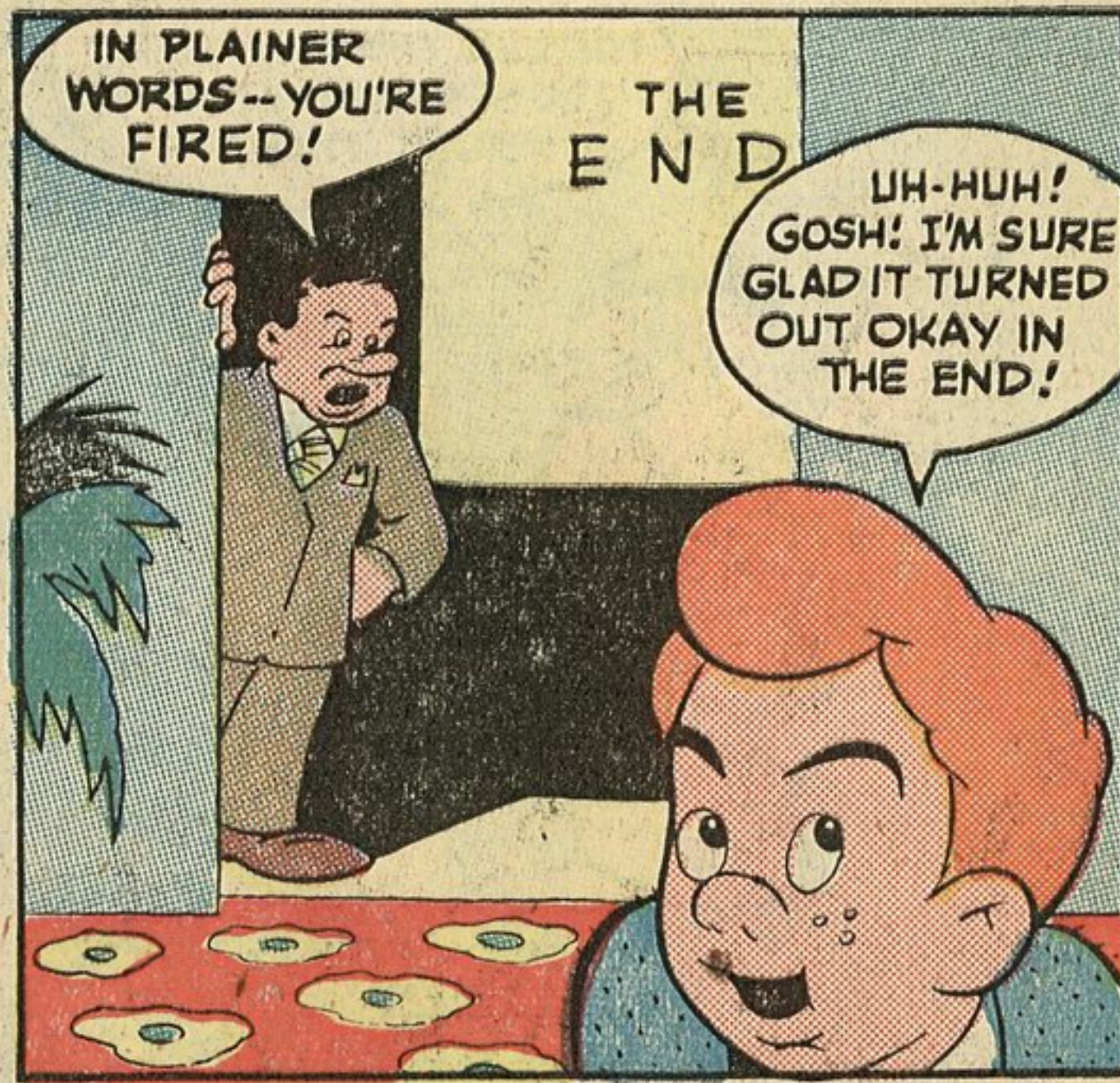












BLACK X



SOMEONE AT THE DOOR, SAHIB! DID YOU EXPECT A VISITOR?

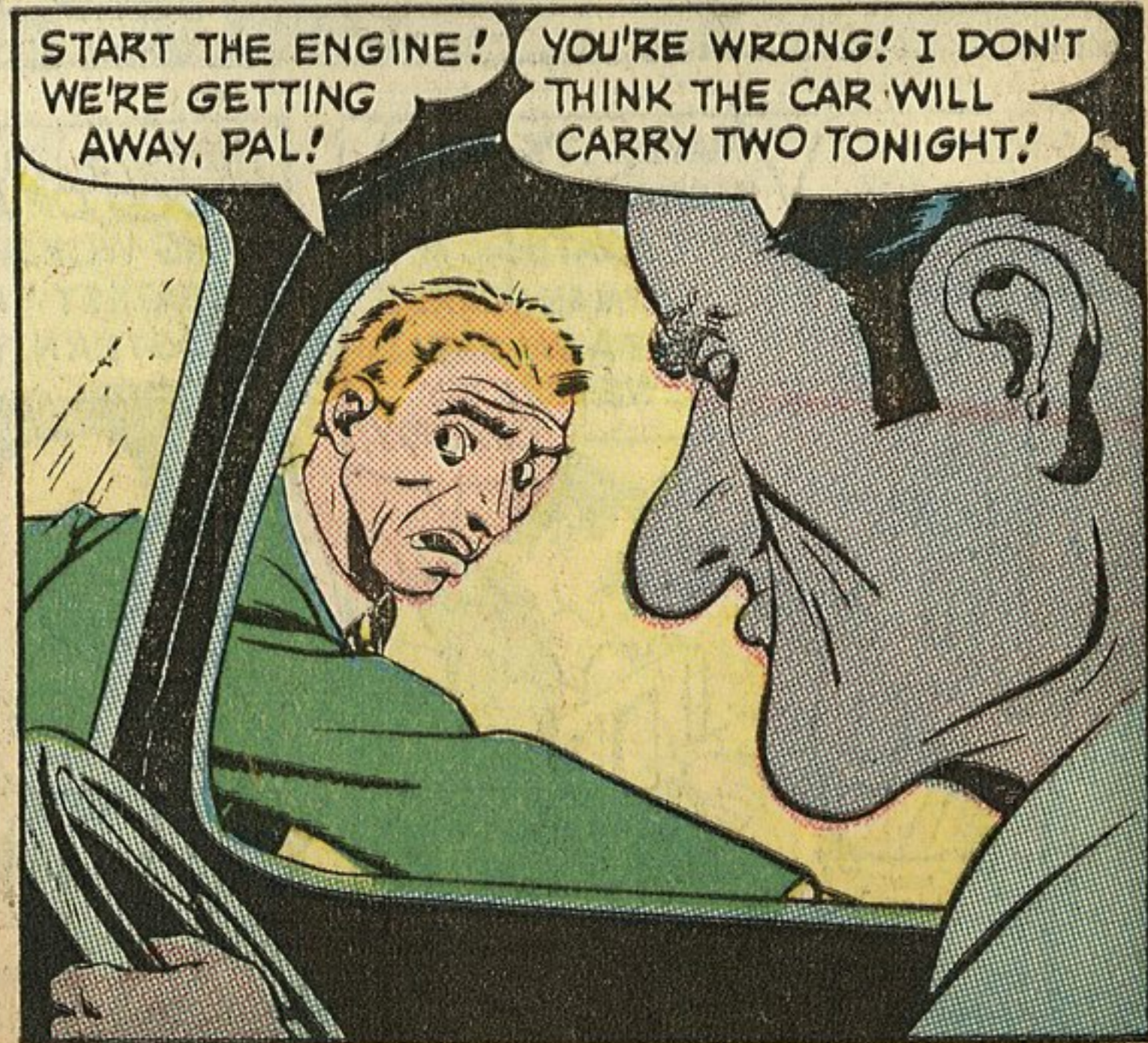
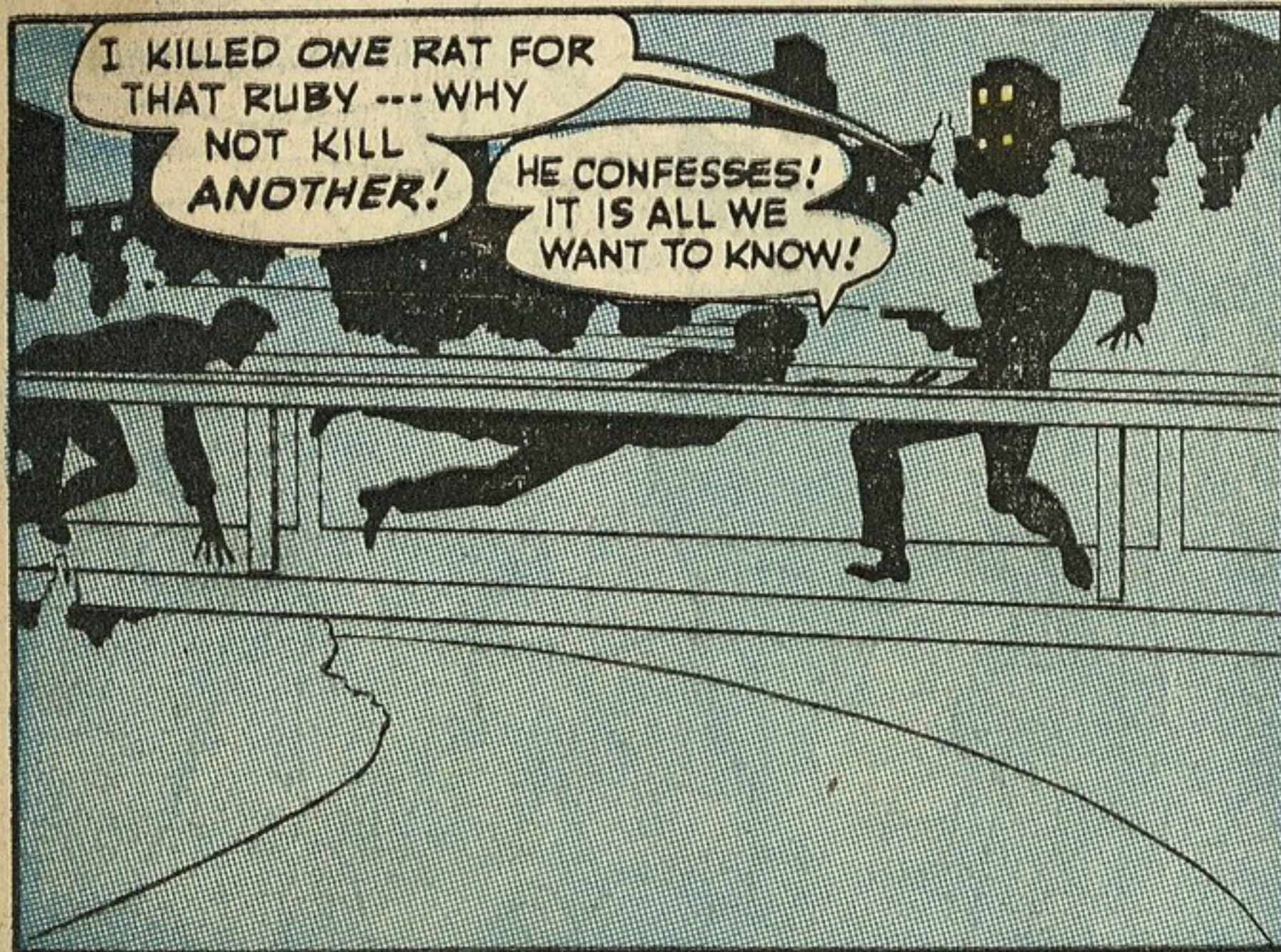
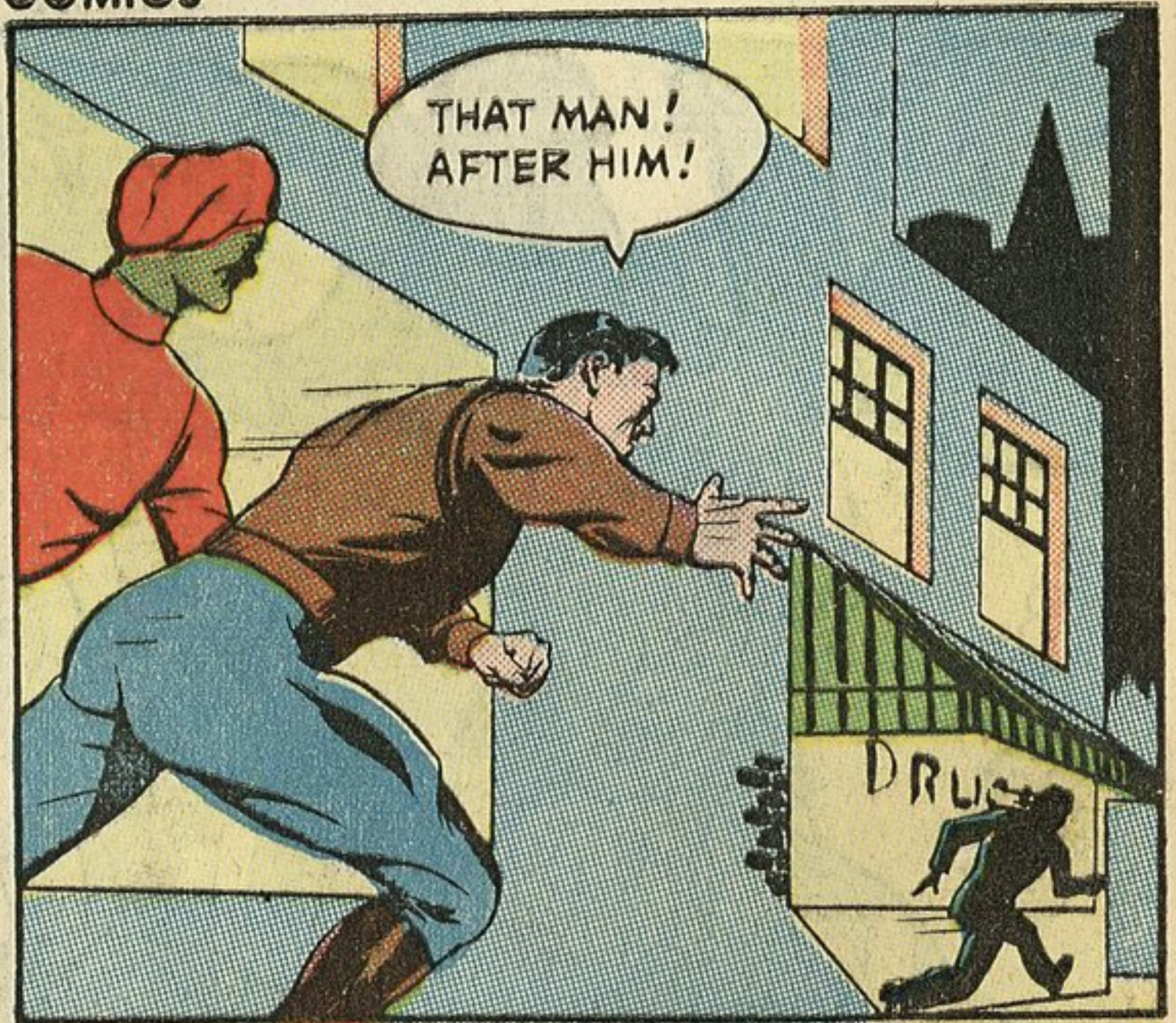
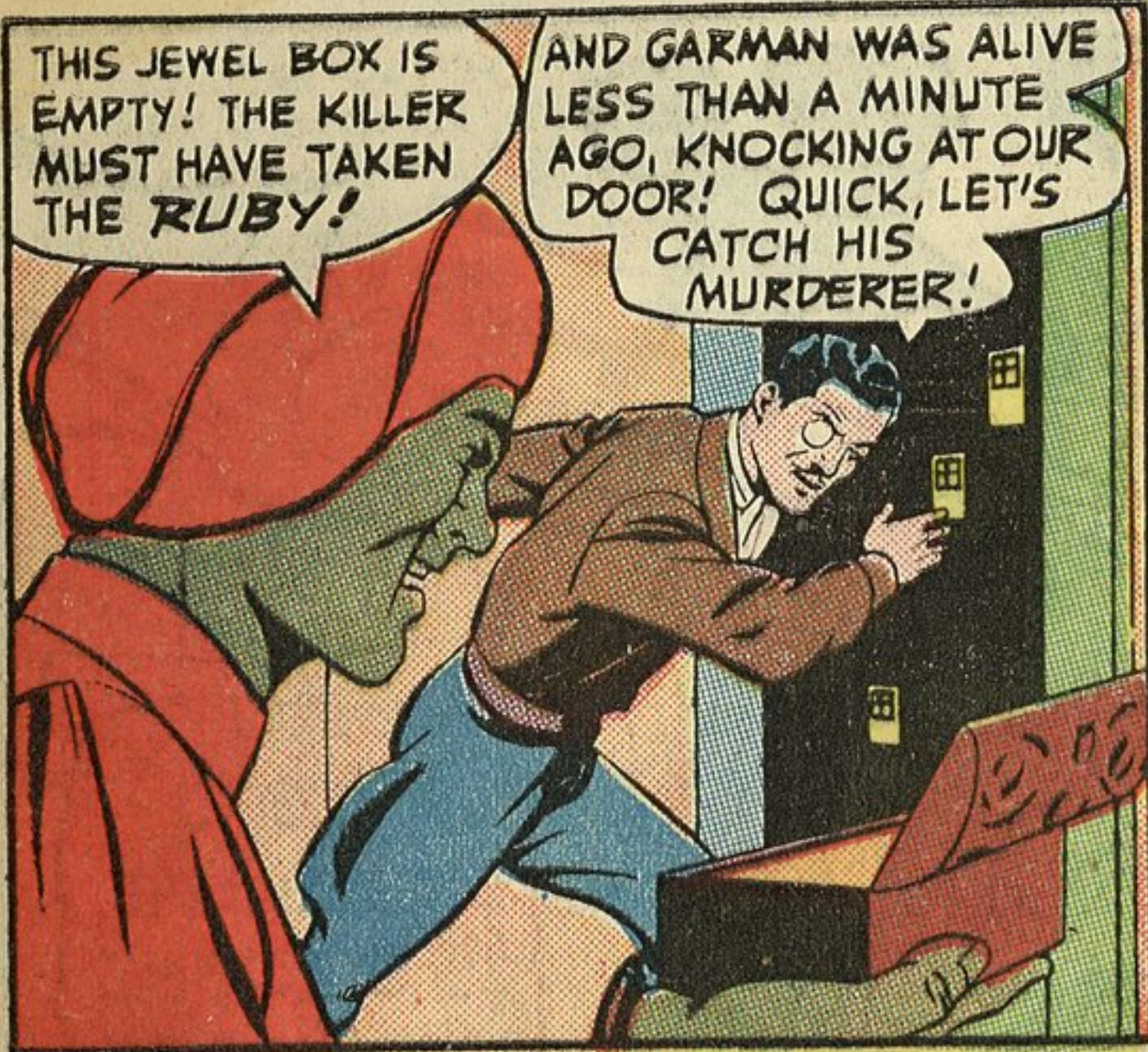
MAYBE IT'S THE WRITER OF THIS NOTE, BATU! A MR. GARMAN WISHES TO LEAVE A VALUABLE JEWEL IN MY CUSTODY!

HE SAYS IT IS THE FAMOUS BLOOD OF KALI--THE RUBY LONG WORSHIPPED AS THE GREATEST TREASURE OF AN EASTERN TEMPLE!

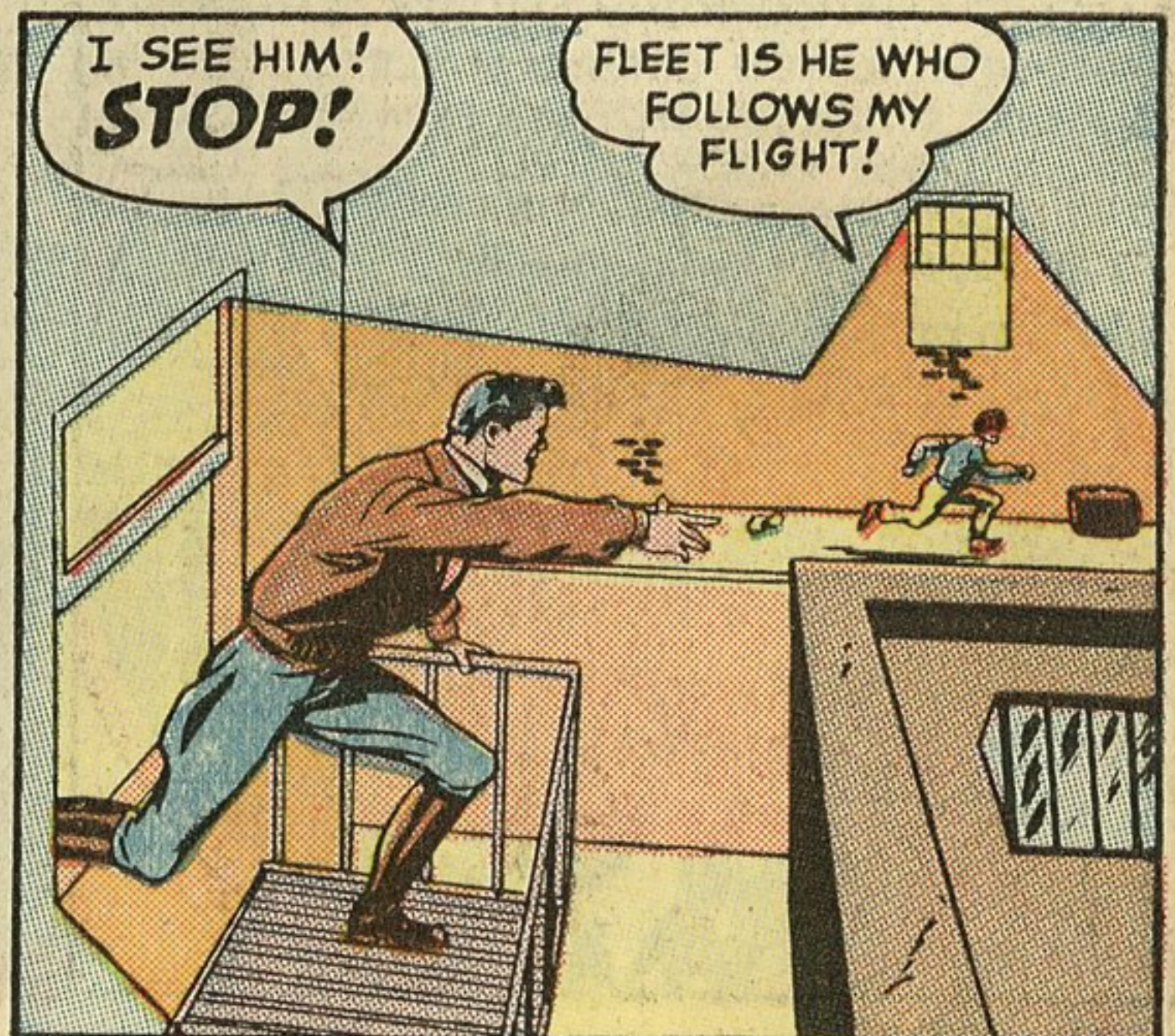
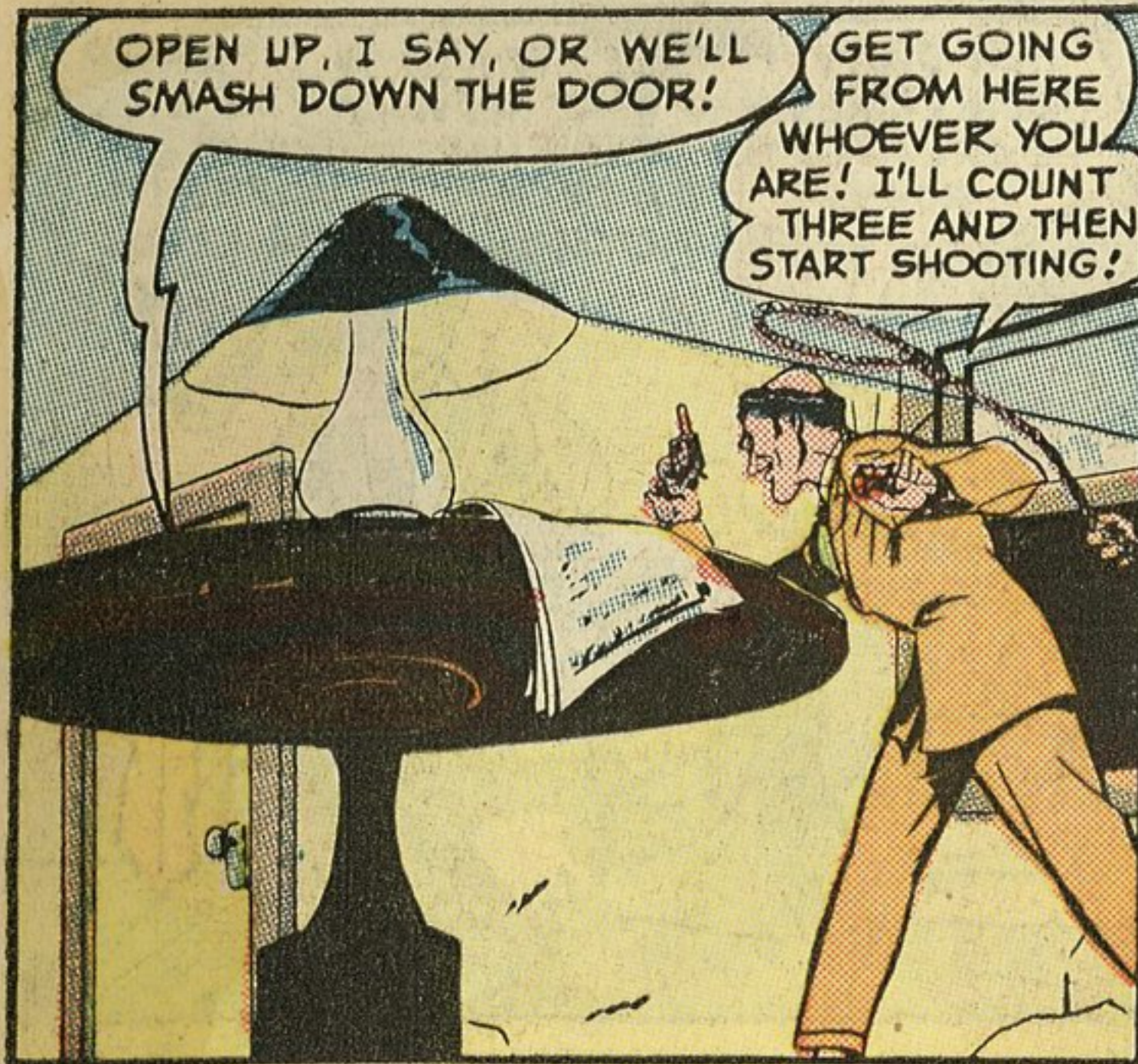
SAHIB! COME QUICKLY!

IT'S GARMAN! IS HE ---?

DEAD! FROM SUCH A BLOW NO MAN EVER RISES!



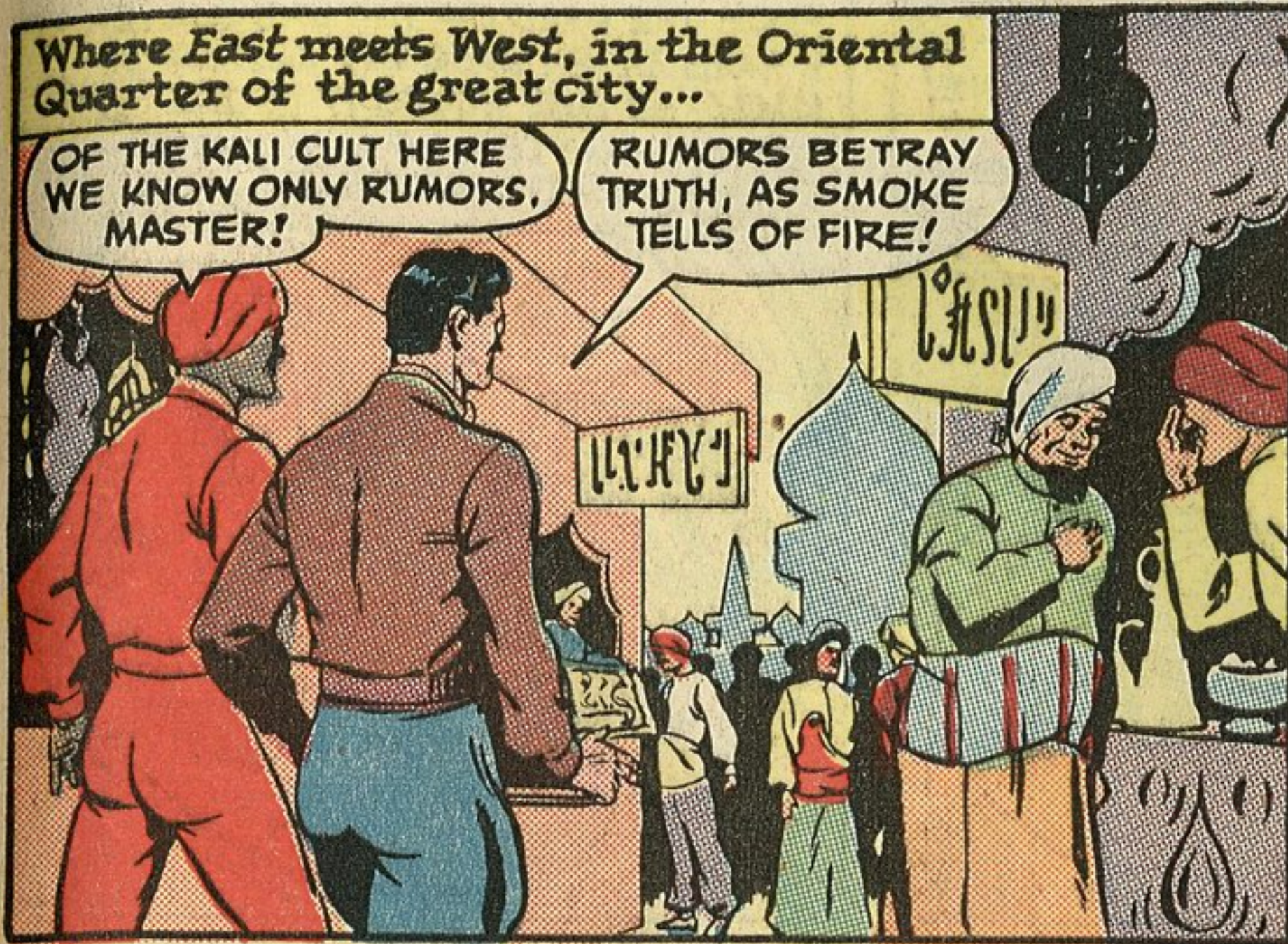




Where East meets West, in the Oriental Quarter of the great city...

OF THE KALI CULT HERE WE KNOW ONLY RUMORS, MASTER!

RUMORS BETRAY TRUTH, AS SMOKE TELLS OF FIRE!



YOU SPEAK OF THE KALI CULT? I SPIT UPON SUCH AN EVIL WORSHIP! IT SHOULD BE DESTROYED!

THEN HELP US BY TELLING US WHERE IT GATHERS!



BY ALLAH, NAY! I HATE IT, BUT I FEAR TO FIGHT IT!

THAT MEANS YOU CAN GUIDE US! SPEAK QUICKLY, OR WE'LL ARREST YOU FOR AIDING CRIMINALS!



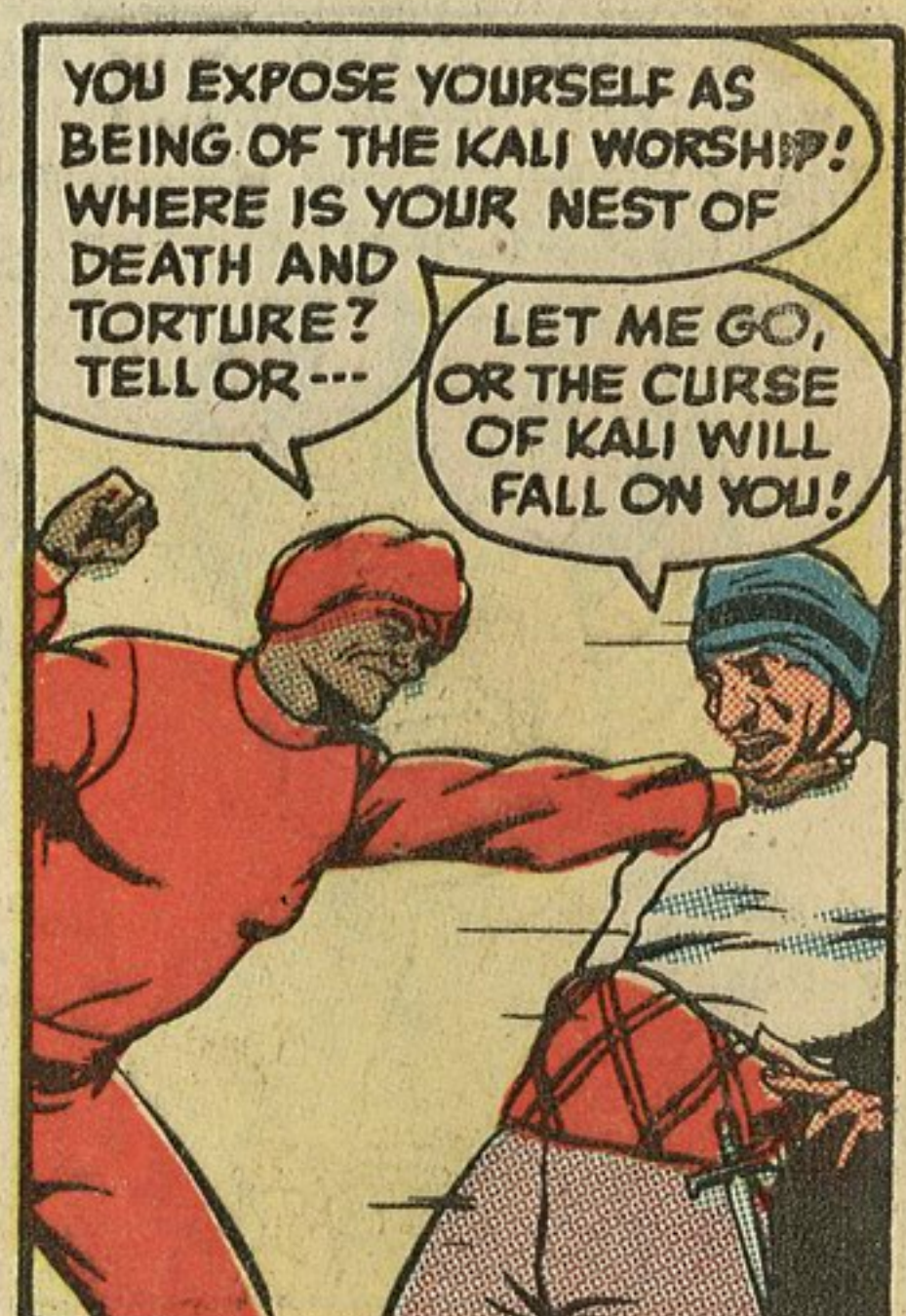
I OVERHEARD! THIS PIG SNEERS AT KALI --- THREATENS TO BETRAY---

NAY! NAY! I WASN'T GOING TO TELL! I SWEAR!



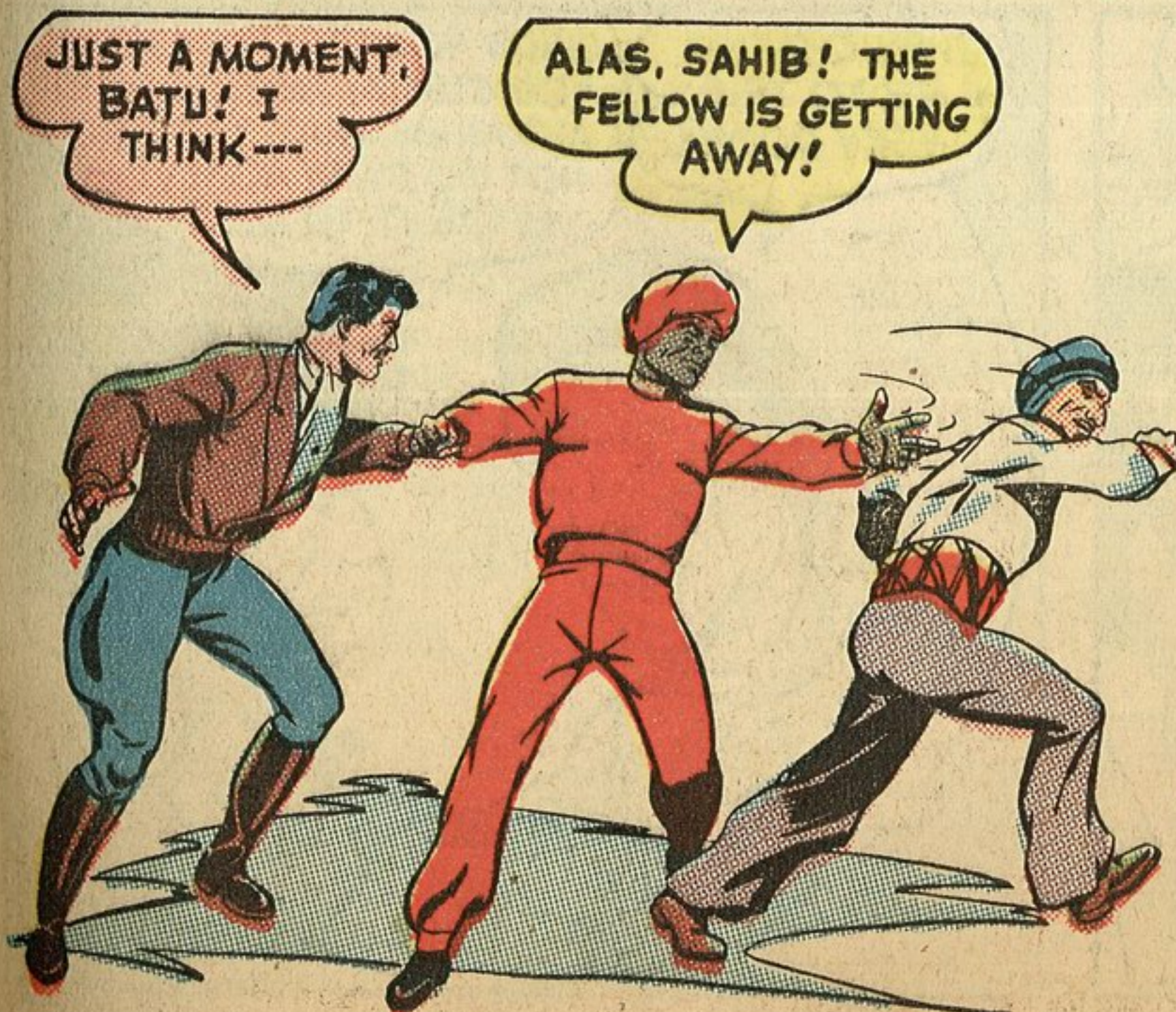
YOU EXPOSE YOURSELF AS BEING OF THE KALI WORSHIP! WHERE IS YOUR NEST OF DEATH AND TORTURE? TELL OR---

LET ME GO, OR THE CURSE OF KALI WILL FALL ON YOU!



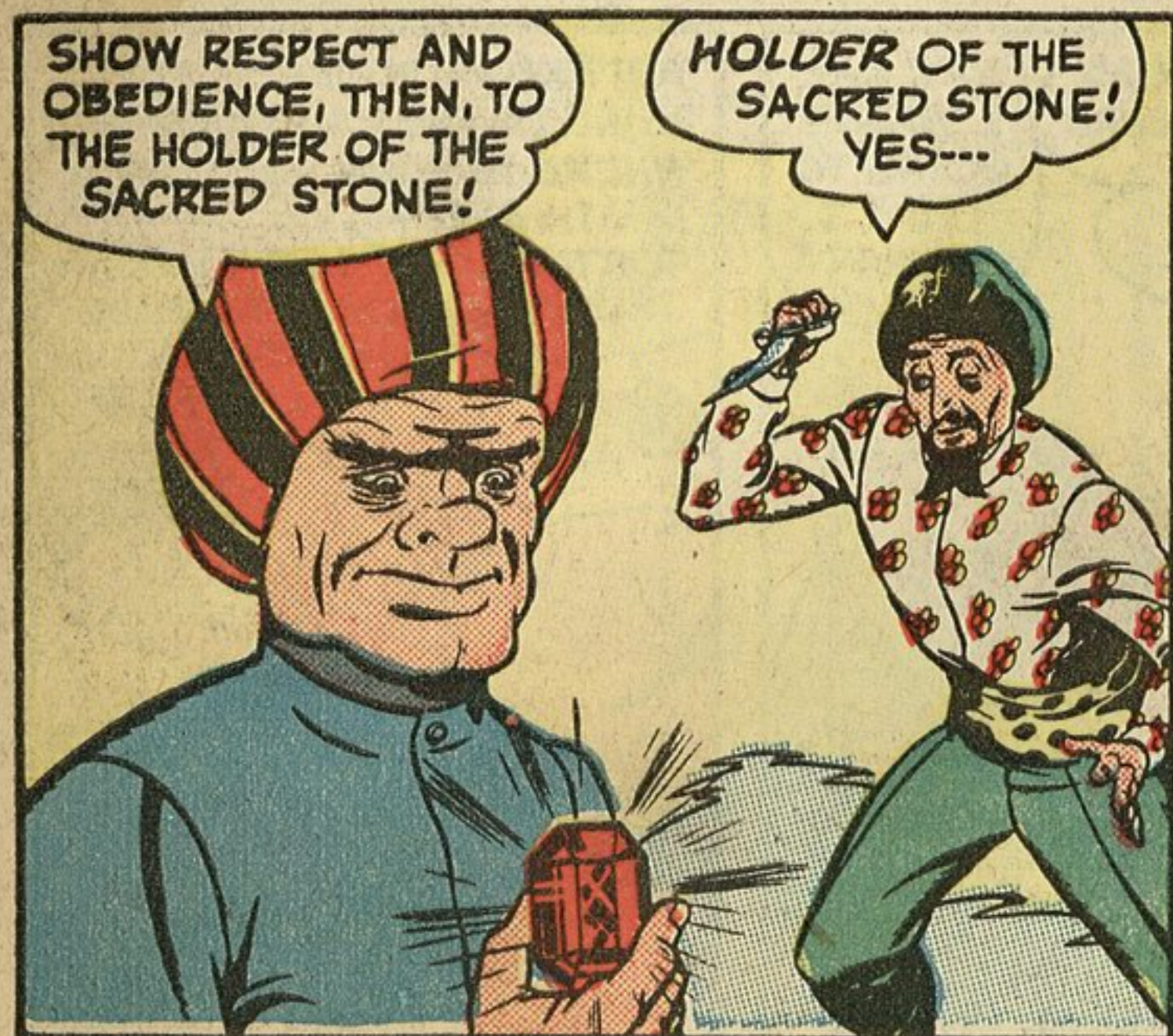
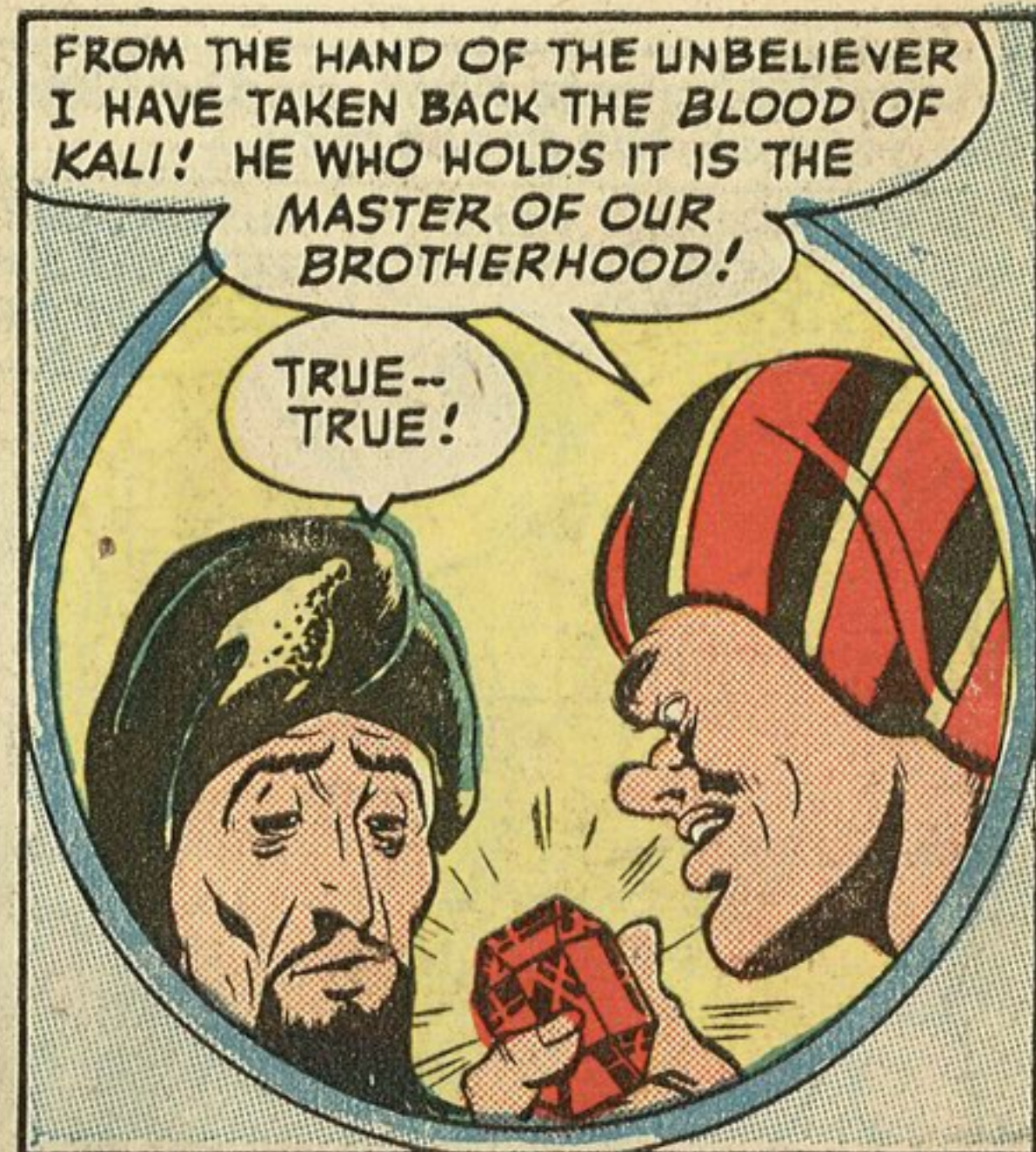
JUST A MOMENT, BATU! I THINK---

ALAS, SAHIB! THE FELLOW IS GETTING AWAY!

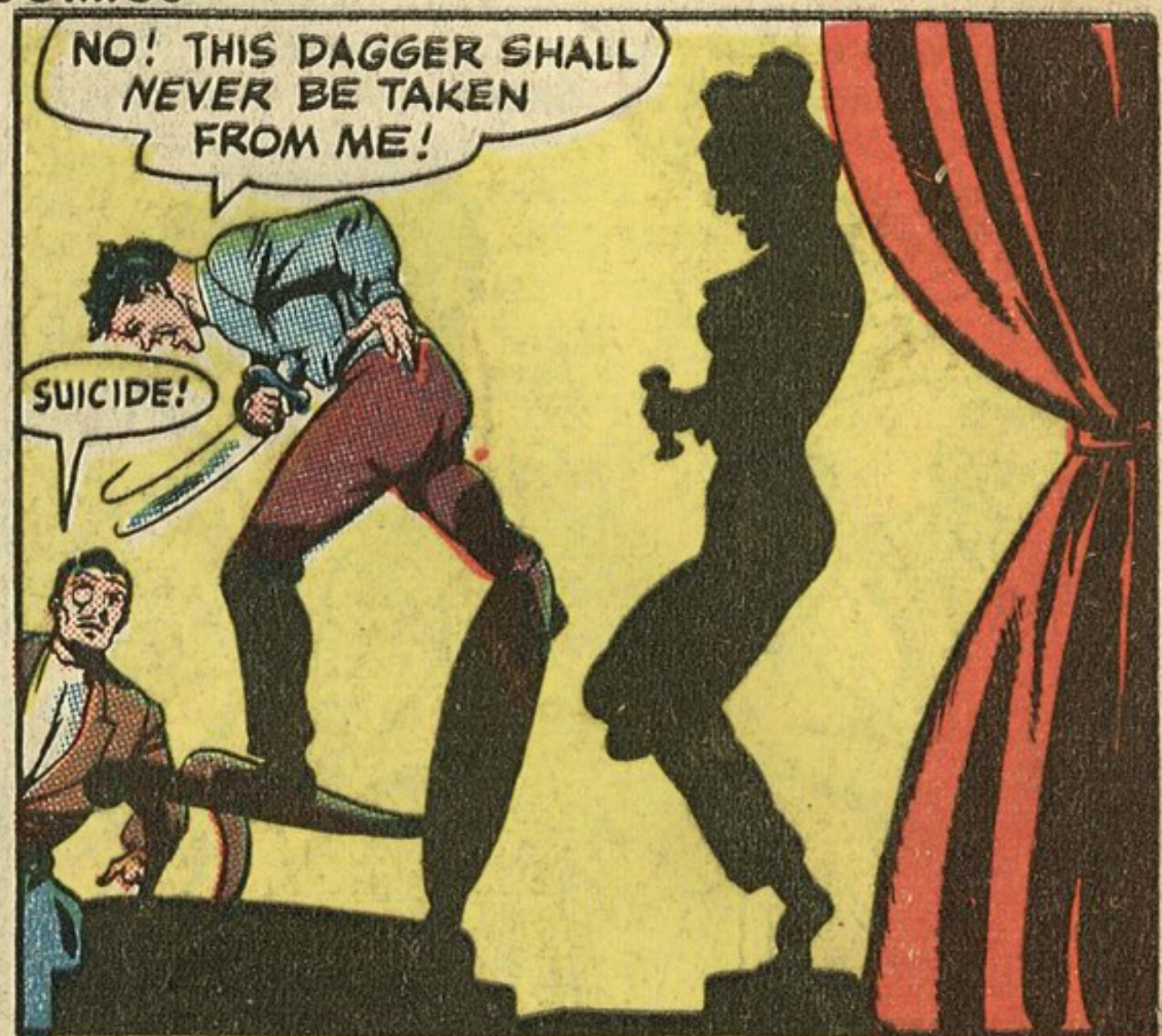


I WANTED THAT! HE WILL RUN TO HIS LAIR, AND WE CAN FOLLOW!









The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

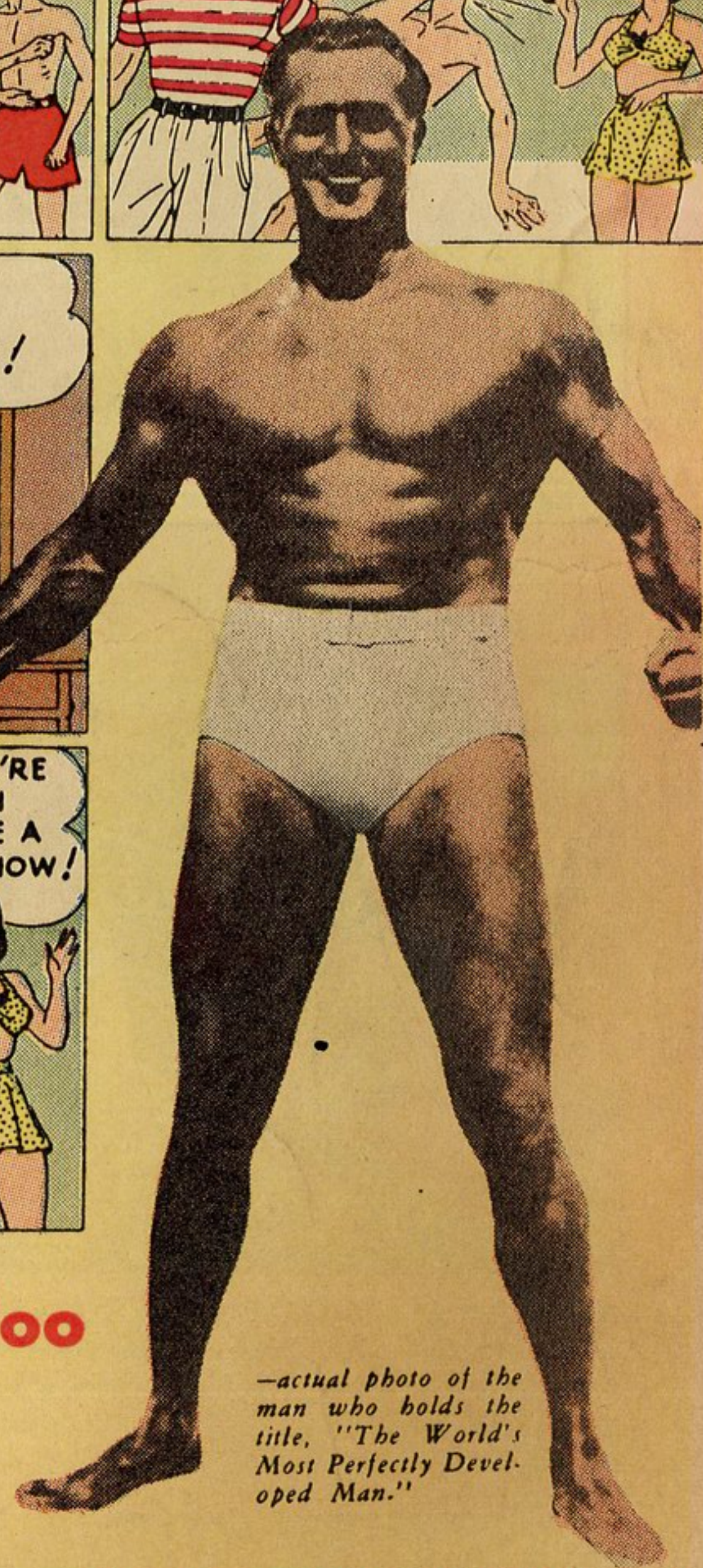
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

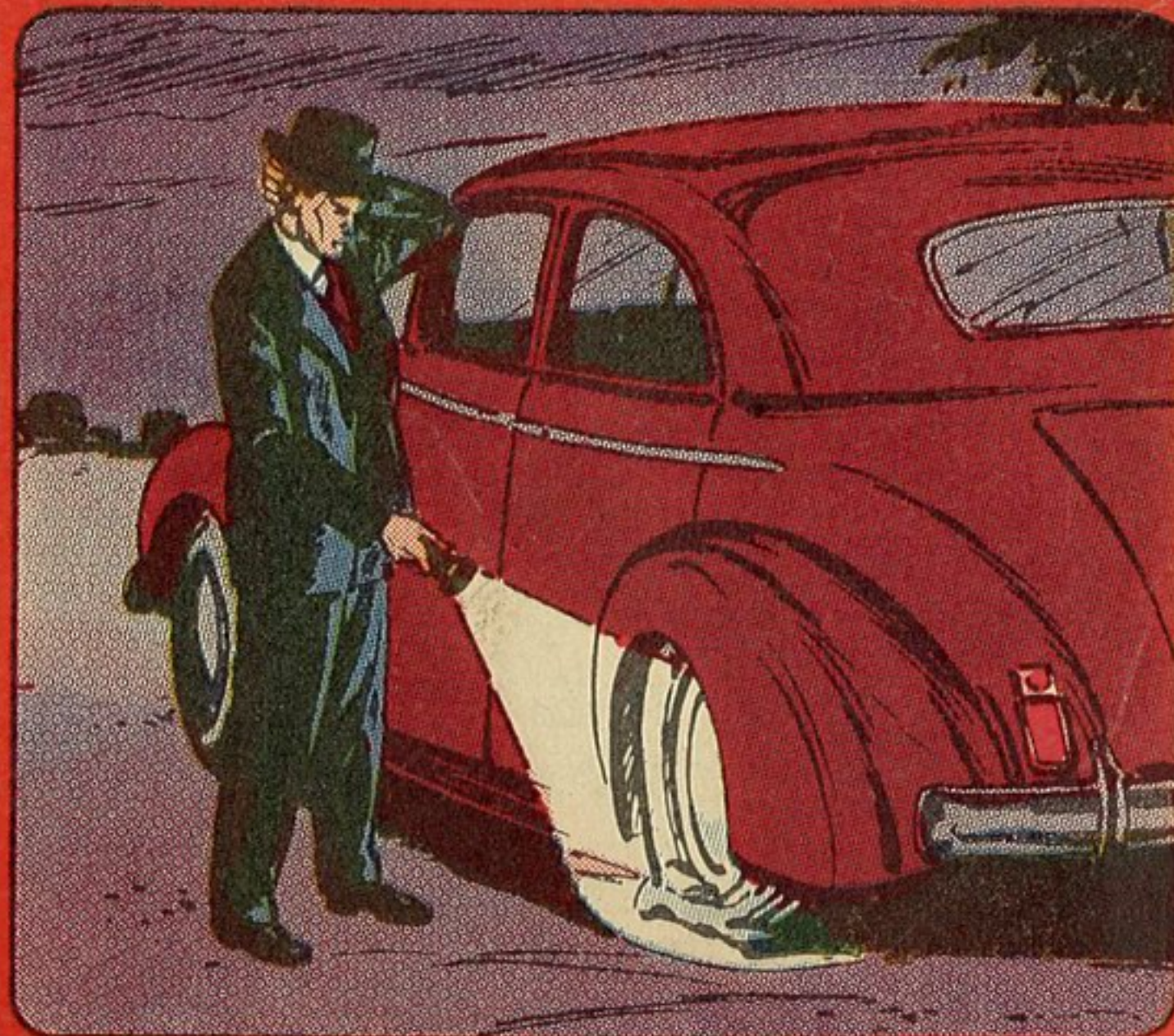
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City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT—

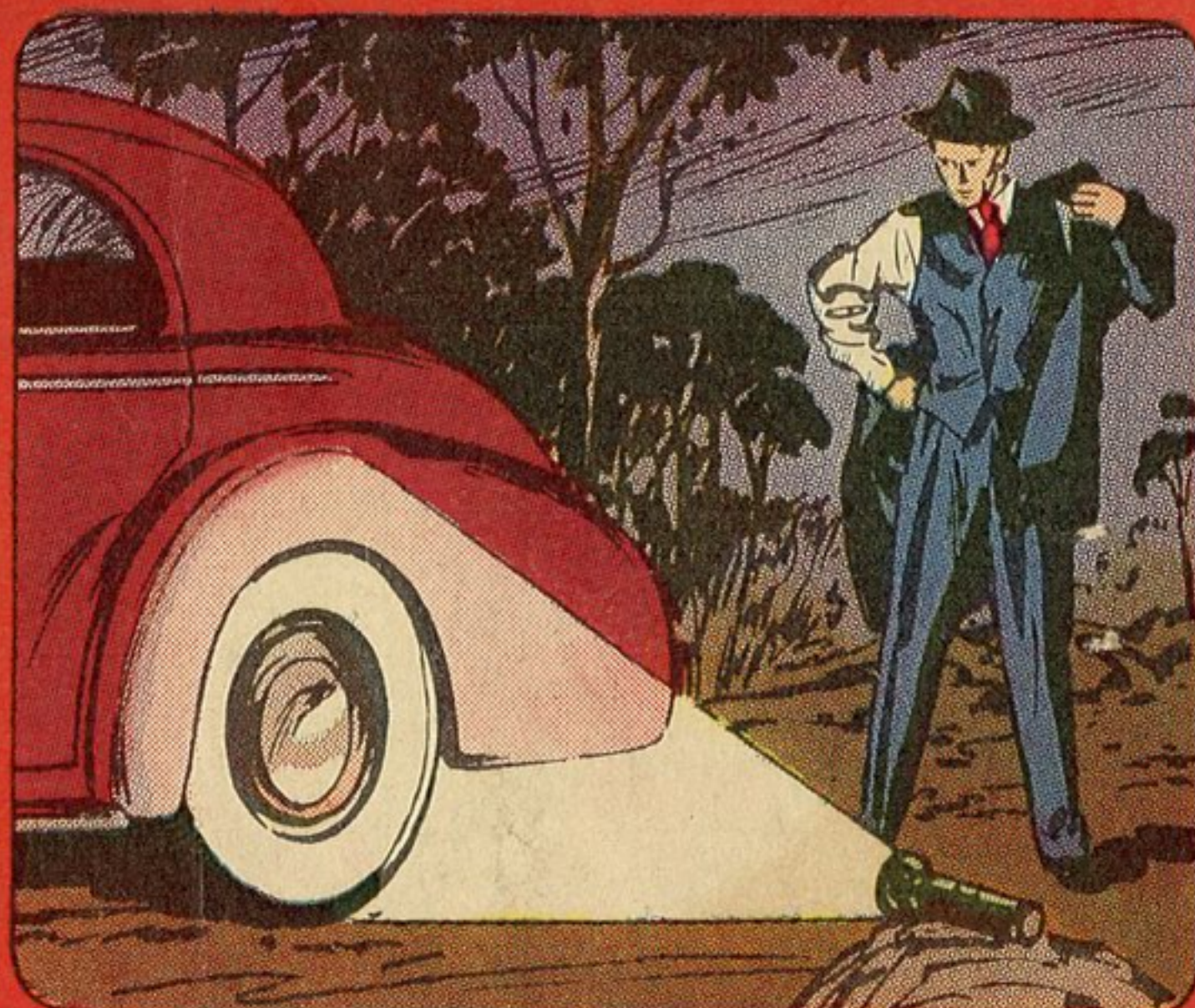
More Quickly—More Safely!



1 Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with top speed, efficiency—and *safety*! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



2 Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a *straight* stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-light!

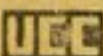


3 Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed *together*, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car: removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a stone in convenient position.

4 In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in *more* flashlights than any other battery in the world!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

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EVEREADY
TRADE MARK



For

**EXTRA POWER,
EXTRA LIGHT
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**